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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MY COUSIN CAROLINE'S WEDDING.

AWAY I drove, four posters and a yellow chaise, wondering what the invitation could mean. The last visit I had made into Devonshire was volunteered on my part, and I had been driven back by my aunt to musty law-papers and anticipations of briefs, quicker than I came, because I had fallen over head and ears in love with Caroline. Caroline, in her own family, was a goddess—a seraph—an angel upon earth, fit to be a queen, and sure to be a countess. Many other people's opinion of her was not quite so exalted, but opinions, like noses, will differ. Mine united itself cordially to that of the family; now that I can think and judge dispassionately, which I could not have done then, it has, in spite of me, gone over to the other side. The fact is, like many another beautiful girl—and Caroline Dashingly was beautiful—she held so preposterous a notion of the infallibility of her own charms, that she had a little overplayed her cards. From the age of eighteen to that of thirty, Caroline's whole life and energies had been devoted to the triumph of making conquests. Fifty times, at the very least, might she have married, and been well settled, but that unfortunate lightness, and propensity for flirtation, had invariably damped the swain's ardour before the time came for popping the question. Everybody at first sight was sure to be in love with Caroline. I, a young fellow newly fledged from Cambridge, and unused to women's society, was nearly mad after her, and would gladly have asked her to share my fortune—which was nothing a year and find myself, like many an embryo barrister—only aunt got an inkling of the matter, and sent me and my portmanteau off together. As to Carry, I believe she cared about as much for my own sweet self, as she did for the stately old butler who was propped up every day against the sideboard. But I thought differently then; I did not know her; and her flirtation with me was carried on pretty strongly. She must have seen how earnest I was, and that what was sport to her might to me be——no matter, I managed to outlive it all, save the recollection. She wrought upon the mind of many a man an indelible impression of the heartlessness of woman; and Caroline, for her pains, was now one-and-thirty, and ready to catch at straws.

Well, twelve months had not elapsed since my summary ejection from Dashingly House, when I was startled by a satin-faced, musk-scented, gilt-edged envelope, from the general morning delivery, containing a note from aunt, as cordial as if I had owned all the banks in London, and were about to lay them at the feet of Caroline, with a pressing invitation to go down to Dashingly there and then.

I might just as well have puzzled over a Greek treatise, a thing I never could accomplish at college, as over aunt's motive. So, cramming my old books and papers on to the top shelf of the cupboard, and my gown and wig into the bottom, I turned the key of it, and started.

The rail conveyed me to within six miles of Dashingly House, and by way of doing the thing in style, that aunt and Carry might experience a qualm of regret for having rejected me, I bargained for a return chaise and four, which had just conveyed an old gentleman a two-mile stage, and jumping into it, was whirled away towards Dashingly.

Who should be standing at the lodge gates, talking to the gardener's wife, but the cherry-cheeked housemaid, my especial favourite of all the family, Caroline excepted. So I checked the postilions, and leaned from the window.

"I say, Nancy, what's up? Why am I sent for?"

"Miss Caroline's wedding, sir."

"Miss Caroline's wedding! Why—how—how long has that been about?"

"Two or three months, sir. Quite a first-rate match, and such a handsome man! It is to be on Tuesday."

"What's his name?"

"Captain Fitz——" The rest was lost in the roll of the chaise, the impatient postboys, or perhaps the horses, declining to wait longer.

They were dressed for dinner, and came crowding round the drawing-room windows to have a stare at the chaise-and-four. Aunt Dashingly, in her great crimson turban and upright feathers, which, if they had been black, might have served for a hearse, and that starched out old amber-satin gown. It had seen ten summers if it had seen one, and still looked as bright as ever; it must have been an everlasting colour, like the flowers, or else periodically washed out in amber. Caroline was in pink, with some brown ribbons bobbed oddly about her hair, to hide, I expect, the faded partings, whilst my sweet sister Lina wore white muslin.

Lina (her name of Carolina assimilated so closely with her cousin's, that she was universally called Lina) was an heiress. Greatly to the indignation of we six portionless chaps, her brothers, to whom it would have been of use, our Indian uncle-in-law, Nabob Cayenne, had left her all his fortune—thirty thousand pounds. What a wasteful thing to leave a portion like that to a girl! Since my mother's death, Lina had been under Aunt Dashingly's especial protection; and a very tight protection it was; nobody dared look at her within a mile, or touch her with a long pole.

An immense sensation had been created in Devonshire, some few years previously, by Dashingly House and all its inmates "going over to Rome;" less figuratively speaking, turning themselves from lukewarm Protestants into red-hot Catholics. Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly (he was alive then) had, imperceptibly to themselves, glided into close intimacy with some good, zealous Romish priests, who, under a quiet, sleepy exterior, had the reputation of being inwardly very wide awake; and the upshot of the friendship was, that the lady and gentleman became converts, or perverts, or whatever the approved term may be, I don't pretend to say what, to the Catholic faith. Caroline and her brothers of course

"went over" too, and as many of the servants as had no mind to leave their easy places at Dashingly House. Not that Caroline cared very much what faith she professed, provided it did not interfere with her ball-room flirtations; and the wide-awake priests condescendingly shut their eyes to all that. Exceedingly ardent in their new cause were Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly, as freshly-converted zealots to that faith frequently are. Mr. Dashingly had begun by erecting a Catholic chapel near to his residence; and the building of it, and the endowing of it, and the fitting it up, and the pictures, and the saints, and the relics, and the silver crucifixes, and the candlesticks, and the priests' vestments, and all the rest of the tinsel and glitter, had dipped pretty considerably into the fortune which had been laid aside for his two younger children, Caroline and Alfred. Some meddlers insinuated that it had taken it all, but Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly maintained a freezing silence upon the point, so nobody knew for certain. What further glorious works in the architectural line Mr. Dashingly would have accomplished, never was ascertained, since the envious destroyer, Death, stepped in, and put an end to him and his good deeds, without warning. Not much change had since gone over Dashingly House, which would still be enjoyed by Mrs. Dashingly, as a residence, until her demise. Tyro Dashingly, Esquire, the eldest son, had espoused a rich widow, and had, literally, gone to Rome, where he was still sojourning. Alfred was away, playing the rake, as usual, and Caroline pursued her conquests and her flirtations. It was quite an event when Lina came. Mrs. Dashingly's first solicitude about her was to make her and her thirty thousand pounds the property of Alfred, with as little delay as convenient; her second was to worry, lecture, and persuade Lina to abjure her heretical training, and embrace the true faith, as they had done. Against both of which propositions, Lina, undutiful girl that she was, rebelled. Two or three suitors had sought her hand, but the moment their wishes became known, aunt had sent them off flying, like she did me, when I presumed to fall in love with Caroline. And it was an understood thing now, all over the county, that anybody else, except Alfred, daring to aspire to her, would be warned away in like manner. Aunt had it all her own way, unfortunately, until Lina should be of age, and as yet she was only nineteen.

Lina came running down the steps when I leaped out of the chaise. They had tried hard to prop her up with a little of their own form and stateliness, but it would not do. The tears stood in her large blue eyes as I kissed her cheek, fair and pure as ever. Aunt and Caroline had remained in the drawing-room; the former could not, and the latter would not, have leaped down the house-steps for the world. Mrs. Dashingly was very cordial; to make amends, probably, for former grievances: she actually gave me what she called a kiss—a slight click of the lips about a foot off my face. Caroline was exceedingly gracious and dignified in sight of her exalted position as bride-elect.

"Were you surprised at my summons, Ned?" demanded Mrs. Dashingly, when I returned to the drawing-room, after taking off my boots and some of the travelling dust.

"A little, aunt. I am not yet acquainted with the cause of it, you know. May I not inquire?"

"Ahem!" cried aunt, her turban standing on end with the dignity of the announcement she had in store for me, whilst Caroline's pink train rustled out like a vain peacock's. "The event of a marriage in the family, Edward, does not occur every day. I am about to part with my only daughter, and I thought that the pleasure of being at the ceremony, with a week's holiday from the smoky Temple, would be very gratifying to you."

Very gratifying, indeed. When, some months ago, I had been dying for her myself, and was still, for all aunt knew.

"And so I am to congratulate Caroline upon becoming Mrs. —; what is the bridegroom's name?"

"Captain Fitzhenry, of the Forty-seventh," bridled aunt; "of good family and immense fortune. He is passionately fond of Caroline."

"And when are they to be tied up?"

"For shame, Edward! don't use such expressions," rebuked Mrs. Dashingly; "just as if you were speaking of hanging. The marriage is fixed for Tuesday next. Lina's to be bridesmaid."

"And when will it be your turn, Lina, darling?" I said, bending over her; at which she blushed so very deeply, that, egad! I thought it could not be far off.

"There's no hurry about Lina," interrupted the old lady, shortly. "Let us get Caroline's wedding over first, and then it will be time to think of her."

"Now, Lina, how does it all go on with you?" I inquired, drawing her into my room for an instant, upon an excuse to aunt that I had some letters to show her. "And what mean these tears?" I exclaimed, as she sat herself down on the bed, and fairly broke out into impassioned sobs. "Lina, Lina, my sister," I indignantly uttered, "I can see they have been making you wretched!"

"Yes," she said, scarcely able to speak, "ever since I came, now twelve months ago. I have been fearful—I declare to you, Edward, I have been actually fearful that my aunt would marry me to Alfred by main force: and I am sure, if we lived in less enlightened times, when such things were not unheard of, it would have been done."

"Where's Alfred now?"

"Oh, he has been away some months. He got angry and cross with me, for I held out against their plans—I would and I did, though my courage was nearly failing me. Not that the scheme is abandoned; he and my aunt both say that they never will give it up. And the worst of it is," she indignantly continued, "that he as good as told me one day, when he was in one of his passions, that he did not care for me, only my fortune was necessary to repair his extravagance. I wish, Edward, the money had never been left to me! I wish I had it in my power to make it over to you! I should at least have escaped persecution, not only from that quarter, but from another."

"Any one else been persecuting?" I asked, as I kissed her tearful cheek.

"They persecute me about becoming a Catholic, persecute me always—my aunt and Father Ignatius—the father more especially. If I were but poor! He would leave me alone fast enough then. My benighted soul,

that he is everlastingly descanting upon, might get to heaven in its own way."

"He may have your good at heart," said I, trying to soothe her.

"And his own interest. Any way, he gains. If I had married Alfred, two thousand pounds would have gone to his church on the wedding-day."

"Two thousand pounds! what for?"

"I don't know. A sop in the pan for them, I suppose, because I am not a Roman Catholic. Before they were aware I should decline to marry Alfred, they never ceased talking to me about their tolerance in suffering him to wed a Protestant. That the arrangement was made between my aunt and the priest, I can assure you, though it came to my knowledge by accident."

"Very generous of them to give away your money!"

"My aunt, as you may believe, is terribly angry with me for my obstinacy, and it has been arranged," she whispered, clasping my arm with her trembling hands, "that I am to have one more chance given me. Alfred comes home on Monday, and my consent is to be again formally demanded. If I still decline, they have agreed to shut me up in the Convent of Mercy—you know it, Edward—some ten miles from here."

"Stuff and nonsense, Lina!" I uttered, bursting out into a laugh, when the full meaning of her words came upon me; "such things are not heard of now-a-days. They have no more power to shut you up in a convent than they have me."

"Edward, reflect," she said, gravely. "My aunt has the power of appointing my residence until I am of age; if she chooses to place me in a religious house, who is to interfere with her? I don't mean, recollect, that I am to be placed in one of its dungeons or cells, but to go as a boarder. Father Ignatius is in ecstasies; calls me his lamb and his dove, and all sorts of saintly names. But he knows that those convents are much easier to get in at, than to get out of; and again, Edward, I ask you, who has the power to interfere with Mrs. Dashingly? I am not a ward in Chancery, remember," she continued, smiling.

"And so think you have no claim to the friendly offices of the Lord Chancellor, who has latterly interfered in a more desperate case than yours? Be under no alarm, dear Lina; if——"

"Lina, come hither," cried my aunt, putting in her head; "I want you. And, Ned, it is upon the stroke of the dinner hour."

"So, Carry," I whispered, leaning over her chair when I got back to the drawing-room, where she sat alone, "I thought you were to remain true to me for ever and a day!"

Caroline tried to get up a blush. She had promised the like to a few score of admirers.

"Ah! you took yourself off so suddenly, Ned. Who was going to remain faithful to a runaway lover?"

"Took *myself* off! I think the boot was on the other leg."

"And you never wrote, or anything," pouted Carry, willing to attempt an excuse.

"It would have been all the same if I had, when the gallant captain made his appearance, eh, Carry?"

"Get away, Edward!"

● "He is very handsome, I suppose?"

"Mamma and Lina think so."

"In the Mars style or the Adonis?"

"You can decide that point for yourself when you see him."

"A large fortune now, I understand, and a barony in prospective?"

"Just so."

"Well, cousin mine, you are a happy woman. Am I to give you away?"

"You, indeed! Alfred's coming home, partly for that, partly to make love to Lina."

"But Lina does not like him," I answered, anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know. Those quiet, say-nothing girls, such as Lina, seldom know what they do like. Alfred will make her as good a husband as anybody else would. He has been extravagant lately, but he is looking for some place under government. I suppose he will get straight after a bit, and your sister has plenty."

"What is this whisper that I hear, of a convent being Lina's alternative if she rejects him?"

"Who told you about that?—Lina?"

"What if she did?"

"She need not have brought up the subject now, when the house is occupied with more agreeable matter."

"Selfish as ever, Carry!" I muttered. "But how comes it that a Roman Catholic convent will admit her, a member of the Established Church, within its walls, or that its governing priests will sanction her entrance?"

"They graciously wave the objection in Lina's case, in consideration of her near relationship to mamma. And from her residence in our family, and constant intercourse with Father Ignatius, I dare say they look upon her as half a Catholic."

"Now, Caroline, you cannot suppose that in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1851, a young lady is going to be immured in a convent against her consent, and she a Protestant! The very land would cry shame upon it—queen, nobles, and people."

"Well, if you have anything to say about it, for or against, just say it to mamma, without teasing me," was Carry's answer. "I believe the affair is decided on, and for my own part I don't see any objection to it; but I have never interfered in the matter, even by a single word—I have had other things to think of. Nor if a word would place Lina in the convent, would I utter it, so indifferent is the whole business to me."

"Nor yet speak the word that would keep her out, Carry."

"She can keep herself out, by marrying Alfred."

"What end do they propose by her residence there?"

"Her ultimate conversion, I believe, Father Ignatius dwells on most."

"Conversion of herself, or her money—or both?"

"Don't be absurd. I am very sure of one thing, that if she knew half the comfort of the Roman Catholic religion, she would turn to it of her own accord. I am surprised anybody can remain of a different persuasion."

"Comforting, is it?"

"Very," repeated Caroline. "You may lapse into no end of little sins, that in *your* religion would be called crimes, and might lie heavily on the conscience; but in ours we get absolution for them all, as often as we like to go to confession."

"What a consoling faith that would be to some of us blades of the town! We have perpetually, or deserve to have, some peccadillo weighing down our consciences."

"Then why in the world don't you all become Roman Catholics?" rejoined Caroline, earnestly. "You might do anything you liked then."

"And so clear the arrears of sin periodically, as with a feather. I will think of it, Caroline."

"Here they come, mamma and Lina. Don't get bothering now, Ned, about the convent; keep peace until the wedding is over."

"And you gone, Caroline? Perhaps I may."

"Dinner, ma'am," cried the stiff old butler, appearing at the drawing-room door.

Aunt's face and her turban glowed together at these words. "I knew the signs well enough—a storm was brewing."

"Who told them to serve the dinner? How could you think of such a thing? Captain Fitzhenry is not come in."

"The captain does not dine here, ma'am. He said he had business at the railway-station, and should not be back."

Aunt flounced to the dining-room, and down we sat—at least, we should have sat down, but aunt remained standing, with her eyes fixed on an opposite door; so of course we did the same.

"Can she be waiting for Fitzhenry?" I mentally exclaimed; when the entrance of Father Ignatius solved my query. I was beginning to forget the routine of Dashingly House, or I might have remembered that the holy father dined there, on an average, five days out of the seven. I knew Father Ignatius of old; and a perfect model of a father he was towards Mrs. Dashingly and all her household. He chanted an elaborate grace—all Latin—the footmen removed the covers, and down we sat.

Sixteen courses of fish; five of eggs, omelets, and the like; a few of butter; seven of sweets and pastry; the richest of wines; coffee and liqueurs. The repast brought to my notice that it was Friday.

"Edward," said my aunt, "I never permit a sinful dish of flesh to appear at my table on these days of abstinence, whoever may be seated at it. Captain Fitzhenry has good-humouredly accommodated himself to my customs; need I request you to do the same to-day, and hold it as a fast?"

Certainly she needed not: and when I thought of my usual dinner, a solitary chop and a pint of porter, and compared it with the rich board before me, I wondered whether it did not, of the two, better deserve the name of fast.

"These periodical fast-days, my son," cried the priest to me, "are wholesome for the soul."

"Perhaps more so than they would be for the body, holy father, if it attacked but half of the fast before us."

"Highly good," repeated the priest, "these days of mortification."

"Is Fitzhenry not a Catholic, Carry?" I whispered, in reference to Mrs. Dashingly's late remark.

There never were such quick ears as that priest's, I do believe! Caroline sat beside me, and my question was a whispered one; but he had caught it, and was answering before Carry could speak.

"A docile young man!—a worthy gentleman, is he of whom you speak, my son. I have sought and held frequent converse with him, and his deference to my opinions is remarkable. Reared though he has been in the tenets of an opposite creed, he is perfectly willing to listen to reason; and I think I have succeeded in confuting, to his own satisfaction, some of the more heretical of its doctrines. Had we found him otherwise, I might have held it my duty to warn my good daughter here against entrusting the welfare of that lamb to his keeping."

The priest bowed to Mrs. Dashingly, and waved his finger at Caroline, lest the company present should not fully understand that they were the daughter and the lamb spoken of.

"I should have stopped his pretensions in the bud, and refused him altogether," cried aunt, who in the present advanced stage of the affair could afford to talk largely. "And, indeed, I do not know that I should not deem it right to do so, even now, were it not for the promise he has made."

"A tractable young man—a teachable spirit!" apostrophised the priest *par parenthèse*, burying his face in a whole boatful of rich melted butter.

"What promise?" I asked, looking at aunt.

"A promise, Edward, honourably undertaken on his part, that six months after Caroline shall have become his wife, he will, if she should still wish it, embrace the Roman Catholic faith."

"If all those who have been trained to walk astray would but take pattern by his example, what a blessed world it would be!" ejaculated the priest, with a side-groan towards Lina.

"He has done all *he* could to convert her," chimed in Mrs. Dashingly, alluding to the captain, and looking daggers at Lina, who, what with the priest's groans and aunt's words, was turning crimson. "He has assured me so himself twenty times, and feelingly bewailed her state of spiritual darkness to me."

"Ah!" sighed the priest, as he hesitated between potted lampreys and roast salmon, casting an eye alternately upon the tempting aspect of each, "that estimable young heretic is three parts of a saint already. He has promised his sweet lamb that when she is his wife, if she likes to endow a chapel, she shall."

"A generous fellow, this bridegroom-elect of yours, Carry," I whispered.

A flashing, beaming, triumphant glance shot from her eyes towards me, as she looked up for a moment from her plate. It told that she was quite as sensible of the advantages to be derived from a rich and submissive husband, as they were.

For myself, I was anything but anxious to see him. He was already sketched, drawn, coloured, and hung up in my mind's eye—a harmless milk-sop of a baby, about twenty, who dared not say his soul was his own,

and whose head had been constructed to carry as few brains as possible. Who else would be taken (in) by a *passée* flirt like Caroline? Somehow, since aunt had so kindly helped to cure my own infatuation, I had grown wonderfully alive to the real worth and attractions of my fair cousin.

I rose after dinner when the ladies did, fearing Father Ignatius, if we were left alone together, might carry my faith by storm, as it appeared he had almost done the captain's, and send me back to London a conscientious Papist; but the priest had risen also, and was leaving us to go his own way. However, I did not care to drink wine by myself, so I followed them, and leaning over the back of Carry's chair, made violent love to her, by way of passing away the time. She was relapsing into her old coquettish ways ere I had been there ten minutes—on my honour she was—and we were on the point of as hot a flirtation as ever, when the room door suddenly opened, and the butler popped in his head:

“Captain Fitzhenry.”

I started back with astonishment, and so trod upon aunt's pet cat, which flew about the room spitting and snarling, making at last a spring out of it, and coming in contact with the startled servant's cheek, for, instead of the monkey I had pictured, in walked a splendid man of six or seven-and-twenty, handsome enough to have had his portrait propped up at the “National,” or his bust in a group of far-famed sculpture, with a frank, beaming eye, and a tongue that might have turned half the girls' heads in Christendom. How on earth had Caroline caught *him*?

I might have waited for the sun to form a conjunction with itself, or a brief to come to me, before alighting on a more agreeable fellow. Not one of your buckram'd, high-flown officers, turning up their noses at everybody beside their own mess-room, but a really well-informed, companionable man, keen and sensible. We became cordial friends at once, and I lost myself in a puzzled reverie as I looked at him. That he should have chosen Caroline for a wife did not surprise me; for if men and women were shaken up in a bag, and drawn out of it in couples, more incongruous matches would not be met with than are met with now; but—his docility to aunt and Father Ignatius! However, said I, rousing myself, he is not the only man, sane and keen in other respects, who has been lured into the snare that is just now so fashionable.

Aunt was in high good humour, and proposed that we four should have a quadrille, offering to try her hand at some bygone tune; so down she sat to the piano. But how were we to stand up? Captain Fitzhenry of course advanced to his bride-elect; but it would never do for brother and sister to dance together, so the captain took Lina, and I crossed over to Caroline.

He danced very well; so did Lina. They looked a handsome couple, and so well suited to each other, that I caught myself wondering, perhaps regretting, that she was not his chosen one. I hoped I was mistaken—indeed, I knew I was—but it did strike me once or twice, that if ever bright blue eyes beamed love, Lina's did when she glanced at him.

Before we had finished the four-legged quadrille—people say four-handed cribbage and four-handed whist, so why not four-legged quadrille?—Dr. Cram, the rector, came in. Aunt had not renounced quite all her Protestant friends with her religion. A fine specimen of a good old

English parson ; the very quintessence of moderation and humility ; held only five livings, and was not paid a farthing more than three thousand a year for the lot. A pleasant, hospitable old man, with a rubicund face, and a round-about form, quite a second Daniel Lambert ; never troubling his head about any earthly care, save what he should eat and drink ; interfering with nobody ; letting his flock go whatever road they chose, and preaching about five sermons in the year—one at each place. People insinuated at the time, that had he been a little less supine, Dashingly House might not have taken refuge in Rome. He was to have the honour of officiating at Caroline's wedding, that is, so far as the Protestant ceremony went ; and Mrs. Dr. Cram—as the county aristocracy called her down there—was going to church in a bird-of-paradise feather. The doctor let this piece of news out to us in the openness of his heart. He was come in to gossip about the marriage, and, there being none but the family present, we discussed the programme of the ceremony.

"Have you got the license yet?" asked the doctor.

"No," said Fitzhenry ; "it's coming."

"Special?" resumed Dr. Cram.

"Of course."

"Why, then you can be married in this drawing-room," returned the doctor, "and save the bother of getting in and out of the carriages."

But this suggestion was not relished by either the bridegroom or the bride. She, of course, thought what a shame it would be not to show off outside the numerous guests and all the paraphernalia of the dress and bridal *cortège* ; and he muttered some scruples about religion, and being married in an every-day room, I hardly heard what ; but they both said they would go to church.

The rector's carriage was to lead the van, containing himself and Fitzhenry ; the bridegroom's new travelling-chariot was to follow, with Alfred and Mrs. Cram ; the Dashingly coach next, the bride, bridesmaid, aunt, and Sir Popperton Jeffs, the family uncle, inside ; and a string of several more would follow, conveying the general company. Immediately after the church service, the necessary Catholic rites would be performed.

Monday came, the day previous to the wedding, and Mr. Alfred Dashingly made his appearance in the morning. Foppish, and overdressed as usual, he presented a striking contrast to Fitzhenry. If Lina had ever got worried into marrying him, thought I to myself, she is not the girl of sense I take her for.

Alfred was in raptures with his brother-in-law-to-be ; but so he would have been with any rich man who walked off Caroline, were it only from the hope that he should succeed in doing a little with him in the borrowing line. He was especially affectionate to Lina—wanted to favour her with a chaste salute on his arrival—whether as a cousin or a lover he did not intimate—but Lina, with a dignified air and a haughty gesture, drew away from the proffered honour.

"How can you make up your mind to leave your childhood's home, Carry, and the green fields where you have gambolled?" asked I, putting on a dash of the sentimental.

"A great sacrifice, is it not," bantered Caroline, "to quit this out-of-

the-world place, where one is never certain of seeing a soul but the father and old Cram, for a modern seat in Wiltshire and a mansion in town?"

"Do you intend to take pity on any of the poor devils you are leaving behind to broken hearts, and invite us to visit you?"

"I—I shall see," pouted the beauty. "I can make no promises, for the captain's connexions are high—as you know—so I must of course be particular. Perhaps I shall invite Lina—that is, if she decides to marry Alfred."

"A genteel hint that I am to be cut, cousin mine. I suppose, if I meet you in town, I must not presume to more than a raise of my hat in the distance?"

"You are always talking nonsense, Edward," answered Carry, as she moved away.

"What's that?" cried Fitzhenry, coming up.

"Only a rap on the knuckles," I answered, "for my presumption in having asked if a briefless wight might venture to show himself at the house of Mrs. Fitzhenry."

"And Caroline says 'No,'" he rejoined, laughing.

"Caroline intimates as much. It was only asked in jest, Fitzhenry."

"Then I tell you what, Ned, my boy," he exclaimed, shaking my hands in his usual impetuous, pleasant manner, "I'll take upon myself to give you an invitation beforehand, and a cordial one, too. No one shall be made more welcome than you, if you will only find time to come to us—and the sooner the better."

"And your wife—allowing that I took you at your word?"

"I hope and believe that my wife will start few difficulties of this nature when once she is mine."

He did not know Caroline as I did.

"Fitzhenry," I resumed, "you are a favourite with Mrs. Dashingly—and with the priest."

"Have they been saying so?"

"And have, I believe, some influence over them."

"They over me, you mean."

"I wish you could persuade them to see the monstrosity of this scheme of theirs regarding Lina. Not an argument that I could advance would be even listened to—but with you it is different."

"What scheme?" he inquired.

"The sending her into a convent. Not that the thing ever can, or ever shall, be carried out—the very idea is ridiculous. But if they could be persuaded to settle the matter amicably, it would be much more desirable, especially for Lina, than our being obliged to come to a blow-up about it. Will you exert your influence on her behalf?"

"What, and deprive her of the opening prospect of becoming a Roman Catholic!—of dedicating herself to the Virgin!"

I looked up at him; and for the life of me could not tell whether he was in jest or earnest. There was nothing in his tone or countenance to indicate the former.

"No, Ned," he continued, after a pause of deliberation; "I will oblige you in any other way that I can, but to remonstrate with Mrs.

Dashingly, or with the holy father, about this convent business, is what I have clearly no right to do, and I must decline all interference. You will allow me, however, to express a hope, that whatever steps may be taken with regard to your sister, they may be the means of securing her happiness."

"I had deemed her a favourite of yours, Fitzhenry."

"She is so—as being nearly connected with my future wife."

Did anybody ever happen to be in a house the day before a wedding? If so, they have *been* in it—that's all. Cutting up wedding-cake; tying and sealing up cards; burning old billets-doux of other suitors, and laughing over their locks of hair; trying on bonnets; twisting up wreaths; making up favours; packing trunks; writing letters for the morrow's post, announcing the happy event which will then have taken place; cooking dishes for the breakfast, till the house smells like all the restaurants of the Palais Royal condensed into one; ejaculating notes of admiration at the arriving presents; overwhelming the servants with a confused mass of directions, who in return are running into every corner but where they ought; and happy relations publicly lamenting and privately rejoicing at their approaching separation from the interesting bride.

Caroline wrote lots of letters, glad enough to be able to do so at last—she had waited for it for years. Her distant friends were numerous; it was believed she had some in every town of the United Kingdom, and all were favoured with an epistle, short and sweet, conveying the glad tidings.

Carry was far from being jealous, that's certain, or she would not have liked the whispered conversation between Fitzhenry and Lina all the time she wrote, or that duet in the other room. It was nothing to me, but, upon my word, the captain's stolen intercourse with Lina looked a deal more like love than his paraded attentions to Caroline. My private opinion was, that he had scented his bride's flirting propensities, and was playing off a bit of revenge. However, the morrow must end it. I'll be shot, too, if he did not kiss her! To be sure, he kissed Caroline at the same time, and said something about he and Lina being only a few hours off cousinship; but I know this, that if Lina had been my lady-love instead of my sister, I should have found my rest disturbed by visions of coffee and pistols.

It was a beautiful day for a wedding. The sun shone, the bells tinkled, and the carriages rattled about, bringing up the guests. The first arrival was Dr. Cram with his lady, the latter's bird-of-paradise nodding to the wind as she alighted from her chariot, all splendid in a robe that, to uninitiated eyes like mine, was composed of pea-green bugles and gold wire. Sir Popperton Jeffs dashed up with outriders. He bore a splendid case of pearls as a present to the bride, and a similar set for Lina. Mrs. Dr. Cram, who liked to have a finger in everybody's pie, told him it was not etiquette to bestow upon the bridesmaid a like present to the bride's. But Sir Popperton, who was a fiery man, observed that Lina was his niece as well as Caroline, and that etiquette might be —, we never knew what, for he choked down the conclusion.

Everybody was in high feather; aunt herself like the rising sun. A most splendid scarlet dress, quite dazzling to behold, and a white satin bonnet surmounted by a scarlet plume. Captain Fitzhenry looked very handsome and very happy—strange that he had not chosen a bride more worthy of him! Coffee and tea were handed round for those who liked to partake of them, but the breakfast was to come afterwards.

We were to set out for the church at ten, but that hour struck before Caroline made her appearance. Dr. Cram had twice looked at his watch—he was thinking of the collation—and Sir Popperton had demanded whether the ceremony was to be to-day or to-morrow, when a bustle and a rush of white satin and lace proclaimed the bride's presence. Several damsels were in her train, but next to her, as chief bridesmaid, walked my gentle sister. The room fell into a roar of congratulations, and Carry's gratified eye told that they were welcome. I never saw her look so well. Her dress, exclusive of jewels, must have cost what would keep me for six months. Lina was in a quiet, pale sort of silk, that I unfortunately called "stone;" upon which Mrs. Dr. Cram indignantly snapped me up, and asserted that it was "pearl grey." Her bonnet was the same as Caroline's, except the orange-blossoms, and she wore no jewels. I heard afterwards that the whole of Caroline's dress had been Lina's present.

Captain Fitzhenry advanced, and did homage to his bride, *sotto voce*. She received it with a genuine affectation of timidity, and turned away to shelter her blushes behind aunt's fiery petticoats. The captain then spoke to Lina in the same low tone, when she burst into tears, and nearly sobbed herself into hysterics. Thinking she was going into them out and out, I got two bottles of Preston salts ready, and called out for a can of water; but the symptoms went off. I did not care for the hysterics, but I did care for Lina, and felt convinced of her misplaced passion for Fitzhenry.

"Never you mind, dear," said Mrs. Dr. Cram, patting Lina on the shoulder, "it shall be your wedding next."

With great parade we sailed down to the equipages. But, elaborately as the procession was planned beforehand, the programme, amidst the bustle and excitement, was not strictly followed out. It often is not.

The first mishap was with Fitzhenry's chariot. The coachmen had received orders to place but a pair of horses to each carriage for church, and his appeared with four; but it was too late to remedy it now. The second blunder consisted in aunt's being bowed by Dr. Cram into his chariot, instead of Fitzhenry, and off they started. Fitzhenry stepped into his own, and there, behold! some bungler had planted Lina. So they went next. Then followed the bride, Sir Popperton by her side, with Alfred and Mrs. Dr. Cram opposite to her, the bird-of-paradise's tail tipping out at the window to gladden the admiring spectators; and the rest of us followed any how, just where we could scramble. There were ten in our coach.

Caroline was placed at the altar. The reverend doctor, in full canonicals, stood facing her, with open book in hand, and we were all waiting on the tiptoe of expectation to hear the first word of the service. But there seemed a strange delay. I was standing quite behind, and could see nothing but the bird-of-paradise and the top of aunt's scarlet plume.

"What's he waiting for?" whispered I to Uncle Popperton, pulling him behind, as I nodded to the place where old Cram ought to be.

"What the deuce, boy!—would you marry her to herself? The captain is not come yet."

"Why, his carriage went second—next to the parson's. Lina was in it. Is she not here?"

"Can't you see she's not?" grumbled Sir Popperton; "it is plain enough."

I dare say it was to him, who was six feet two in stockings; but I counted five feet nothing in boots.

"Edward," whispered aunt, beckoning me forward, "go to the door and see. There is some dreadful accident, I fear; he always would drive such spirited horses."

"But he came next to you, aunt—before the rest of us. If there had been any accident, we must have seen it."

"Those fools of postillions of his have driven to the Catholic chapel, then," answered aunt, in a fever. "Do go and see."

I made my way in haste to the Catholic chapel. Father Ignatius was there, but I could see no trace of Fitzhenry. The Cram footman stepped up to me as I was going back.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, touching his hat, "but the captain's carriage went this way—don't think it's of any use looking for it that."

"Which way?"

"Right down along the left road, sir, without turning to the church at all. The postboys were lashing their horses like mad, and the carriage tore along, and whirled off at the finger-post, which leads to nothing but the railway-station."

"Was the captain in it?"

"The captain was in it, sir, and Miss Lina with him. His own man sat in the rumble."

"What the devil!" growled the choleric Sir Popperton, when I returned to report, "are we to cool our heels in this church all day?"

"The breakfast!" stammered Dr. Cram, his nose turning to a light purple, as the fear gained ground that some untoward accident might put a stop to the eating.

"Those dreadful horses have run away with him, and he will never come back but with his head torn off," shrieked Carry, going into a sham faint upon the altar steps. Not that she had any real love for Fitzhenry; her days for loving had long been over.

"Lina, too, was in the carriage," uttered I; "what is to become of her?"

"Oh, don't you get bringing up Lina, Edward! I don't suppose *she'll* be hurt; and we have enough on our minds just now in thinking of the captain," cried Mrs. Dashingly, stooping down to look after Caroline, when the scarlet plume came in contact so violently with the altar rails, that its elegant uprightness was over for ever, and it was bent to an acute angle.

"Dear Mrs. Dashingly," groaned Dr. Cram, "don't you think a little refreshment would revive her?—the breakfast—oh!—or so? It is waiting all this time, you know. She may have a fit of illness if she fasts any longer."

It being obvious that a dwelling-house was a more convenient place than a church to wait in, while a man was brought home without his head, we returned to the carriages to be conveyed back again. Father Ignatius joined us as we entered the house, and Sir Popperton's outriders were despatched flying, in search of the runaway chariot.

"There, he'll soon be heard of now, my dear," cried Dr. Cram to Caroline, his spirits going up like quicksilver at his proximity to the collation.

Fitzhenry was heard of, and Lina also.

May a certain gentleman fly away with me, if ever I saw such a house in my life, before or since. Aunt danced a hornpipe with passion, and poor Caroline, in her wild dismay, tore her orange-blossoms to pieces.

It appeared—for, bit by bit, the whole plot and counter-plot was laid bare—that Fitzhenry had, in the first instance, proposed to Mrs. Dashingly for Lina. But that lady, with indignant firmness, informed him that he might just as well ask for *her*, or—sacrilegious thought!—for the whole convent of nuns; and that there was just as much probability of his obtaining them, as there was of his obtaining Lina. That the latter was promised to Alfred, and in the event of that project failing, she was to be "dedicated to the Virgin." The communication was obligingly accompanied by a hint that if ever Captain Fitzhenry gave another thought towards Lina, or so much as half a one, he must bid farewell to Dashingly House. The captain bowed to the decision, apparently acquiescing in it, and continued his friendship with Dashingly. Caroline made a dead set at him, thinking his repeated visits must be on her account, as Lina was put out of the question. And—well—perhaps it was not quite right to pretend to fall desperately in love with her, but he said it was the only way he could devise to have access to the society of Lina. His attentions to Caroline were eagerly caught up by her and Mrs. Dashingly, and the marriage and the preparations were hurried on almost before a syllable had been spoken on his part. And now he had taken Lina off to the railway-station, as fast as the four horses would carry them, where a special train was waiting, the engine at a white heat, to convey them towards Scotland. He left a polite note behind him, hoping Mrs. Dashingly would forgive him for making Lina his wife, with his compliments to the convent and to Father Ignatius.

"The—the—the *thirty thousand pounds!*" gasped out Father Ignatius, his lips all white, and his hair standing on end, "does she take *THAT?*"

Lina did *not* take the thirty thousand pounds, but the money was just as much lost to Father Ignatius and the convent as if she did. If she married before she became of age, without aunt's consent, only ten of it remained to her, the other twenty came plump to us six boys.

And when these facts were explained to him, the holy Father Ignatius, for once in his life, forgot his self-control and his humility—forgot to act up to the assurance he had so repeatedly given Lina, that her money never was, and never could be, of any moment to him, and that if she were to make him a present of it, he should decline its acceptance. He set up an unearthly shriek, and began whirling himself about the room

in so violent a manner, that his movements were looked upon as a *fac-simile* of aunt's hornpipe.

"The breakfast!" reiterated Dr. Cram, with tears in his eyes, "isn't it to be eaten now?"

"Of course it is to be eaten," answered Sir Popperton, recovering his voice with difficulty from the explosions of laughter which had shaken it ever since the truth burst upon him, "and I'll preside, if Mrs. Dashingly won't. We will drink the health and happiness of Captain and Mrs. Fitzhenry. God bless Lina! She will do more good in the sphere she has had the courage to choose, than she would have done in your convent, holy father," with a nod to the Catholic priest.

"What?" croaked the priest, faintly, from the chair into which he had sunk, a little overcome by his recent exertion.

"My opinion is, that young girls should not be dedicated to the Virgin quite so long before they may expect to go up into the world where the Virgin is," called out Sir Popperton. "To sacrifice them when they have a long life before them, to render that life aimless and useless, is a mistake that you have no right to commit. But you may rely upon one thing, that even if Captain Fitzhenry had not stepped in, you should never have "dedicated" Lina.

The priest gave a fearful howl, and, gathering his robes round him, vanished from the room.

Another mistake came to light. All Caroline's letters, announcing the happy event to her friends, had been posted the previous night, through the officiousness of the old butler. Carry was beside herself. In her mortification she would have married me; want of briefs looked a trifling matter to her now, compared with remaining Miss Caroline Dashingly. I protested for an hour how deeply her condescension affected me, whilst old Cram, having his eye to another feast, suggested that if the young gentleman was not quite ready, the ceremony might be postponed for a week; he should be most happy at that period to render his services. I wished he might get it, or my fair cousin either.

And so ended poor Caroline's wedding. ●

Alfred talked largely about calling the captain out, but it came to nothing. Sir Popperton's opinion was strongly expressed upon the matter, and as he had thirty thousand pounds, and over, to leave to somebody, Alfred would have dutifully deferred to any opinion of his, whatever it might be. For myself, I had the supreme felicity, a fortnight afterwards, of giving away my sweet sister Lina to Captain Fitzhenry, at St. George's church, the two having some slight scruples about trusting to the legality of the previous marriage in Scotland.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

No. I.—MISS AUSTEN.

GIVEN a subject of composition like the novel, it is reasonable to expect a goodly proportion of what Monkbarns called "womankind" among the compositors. The subject is attractive to those tastes, and within the scope of those faculties, which are, generally speaking, characteristic of the fairer sex. Perhaps, indeed—and some critics would substitute "unquestionably" for "perhaps"—none but a man, of first-rate powers withal, can produce a first-rate novel; and, if so, it may be alleged that a woman of corresponding genius (*quâ* woman) can only produce one of a second-rate order. However *that* may be—and leaving the definition of what is first-rate and what second-rate to critics of a subtler vein and weightier calibre than we shall ever attain to—proofs there are, enough and to spare, in the literature of our land, that clever women can write, and have written, very clever novels; that this is a department where they feel and show themselves at home; that, in the symmetry of a complicated plot, the elaboration of varied character, and the filling-in of artistic touches and imaginative details, they can design and accomplish works which go down to posterity not very far behind those of certain Titanic lords of creation. As it was reasonable to predicate an abundance of female novelists, so is it evident, by every circulating library and every advertising journal, that such abundance exists. Almost the earliest pieces of prose fictions in our language are from the pen of a woman—not the most exemplary of her sex—Mistress Aphra Behn, the "*Astræa*" of Charles the Second's days. After the novel, more properly so called, had acquired a local habitation and a name amongst us, by the performances of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, we find, during the past century, an imposing array of "womankind" successfully cultivating these "pastures new." Clara Reeve wrote several tales of the "*Otranto*" type, all marked, in the judgment of Sir Walter Scott, by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance. If the Minerva Press deluged the town with its spring-tide of fluent nonsense, much of it the billowy froth of feminine as well as effeminate "*Persons of Quality*," there soon uprose to stem the current a succession of ladies who could cope better with its surges than Mrs. Partington with those of the Atlantic. Mrs. Radcliffe is by no means the *beau-ideal* of a novelist; yet even *her* atrocities were an improvement upon, and instrumentally fatal to, the squeamish woes of that maudlin clique. Then, too, came Charlotte Smith, of "*Old Manor House*" celebrity; and little Fanny Burney, with her Evelinas and Cecilias and Camillas; and the sisters Lee, with their "*Canterbury Tales*;" and the sisters Porter, of whom Anna Maria alone published half a century of volumes; and Mrs. Brunton, the still popular authoress of "*Self-Control*;" and Miss Edgeworth, whose gift it was to "dispense common sense to her readers, and to bring them within the precincts of real life and natural feeling." As we approach more closely to our own times, the name of the fair company becomes legion. Mrs. Shelley appears:

And Shelley, four-famed—for her parents, her lord,
And the poor, lone, impossible monster abhorred—

“Frankenstein,” to wit—a romance classed by Moore with those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever. Miss Ferrier is a foremost reaper of what Scott called the large harvest of Scottish characters and fiction, a harvest in which recent labourers (witness “Mrs. Margaret Maitland,” &c.) have found new sheaves for their sickle. Lady Morgan presents us with a “Wild Irish Girl” and “Florence Macarthy.” Mrs. Trollope is seen in the plethora of exhaustless authorship, surpassed therein only by Mrs. Gore, with her

Heaps of “Polite Conversation,” so true
That one cannot but wish the three volumes were two;
But not when she dwells upon daughters or mothers—
Oh, then the three make us quite long for three others.

And who will not be ready to name Mary Russell Mitford, one of England’s truest *autochthonai*? and Mrs. S. C. Hall, that kindly and wise-hearted limner of the lights and shadows of Irish life? and Mrs. Bray, of Tavistock, the accomplished delineator of Devonshire characters and characteristics? and Lady Blessington, whose writings often beam, like her face in the golden age of Gore House (before the *entrée* of Soyer and the Symposium), with “enjoyment, and judgment, and wit, and good-nature?” and Mrs. Marsh, the powerful as well as industrious authoress of many an impressive fiction? and Currer Bell, one of the few who have lately excited a real “sensation?” and Mrs. Crowe, with her melodramatic points and supernatural adjuncts, some of which make even utilitarians and materialists look transcendental for the nonce? and Mrs. Gaskell, whose “mission” is as benevolent and practical as her manner is clear and forcible? The catalogue might be lengthened out with many other well-known titles, such as Landon, Martineau, Hoffland, Pardoe, Bowles, Pickering, Norton, Howitt, Johnstone, Ellis, Kavanagh, &c., &c.

In her own line of things, Jane Austen is surpassed, perhaps equalled, by none of this pleasant and numerous family. She is perfect mistress of all she touches, and certainly *nil tetigit quod non ornavit*—if not with the embellishments of idealism and romance, at least with the fresh strokes of nature. She fascinates you with common-place people. She effectually interests you in the “small-beer chronicles” of every-day household life. She secures your attention to a group of “walking gentlemen,” who have not even the

Start theatric practised at the glass
to attract admiration, and of unremarkable ladies, who, shocking as it may seem to seasoned novel-readers, are

Not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food.

You have actually met all her heroes and heroines before—not in novels, but in most unromantic and prosaic circumstances; you have talked with them, and never seen anything in them—anything, at least, worthy of three volumes, at half-a-guinea a volume. How *could* such folks find their way into a printed book? That is a marvel, a paradox, a practical solecism. But a greater marvel remains behind, and that is, how comes it that such folks, having got into the book, make it so interesting?

Take, reader, that quiet, unassuming gentleman with whom you exchanged a few mercurial trivialities in the omnibus this morning, touching the weather and the adjourned debate; take that elderly burgess who called on you about some railway shares, and left you without having said (never mind whether he heard) one smart thing in the course of twenty minutes' unbroken conversation—at which absence of piquancy and Attic salt neither you were surprised nor he a whit ashamed; take that semi-sleepy clergyman, whose homily you listened to yesterday morning with such phlegmatic politeness, and who (it is your infallible conviction) is guiltless of the power to say or do anything clever, original, or even unusual; take that provincial attorney, who bores you so with his pedantries and platitudes whenever you are vegetating in a midland county with your country cousins; take, also, that well-intentioned, loquacious old maid with whom you walked home yesterday from morning service, and who discoursed so glibly and so illogically about an infinity of very finite things; and take those good-natured, unexceptionable misses with whom and their mamma you drink tea this evening, without any fear of the consequences:—take these, and as many more as you please of a similar fabric—people who never astonished you, never electrified you with revelations of strange experiences, never made your each particular hair to stand on end by unfolding a tale of personal mystery, never affected the rôle of Wandering Jews, or Sorrowing Werters, or Justifiable Homicides, or Mysterious Strangers, or Black-veiled Nuns; take, we say, a *quantum suffi*: of these worthy prosaists, and set up in type their words and actions of this current day, and you have a fair specimen of the sort of figures and scenes pictured on Miss Austen's canvas. The charm is, that they are so exquisitely real; they are transcripts of actual life; their features, gestures, gossip, sympathies, antipathies, virtues, foibles, are all true, unexaggerated, uncoloured, yet singularly entertaining. We do not mean that we, or you, reader, or even that professed and successful novelists now living, could produce the same result with the same means, or elicit from the given terms an equivalent remainder. Herein, on the contrary, lies the unique power of Jane Austen, that where every one else is nearly sure of failing, she invariably and unequivocally triumphs. What, in other hands, would be a flat, insipid, intolerable piece of impertinent dulness, becomes, at her bidding, a sprightly, versatile, never-flagging chapter of realities. She knows how far to go in describing a character, and where to stop, never allowing that character to soar into romance or to sink into mere twaddle. She is a thorough artist in the management of nature. Her sketches from nature are not profusely huddled together in crude and ill-assorted heaps—the indiscriminate riches of a crowded portfolio, into which genius has recklessly tossed its manifold essays, all clever, but not all in place; but they are selected and arranged with the practised skill of a disciplined judgment, and challenge the scrutiny of tasteful students of design.

Miss Austen has not even yet, we submit, reaped her rightful share of public homage. Both Sir Walter Scott and Archbishop Whately—the one in 1815, the other in 1821—saw and proclaimed her distinguished merits in the pages of the “Quarterly Review.” Sir Walter observes, that, keeping close to common incidents, and to such characters as occupy the ordinary walks of life, she has produced sketches of such spirit and

originality that we never miss the excitation which depends upon a narrative of uncommon events, arising from the consideration of minds, manners, and sentiments greatly above our own. She "confines herself chiefly to the middling classes of society. Her most distinguished characters do not rise greatly above well-bred country gentlemen and ladies; and those which are sketched with most originality and precision belong to a class rather below that standard. The narrative of all her novels is composed of such common occurrences as may have fallen under the observation of most folks, and her *dramatis personæ* conduct themselves upon the motives and principles which the readers may recognise as ruling their own and that of most of their acquaintances." So wrote the unknown novelist who had just given to the world "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering." Eleven years of personal and unparalleled triumph found Sir Walter confirmed in his admiration of Jane Austen; for, in 1826—that is, after he had composed "Rob Roy," and the "Tales of my Landlord," and "Ivanhoe," and "Quentin Durward," and while he was busy at "Woodstock"—we find the following characteristic entry in his diary, or "gurnal," as he loved to style it: "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely-written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" An Edinburgh Reviewer justly remarks, that ordinary readers have been apt to judge of her as Partridge judged of Garrick's acting. He could not see the merit of a man behaving on the stage as anybody might be expected to behave under similar circumstances in real life. He infinitely preferred the "robustious, periwig-pated fellow," who flourished his arms like a windmill, and ranted with the voice of three. Even thus is Miss Austen too natural for superficial readers. "It seems to them as if there can be very little merit in making characters talk and act so exactly like the people whom they see around them every day. They do not consider that the highest triumph of art consists in its concealment; and here the art is so little perceptible that they believe there is none." Meanwhile, readers of more refined taste and critical acumen feel something like dissatisfaction with almost every other domestic novelist, after they have once appreciated Miss Austen. After her unaffected good-sense, her shrewd insight, her felicitous irony, and the fruitful harvest of her quiet eye, they are palled by the laboured unrealities of her competitors. Certainly, the consummate ease with which this gifted lady filled up her designs and harmonised her colours is of a kind vouchsafed unto the fewest, and, we apprehend, to no one else in an equal degree. She is never at a loss—never has occasion for the "big bow-wow style" to which others have such frequent recourse

To point their moral and adorn their tale.

She walks without irons to keep her in shape, or stilts to exalt her. Her diction is innocent of *sesquipedalia verba*; her manners and deportment were learnt under no Gallic dancing-master. If she occa-

sionally dons a piece of *bijouterie*, be assured that it is no paste jewellery, and that Birmingham was not its birthplace. The fresh bloom upon her cheek comes from fresh air and sound health, not from the rouge-pot or any cognate source. Between this novel-writer and the conventional novel-wright, what a gulf profound! Alike, but oh, *how* different!

Fault has been found with Miss Austen, and with considerable show of justice, on account of the prodigious amount of love-making in her tales. Love is the beginning, middle, and end of each and all. Page the first and page the last are occupied with the conjugation of the verb *amo*. Every new chapter is like a new tense, every volume a mood, of that all-absorbing verb. She plunges at once *in medias res* (see, for example, the first sentence in "Pride and Prejudice"), and confines herself to the working out the proposed equation with wonderful singleness of purpose. Now, where this topic is so uniformly and protractedly debated—where this one string is so incessantly harped on, it becomes a question whether, with all her admirable qualities freely recognised, Miss Austen's writings are of that healthy type which is calculated to benefit the world. We may well admit, with one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth," that ordinary novels, which string a number of incidents and a few commonplace pasteboard characters around a love-story, teaching people to fancy that the main business of life is to make love, and to be made love to, and that, when it is made, all is over, are little or nothing else than mischievous; since it is most hurtful to be wishing to act a romance of this kind in real life—most hurtful to fancy that the interest of life lies in its pleasures and passions, not in its duties. But then Miss Austen's are *not* ordinary novels; her's are *not* pasteboard characters; and, with all her devotion to the task of delineating this master-principle, she, too, teaches that it is *not* the main business of life—she, too, contends that duty is before pleasure and passion, sense before sensibility. If languishing demoiselles appear in her works, whose pantheism is made up of wedding-prophecies, marriage-bells, and bride-cake, it is only that they may be roundly ridiculed—tarred and feathered, as a warning to their sisterhood—nailed up as scarecrows, with every attendant circumstance of derision. Miss Austen's estimate of love in its true form is as far as can be from that of sickly sentimentalism or flighty schoolgirlishness. She honours it only when invested with the dignity, intensity, and equable constancy of its higher manifestations—where it comprehends and fulfils its wide circle of duties, and is as self-denying as it is self-respecting. There is a righteous intolerance of the mawkish trash which constitutes the staple of so many love-tales; and one cannot but admire Horace Walpole, for once, when he stops impatiently at the fourth volume of "Sir Charles Grandison," and confesses: "I am so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, 'Pray, miss, with whom are you in love,' &c., &c." And we grant that Miss Austen is a little too prodigal of scenes of love-making and preparations for match-making; but let us at the same time insist upon the marked difference between her descriptions and those of the common herd of novelists, with whom she is unjustly confounded; the fact being, that her most caustic passages, and the hardest hits and keenest thrusts of her satire, are directed against them and their miss-in-her-teens'

extravaganzas. Mr. Thackeray himself is not more sarcastic against snobbism, than is Miss Austen against whatever is affected or perverted, or merely sentimental, in the province of love.

Plot she has little or none. If you only enjoy a labyrinthine *nexus* of events, an imbroglio of accidents, an atmosphere of mystery, you will probably toss aside her volumes as "desperately slow." Yet, in the careful, artist-like management of her story, in the skilful evolution of its processes, in the tactics of a gradually-wrought *dénouement*, in the truthful and natural adaptation of means to ends, she is almost, if not quite, unrivalled. Nothing can be more judicious than her use of suggestions and intimations of what is to follow. And all is conducted with a quiet grace that is, or seems to be, inimitable.

Writing, as she invariably does, "with a purpose," she yet avoids with peculiar success the manner of a sententious teacher, which very frequently ruffles and disgusts those who are to be taught. She spares us the infliction of sage aphorisms and doctrinal appeals; compassing her end by the simple narration of her stories, and the natural intercourse of her characters. The variety of those characters is another remarkable point. But we become intimate with, and interested in, them all. It has been said that the effect of reading Richardson's novels is, to acquire a vast accession of near relations. The same holds good of Miss Austen's. In the earliest of her works, "*Northanger Abbey*"—which, however, did not appear until after her death, in 1817*—we have a capital illustration of a girl who designs to be very romantic, and to find a Castle of Udolpho in every possible locality, but whose natural good-sense and excellent heart work a speedy and radical cure. Another lifelike figure is that of General Tilney, so painfully polite, so distressingly punctilious, so uncivilly attentive, so despotically selfish; and then there are the motley visitors at Bath, all hit off *à merveille*, especially the Thorpe family. "*Persuasion*," also published after the writer's decease, teems with individuality: Sir Walter Elliott, whose one book is the "*Baronetage*," where he finds occupation for his idle hours, and consolation in his distressed ones; Mrs. Clay, clever, manœuvring, and unprincipled; Captain Wentworth, so intelligent, spirited, and generously high-minded; Anne Elliott, the self-sacrificing and noble-hearted victim of undue *persuasion*; her sister Mary, so prone to add to every other trouble that of fancying herself neglected and ill-used; Admiral and Mrs. Croft, a naval couple of the "first water," so frank, hearty, and constitutionally good-natured. Then again, in "*Mansfield Park*," what a bewitching "little body" is Fanny Price—what finish in the portraits of Crawford and his sister—what Dutch-school accuracy of detail in the home-pictures at Portsmouth, and what fine truth in the moral of the tale! In "*Pride and Prejudice*" we are introduced to five sisters, each possessing a marked idiosyncrasy: Jane, tender, confiding, and mildly contemplative; Lizzy,

* Miss Austen was born the same year as Charles Lamb (1775)—the daughter of a Hampshire rector. She resided chiefly at Southampton and the village of Chawton, where her tales were written. In the spring of 1817 she removed to Winchester, for the benefit of medical aid, and died there in the July of that year. In person, as well as mind, she was an object of real admiration.

acute, impulsive, enthusiastic, and strong-minded; Mary, who, being the only plain one in the family, has worked hard for knowledge and accomplishments, and is always impatient for display; and the two youngest, Lydia and Kitty, who are mad after red coats and balls, both vulgar hoydens, the one leading and the other led, active and passive voices of the same irregular verb. Their mother, Mrs. Bennett, is done to the life—a sort of Mrs. Nickleby, without the caricature. Mr. Collins, the prim, soft-headed, tuft-hunting clergyman (by the way, excepting Edmund Bertram, what a goodly fellowship Miss Austen's clergymen are!); Lady de Bourgh, his insolent, coarse-mannered patroness; Mr. Darcy, the heart-sound representative of pride and prejudice; the Bingley sisters, shallow, purse-proud, intriguing; Wickham, the artful, double-faced adventurer—profligate, impudent, and perennially smiling; and Mr. Bennett himself, that strange compound of the amiable and disagreeable, with that supreme talent of his for ironical humour: all these are models of drawing. In “Sense and Sensibility” there are exact representatives of vulgar good-temper and vulgar selfishness, in Mrs. Jennings and Lucy Steele respectively; and of good sense and sensitiveness, in the sisters Elinor and Maria. But if we must give the precedence to any one of Miss Austen's novels, we incline to name “Emma,” notwithstanding a little inconsistency in the character of the delightful heroine. The people we there consort with, please us mightily. It were hard to excel the humour with which Miss Bates is portrayed—that irresistible spinster, and eternal but most inoffensive gossip; or nervous, invalid, coddling Mr. Woodhouse; or that intolerably silly piece of egotism, Mr. Elton; and equally rare are the observation and delicacy employed in characterising Jane Fairfax and Mr. Knightley. The tale abounds in high feeling, sterling wisdom, and exquisite touches of art.

If this paper has something of the *rechauffé* odour of a “retrospective” review, it is written not without a “prospective” purpose; the writer being persuaded that Jane Austen needs but to be more widely known, to be more justly appreciated, and accordingly using this opportunity “by way of remembrance.” If the Wizard of the North felt her

Weave a circle round him *thrice*,

and acknowledged at the “third reading” a yet more potent spell than at the first, surely, to know that so many living novel readers by wholesale are uninitiated in her doctrine, is a thing to be classed under Pepys's favourite comment—“which did vex me.”

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

It is so long since we sat, with "charmed eyes," gazing upon the black-lettered pages of the "*Legenda Aurea*," the work of Jacobus de Voragine, and "emprynted by Willyam Caxton," if we remember rightly, in 1483—that we have entirely forgotten whether, amongst the marvelous tales collected with so much faith by the learned Dominican, the specific legend is to be found which forms the groundwork of Professor Longfellow's new and most acceptable poem.*

This, however, is certain, that none of the miracles recorded by Voragine—and believed, as is most likely, by Dr. Newman—contain anything half so touching, or so full of strong human interest, as that which tells of the self-imposed sacrifice of Elsie, the heroine of the "*Golden Legend*," of which we have now to speak.

True to its legendary purpose, Professor Longfellow's poem is cast in the antique mould, which best befits the subject; and the spirit in which it is written carries us back at once to the depths of the Middle Ages, enveloping us in the clouds of that superstitious time, and breathing over our minds the spell of a mysterious influence from which, while we read, we make no effort to escape. But, mingling with the tone of superstition which aptly pervades the Legend, runs a current of the deepest feeling and purest thought, its surface rippled here and there by a quaint and satirical humour, which reminds us throughout that the human heart, with all its doubts, its longings, and its sufferings, has still been the poet's theme.

The key-note of the poem is struck in the "Prologue," where, amidst night and storm, Lucifer and the powers of the air are wheeling round the lofty spire of the then lately-erected cathedral of Strasburg, and vainly endeavouring to drag from its height the symbol of the Christian faith which towers at its summit. A wild chorus breaks at intervals through the din of the elements and the chiming of the bells: the arch-fiend ever urges his ministers to destroy the sacred edifice piecemeal; the evil spirits deplore their powerlessness to do it harm—every part of the building being blest and divinely protected; and at each lament the bells peal forth, in monkish Latin rhyme, the solemn purposes for which they were raised. The powers of darkness are finally baffled; the labour of destruction is left to Time, the great Destroyer, and Lucifer and his angels sweep away to work mischief elsewhere, while from within the cathedral issue the deep notes of the organ and the Gregorian chant,

Noctes surgentes
Vigilemus omnes !

Which tells of the ever-watchful service of the sons of the Church.

The poem opens, after this tumultuous preparation, in the sick room of Prince Henry of Hohenbeck, in his castle of Vautsberg, on the Rhine. He is sitting alone, at midnight, ill and restless, the victim of a disease incurable by mortal skill, and bewails, in a strain of exquisite sweetness, the loss of the irrecoverable Past, but with no yearning for the Future,

* The Golden Legend. By Henry Wordsworth Longfellow. London : David Bogue, Fleet-street. 1851.

save in the forgetfulness of eternal rest. While in this frame of mind, a visitor suddenly enters his chamber—the same who came to Faust in his study, and to Cyprian in the gardens of Antioch—and with the same object—trial and temptation. Lucifer enters in the garb of a travelling physician, and, when recovered from the effect of his sudden salutation, Prince Henry asks his nocturnal visitor when he came in. Lucifer replies:

A moment since.

I found your study-door unlocked,
And thought you answered when I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

You heard the thunder;
It was loud enough to waken the dead.
And it is not a matter of special wonder
That, when God is walking over head,
You should not hear my feeble tread.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose be?

LUCIFER.

Nothing or everything, as it pleases
Your highness. You behold in me
Only a travelling physician—
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring

The dead to life?

LUCIFER.

Yes—very nearly;

And, what is a wiser and better thing,
Can keep the living from ever needing
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,
By showing, conclusively and clearly,
That death is a stupid blunder merely,
And not a necessity of our lives.

Lucifer adds, that his presence at Vautsberg was accidental, and that, having heard of the prince's illness, he had hastened to proffer his aid. He asks the nature of his malady; Prince Henry replies:

It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapours to the head;
My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains.
I am accounted as one who is dead,
And, indeed, I think I shall be soon.

Lucifer inquires if the prince has found no remedy in the books or advice of the doctors, but is told that the disease is quite beyond their science, and that even the physicians of Salern (Salerno) send him word that there is only one cure, and that in its nature is impossible. At Lucifer's request to know what this remedy can be, the prince reads from a scroll

the prescription they have sent. It says, that the only cure is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins, who of her own free will shall give her life as the price of his. Lucifer half agrees with the prince that such a remedy is undiscoverable, though he has his doubts also whether this kind of madness may not enter into some maiden's brain; but in the mean time he advises—after the fashion of all quacks—a trial of his own “wonderful Catholicon,” revealing, in the course of his oration, that he is an adept in the Great Mystery, and possesses “the Elixir of Perpetual Youth;” he does more—he produces “the Water of Life,” and tempts the prince to taste it. In spite of the warning voice of his guardian angel, the impatience of disease and the persuasions of the Demon prevail, and he drinks from the flask—the Evil One disappearing when the purpose of his errand is accomplished. For the moment the draught fires his veins, renews all the feelings of his youth, and fills him with the delusion of having conquered both death and disease; and again he drinks, exulting in the visions which throng to his brain; while the guardian still predicts the vanishing of the golden dream and the sad return of pain and bitter contrition.

The scene changes to the courtyard of the castle, where the old Seneschal Hubert stands regretting the merry days when his lord was in health, and contrasting with them the dreamy silence and desolation that now reign over the towers of Vautsberg. He is interrupted by the approach of Walter of the Vogelweid, the great Minnesinger, whose fame was so widely bruited at all the courts of Germany in the early part of the thirteenth century. Walter has come to visit Prince Henry, and finds, to his astonishment, the castle deserted of all who once dwelt there, save Hubert only. He fears to hear of his friend's death, when Hubert tells him of the mysterious malady by which he has been affected, and describes the manner in which he was wont to pass his days in dreamy meditation, till one morning when he was found in his study, stretched on the floor in a swoon, and so changed in his looks that he could scarcely be recognised. “He might have menéed,” added Hubert, “but the priests came flocking in,” and their intuitive skill in tracing effects to their cause soon discovered that the devil had been busy with the prince, whom they straightway proceeded to exorcise, anathematise, and condemn to penance after the most approved fashion of the Middle Ages.

———— in Saint Rochus

They made him stand and await his doom;
And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,
Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
First, the Mass of the Dead they chanted;
Then three times laid upon his head
A shovelfull of churchyard clay,
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
“This is a sign that thou art dead,
So in thy heart be penitent!”
And forth from the chapel-door he went
Into his grave and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hodden grey,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual knell
To keep all travellers away.

And besides this condemnation to the condition of the Leper and the

Cagot—who, Heaven-smitten, were thus humanly (inhumanly) branded, as we know but too well—the priests added to their commination the doom which follows when the last of a princely house has passed away—the burial in one common wreck of the broken helmet, sword, and shield of the anathematised prince, the herald proclaiming, with a trumpet-blast, “Woe to the house of Hoheneck!” Hubert adds, however, that, notwithstanding the denunciation of the Church, a peasant family of the Odenwald, vassals of Prince Henry, have sheltered him beneath their humble roof, “for the love of him and Jesus’ sake!”

We are following the story, else we would pause to quote the beautiful apostrophe of the Minnesinger to the decline of day in the beautiful valley of Vautsberg, after hearing the sad story of his friend’s misfortunes; but we must continue as we began.

At the farm in the Odenwald, we find Prince Henry reading the legend of the Monk Felix, who passed a hundred years rapt in a delightful vision of Paradise, which appeared to him only a single hour; and, while the prince is engaged with the volume, Elsie, the eldest daughter of the peasants Gottlieb and Ursula, brings him flowers, and, in the innocence of her heart, tells him the story of Christ and the sultan’s daughter—how the maiden gave her heart to the unseen “Master of the Flowers,”—how the Celestial Bridegroom came to claim her, and how she followed him to his Father’s Garden. Questioned as to her faith, Elsie says that she would gladly have done the same, prefiguring the purpose that even then was stirring in her bosom.

A little later, when she hears from Gottlieb’s lips the tale of the prince’s malady, and the unhopèd-for chance of cure, that purpose is fully avowed, and she declares her readiness to give her life for his—a resolution at which her parents, at first, chide as at a thing of nought. Elsie prays to her Redeemer for counsel and encouragement, and, at midnight, comes sobbing to the bedside of Gottlieb and Ursula, and announces her intention of making the sacrifice she spoke of. In vain her father and mother endeavour to dissuade her from her resolve, and they yield, at last, convinced that she speaks as if from the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and that her purposed self-devotion is holy and not to be gainsaid.

We are next shown the confessional of the village church, where the parish priest is waiting to receive the confession of Prince Henry. His struggles for grace, and the sense of his own inefficiency, are the theme of his musings, and very earnestly they are told in this verse; at length the remembrance that he has other duties to perform—to visit the sick and disconsolate—makes him leave the church, and Lucifer again appears, this time disguised as a priest, once more to delude the princely penitent. While he remains alone, Lucifer indulges in a strain of gibing and mockery, replete with the Mephistophelian spirit; then, seating himself in the confessional, he bitterly inveighs against human vice, and, satisfied with his diatribe, tells that his motive in coming there was to foster and ripen the evil thought of accepting the sacrifice of Elsie’s life, which had already begun to germ in the heart of Prince Henry. The prince enters and reverently kneels before the judge-confessor, acknowledging the weakness of his soul. “I come,” he says,

“I come again to the house of prayer,
A man afflicted and distressed!”

As in a cloudy atmosphere,
 Through unseen sluices of the air,
 A sudden and impetuous wind
 Strikes the great forest white with fear,
 And every branch, and bough, and spray,
 Points all its quivering leaves one way,
 And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,
 And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,
 And smoke from chimneys of the town,
 Yield themselves to it, and bow down ;

* So does this dreadful purpose press
 Onward, with irresistible stress,
 And all my thoughts and faculties,
 Struck level by the strength of this,
 From their true inclination turn,
 And all stream forward to Salerno."

Lucifer consoles his penitent, and tells him that the mandate of the Decalogue, "Thou shalt not kill!" is susceptible of a mild and general application; that in such a case as his—where the extinction of a noble name is menaced—where a peasant's blood is all the sacrifice—and more of the like sophistical argument—the course the prince meditates is right and justifiable; and, convincing him by these means, bestows on him the Devil's absolution and benediction; though again the warning voice of the Guardian Angel is heard to deter the prince from accepting the self-immolation of Elsie. In vain, for the offer is once more made, is now freely accepted, and together Prince Henry and the devoted girl set forward for Salerno.

Their first halt is at Strasburg, where the prince wanders through the streets, tortured by remorse, and hears the Crier of the Dead calling on all who wake to pray for those who are no more. "Why for the dead"—thus he exclaims,

"Why for the dead, who are at rest?
 Pray for the living, in whose breast
 The struggle between right and wrong
 Is raging terrible and strong."

And then he pours forth his soul in an aspiration for his maiden companion, at whose gate he now stands sentinel. In this place, in the square in front of the cathedral—where, a few months ago, we ourselves stood gazing on "the mysterious grove of stone," with the same scene before our eyes—the prince encounters Walter the Minnesinger, bound for the Holy Land. The greeting is a painful one: the prince speaks of his own pilgrimage to Salerno, and mourns over the contrast between his fate and that of the high-hearted noble Minnesinger, who, in the plenitude of his worldly fame, so freely gives up all unto the Lord. They part as they met, and we next see Elsie and Prince Henry again together. It is Easter Sunday, and they are listening in the open air—still before Strasburg Cathedral—to a sermon preached by Father Cuthbert to a great assemblage of people. The friar's text is the Resurrection, and the sermon itself and the manner of it afford an admirable illustration of the way in which matters sacred and profane were blended by the itinerant preachers of the Middle Ages. We cannot resist giving a specimen of his style.

FRIAR CUTHBERT (*gesticulating and cracking a postman's whip*).

What ho! good people! do you not hear?

Dashing along at the top of his speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,

A courier comes with words of cheer.

Courier! what is the news, I pray?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From Court."

Then I do not believe it, you say it in sport.

(*Cracks his whip again.*)

Ah! here comes another, riding this way;

We soon shall know what he has to say.

Courier! what are the tidings to-day?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From town."

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

(*Cracks his whip more violently.*)

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain.

What news do you bring with your loose-hanging rein,

Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From Rome."

Ah! now I believe. He is risen, indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed.

(*Great applause among the crowd.*)

The Miracle-Play of the Nativity, which follows, is also written with infinite skill, and, while divested of the *grossièretés* which deformed the original Mysteries, gives as perfect a picture of the treatment of these singular dramas as it is possible to present.

We have first the contest between Mercy and Justice—Mercy pleading for God's forgiveness of the sins of mankind, and Justice urging the fulfilment of the stern decree denouncing death for the original sin. The Deity declares that man may yet be saved, if one free from sin can be found, who for his sake will suffer martyrdom, and the Four Virtues acknowledge their secret to have been vain. The Son is then sent—and, at this point of the drama, "*the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.*" Then comes "Mary at the Well," and the Salutation of the Angel Gabriel—a beautiful scene, simply and sweetly described, at the close of which the stage direction is: "*Here the Devils shall again make a great noise under the stage.*" Then enter the angels of the Seven Planets, bearing the Star of Bethlehem, each bringing a separate gift to the unborn child. After this follows "The Stable of the Inn," where the three "Gypsy Kings," Gaspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar, present their offerings, and the Virgin gives them the swaddling clothes in return. The next scene is "The Flight into Egypt," where two of a band of robbers, who are seen sleeping, come forward to despoil the fugitives—but one of them, the afterwards "penitent thief," relents, and Jesus prophesies their fate at the end of thirty years. King Herod himself introduces "The Slaughter of the Innocents," with wondering German oaths of "Potz-tausend!" and "Himmel-sacrament!" at the unwelcome news of the birth of Christ, and simulates his own subsequent death, when he "*falls down as though eaten by worms,*" and Satan and Ashtaroth come forth and drag him down to Hell. In the next scene, when Jesus is at play with his schoolmates, the poet has availed himself of the Mohammedan story which describes how Jesus and his playmates make sparrows out of clay, which the child-god animates: the

tradition is to be found in the notes to the Koran, and the story is told to illustrate the incipient wickedness of Judas, whose jealousy is excited by his own failure to imitate the power of Jesus. "The Village School," where the Rabbinical teacher praises Judas for his Talmudic lore, and swears by St. Peter at Jesus for inquiring after truth, is another excellent scene. The last of the scenes is "Crowning with Flowers," where the children do homage to Christ, who performs a miracle on a boy bitten by a serpent, and with this the *Mystery* ends. As we have already said, it is admirably done throughout.

After this the pilgrimage moves on. First on the road to Hirschau, a pretty scene, described in hexameters—that form of verse which Professor Longfellow's melody and skill almost reconcile us to. Then, in the Convent in the Black Forest, where severally are set forth the attractions of the Cellar and the Refectory, and the occupations in the Scriptorium, in which latter place we have a word of critical comment to make. The period of the poem is—as we have seen by the introduction of Walter of the Vogelweid—the first part of the thirteenth century; but in making the Illuminator, Father Patricius, praise his own work—

There, now, is an initial letter!

King René himself never made a better—

the poet forgets that René of Anjou, who acquired such deserved celebrity by his skill in illuminations, did not flourish until full two hundred years afterwards. This anachronism, however, might be easily avoided. We are not quite so sure about another point—the existence of the paintings, at the period referred to, inside the covered bridge at Lucerne. The "*Danse Macabra*," which is the subject represented there, as well as in so many other places in Switzerland and Germany, was not, we believe, set forth *in painting* before the beginning of the fifteenth century; at all events, there is no record of such a fact antecedent to that time, nor do we think that it existed in that shape. Let the poet, however, have his licence here, while we thank him for the beautiful thoughts of which here, as well as in every part of his "*Legend*," he has been so prodigal. What can be truer or more poetical than the image with which the following passage concludes?

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah, yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dalliance, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'Tis the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it.

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason

That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

ELSIE.

*The grave itself is but a covered bridge
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness.* *

From Lucerne, over the pass of the St. Gothard, our pilgrims descend into Italy, sail from Genoa, and finally reach Salerno, much that is noticeable on their way being past over by us—not from want of attractiveness, but solely occasioned by the exigencies of space. We must not, however, omit to say, that in every available situation, Lucifer attends the journey, now presiding at the revels of the monks of Hirschan, now mixing with a throng of pilgrims on their way to a shrine of the Virgin, now tempting the Prince from the depths of the sea, and anon meeting him at Salerno in the guise of the holy father who is to witness the Consummation of Elsie's sacrifice. This sacrifice is all but accomplished when the better nature of Prince Henry prevails. She is led forth to death, and he, thrust back by Lucifer from following her, exclaims:

"Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the world!
O, what a vile and abject thing am I,
That purchase length of days at such a cost!
Not by her death alone, but by the death
Of all that's good, and true, and noble in me!
All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,
All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead!
All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited for ever.
I am a prince in nothing but in name!"

The end is foreseen: he rushes to save her life, and his repentance and her love and courage meet with their due reward. The Prince is healed by the virtue of a holy relic, and happiness once more returns to the Castle of Vautsberg, where we part from Henry of Hoheneck and his young bride Elsie, listening to the same sweet tones of the bells of Geishenheim that once were listened to by imperial Charlemagne and his lovely Queen Fastrada.

Such is an outline of Professor Longfellow's "Golden Legend,"—and our sketch is nothing but an outline. He who would know more, must seek it in the poem itself, and if a true lover of the "Maker's" art—as it was termed in the days of the hero of the poem—he will not turn away his eyes from the page till the melody of the last line of the recording angel's song has ceased to vibrate in his ears.

A WALK TO WILDBAD.

So wie ein Mann, der durchaus bis zum innersten Kerne gesund ist
Nie der Gesundheit denkt, noch des Gangs der rustige Wand'rer.

Voss's *Layden*.

DOUBTLESSLY many of my readers were struck, on perusing the tales brought by English newspapers of the almost daily outbreaks in the German Annus Mirabilis, 1848, at seeing the Turner assume a notorious pre-eminence as the instigators and promoters of rebellion. This was more especially the case with the Turner of Hanau and the Oberland, on account of their proximity to Frankfurt; and as I am not aware that any detailed account of them has been submitted to the English reading public, and as, besides, they were my companions on my present tour, a few remarks may not be out of place.

The Turner, then, are ostensibly a number of young men who meet for the purpose of developing their bodily strength by gymnastic exercises; but, in reality, as one of their first laws states, the Turner Bund is constituted for the physical and moral improvement of the members. Each separate Turnverein is under the jurisdiction of a Kreis Verein, and these again under that of the Haupt or General Verein, which held its periodical meetings at Hanau—a town, by the way, which has always been looked upon suspiciously by the government ever since the meeting of students in 1832, at the Hambacher Schloss. Vater Jahn was for a long time president of the united Turnverein of Germany, till his senile vanity led him to apprehend danger at the hands of his sons. He therefore uttered his recantation, or, as he termed it, his *Schwanen Rede*, in the St. Paul's Kirche, at Frankfurt, though his opponents were inclined to regard his swans as geese. He was the first originator of the Turner Bund, probably from some fond reminiscences of the Prussian Tergend Bund, to which he had belonged in his young days; and was ever a conspicuous object from the immense white beard he wore flaunting in the breeze, and the linen jacket he never exchanged for warmer clothing in the severest weather. Under his presidency, the Bund consisted of 150,000 members, and would have formed a dangerous body, had they at all interfered in politics. This fortunately was not the case, and their youthful effervescence found a vent in singing patriotic songs, directed against the French, especially Becker's *Leid*, "Sie sollen Ihn nicht haben, den freien Deutschen Rhein," written in 1842, when M. Thiers made some tentatives to regain the Rhenish shore as the natural boundary of France. However, in 1848 the revolutionary caldron boiled over. Jahn was weighed in the balance and found wanting, and a more energetic man chosen to occupy his place. Many new laws were made, and a deliberative council summoned to Hanau, to which all the Turnverein were invited to send representatives. About 800 responded to the call. After a *séance* of two days, during which many violent speeches were uttered, the Empire was carried against the Republic by a majority of six. But this was in the time of the "Einheits Schwindelei," and the King of Prussia's hollow toasts; and the executive council plainly showed afterwards which way their wishes tended. Among the laws relative to the

government of the Turnverein, one was passed by which each member was bound to pay one kreuzer weekly to the Haupt Cassa in Hanau, making an annual sum of 130,000 florins, or rather more than 10,000*l*. This fact throws a strong light on the frequent outbreaks at Frankfurt, Mayence, and elsewhere, for we now see whence money was derived to set them in motion, and men collected for such purposes. In addition to this, subsidies were voted to Hecker and Struvé on their irruption into Baden, and after they were repelled the exiles in Strasburg were supported from the same source.

All the members wear the same uniform—a linen jacket, loose trousers of the same material, and a cap bearing a silver cross formed of four F's, the initials of the words "*frisch, fromm, frey, froh*," the motto of the society, set in a wreath of oak leaves. The head covering, however, differs in nearly every town, many wearing Schlapphüte of grey, black, or white felt.

The Turnlocalo is a large room in an inn, where the members assemble, filled with pictures, caricatures of every description, while the red flags of the different companies hang round the walls. Beer and tobacco, without which nothing can be done in Germany, help to while the hours away while the business of the society is being discussed, and new members enrolled. In the summer months, on *fête* days, Turnfahrten are held; and during holidays, such as Easter and Whitsuntide, more extended expeditions into the country are made, at one of which, to Wildbad, it was my fortune, as the French say, to assist.

At four in the morning of Whit-Monday, we assembled, in number about eighty, before the railway station, to proceed in that manner to Carlsruhe, as there was nothing worth visiting *en route* to that city. The band was among the number, and as they were public-spirited enough to encumber themselves with their brazen instruments, we presented a very martial appearance while marching through the more sequestered villages. My readers must be pleased to bear in mind that this was the very season of disturbances, when each man spoke of wars and rumours of wars, and the peasants had hardly got over the fright to which they had been subjected in the preceding February, when hourly expecting the French to pass the Rhine.

We arrived at Durlach after an hour's sharp walking through a magnificent avenue of lime-trees, which extends the whole way from Carlsruhe. Durlach is a fine old-fashioned town, once the residence of the Markgraves of Baden Durlach, the elder branch of the present reigning family. A round tower, currently stated to have been built by the Romans, overlooks the town, to which a melancholy celebrity is attached, in consequence of a lady of high rank throwing herself and her two children from the summit of it, in consequence of some family jealousy. Thence our road led us to Wilferdingen, where it was arranged our first night's quarters should be established. As it was impossible to obtain beds for such a numerous party as ours, the landlord was necessitated to strew a quantity of trusses of hay in a barn, to which the majority retired, after discussing a hearty supper of potato-soup.

At three the next morning, the *reveille* was sounded; and after a refreshing turn at the pump, we set out for Pforzheim, a large manufactur-

ing town, filled with jewellers and tobacco merchants, who, by the way, favoured the Exhibition with specimens of their industry. The church, which we visited, is a very handsome Gothic edifice, containing some remarkable monuments; among them one of marble, raised by the present grand-duke, to his father, Carl Friedrich; and another, erected by public subscription, in memory of the 600 Pforzheimer who fell in the Thirty Years' War, at Wimpfen, while fighting for their religion and their country against Tilly. As it was no part of our plan to expend money in luxurious living, we remained no long time in Pforzheim, but set out for a small village called Tiefenbronn, where we actually took the inn by storm. Linen jackets might be seen in every part of the house, from "garret to basement," or looking from "window and casement." The landlord was so utterly dumb-founded (the only word which will fully convey my meaning), that he let us do much as we pleased, and I really fancy would have suffered us to depart without payment, had such been our intention. He put me much in mind of Willet, senior, after the rioters had visited him; for he faintly remarked, he believed there was a trifle to settle.

Our next march brought us to Maulbronn, in Wirtemberg, through an extraordinary quantity of apple and pear trees, which lined both sides of the road, and the fruit of which we appropriated, thinking it but right to despoil the Swabes. I imagine the Chancellor of the Exchequer must have an annual sum voted in his budget for the proper maintenance of the frontier, for we passed at least 200 sign-posts in a distance of about ten miles, painted with the Wirtembergeois colours, and bearing the royal arms. Every now and then we were reminded of our being in a Catholic neighbourhood, by seeing gigantic crucifixes, carved in wood, and bearing all the insignia of our Saviour's passion—for instance, nails, dice-boxes, swords, &c. At Lautenbronn, by German measurement about a pipe and a half from Maulbronn, we passed a very beautiful Gothic chapel, now, unfortunately, converted into a cow-shed—the high altar and crucifix carved in stone still remain entire. At Maulbronn there are fortunately two inns, and we therefore contrived to procure beds for the whole party, though at only one of them could anything eatable or potable be procured, for at the other they had positively nothing in the house but an execution. Our arrival excited no small alarm among the Beamten of the town, and the Burgermeister had some thoughts of calling on the Rathseiner to arrest us all, but his fears were assuaged when he found that we were only on pleasure intent. This most servile servant of his most transparent majesty doffed his dignity, and even accepted our invitation to crack a bottle. Maulbronn was, in the good old times, perhaps the most splendid of all the monastic buildings in the south of Germany; ample traces of this are furnished in the beautiful though ruined building, and in the care with which the surrounding country is laid out in terraces, for the proper cultivation of the vine. It has been secularised, and converted into a Protestant government school. The Burgermeister, on the next morning, was kind enough to act as our cicerone. He first led us into the chapel, which bore evident proofs of its pristine splendour, in the beautifully carved sedilia; but the painted windows have been removed by the above-mentioned "transparency," to decorate a pet church of his own

at Cannstadt, near Stuttgart. That which struck us with the most surprise, was to see the marks of monastic feet deeply worked in the oaken floor, where the monks had literally shuffled off their mortal coil—this was a convincing proof of their piety and their weight. The seats themselves were a perfect specimen of ingenious torture; they were so contrived that the sitter would require all his wits to keep his balance, and if happening to fall asleep, he would inevitably come down with a squelch on the ground, no doubt to the great amusement of his brethren. The worthy Burgermeister next led us to the refectory, now converted into a barn, where he directed our admiring glances to a large pillar with an orifice in the centre, through which, he asserted with the utmost seriousness, a stream of red wine used to pour while the monks of old were dining. But now no signs bore evidence of the jovial race they were, and the loud “Ha, ha!” which shook the old oak wall, had been long hushed. Thence we proceeded to the cloisters, which are somewhat larger than those of St. Mary Magdalene at Oxford, but the carved-work is much more elaborately executed. The predominant figure is that of the Maulsel or Mule, which gives its name to the town, and is represented in every possible ludicrous position. In the centre is the large fountain, or Bronn, in a better state of preservation than any other part of the building—probably because monks are usually afflicted with hydrophobia, and holiness and dirt generally go together.

At about eleven o'clock we took leave of our friendly guide, and started for Neuenbronn, which place we reached about nightfall, after a long walk through some very romantic scenery. As there was a little difficulty about procuring sufficient food for so large a party, the landlord placed his nets at our disposal, and after pulling off our shoes and stockings, we had a glorious haul of trout in the river, which is strictly preserved for the use of amateur fishermen.

The next morning we set out for Wildbad, along a most exquisite road, which wound round the base of a huge mountain, till we arrived at a village called Calw, where we made mid-day. And here occurred the most extraordinary incident of our whole journey. Will my readers credit it, that, in this sequestered Wirtemberger village, I saw the wires and posts which usually indicate the presence of the electric telegraph on our railways? I instinctively felt that I had made a grand discovery, which would serve to enrol my name on the pages of history by the side of those of Cook, Humboldt, and Layard. The present claimants of gratitude and renown for the invention of the electric telegraph were evidently base impostors—had shamelessly taken advantage of the science of a Suabe, who was born to blush unseen, and robbed him of all the credit due to him. In my generous indignation, I determined his merits and name should no longer be hid under a bushel, and, therefore, began inquiring of the landlord where this wundervoller kopf resided. To my dreadful abashment, I found I had been a little too precipitate in drawing my conclusion, and that my fancied telegraph was merely a method of communication with the village constable—probably invented by some lazy Burgermeister. The wire, commencing in the dread functionary's bedroom, was attached to a bell in the Rathdiener's house; and when the night was cold, or the Burgermeister tired, he could summon his assistant

to his aid whenever a pothouse dispute required his presence. As too, in this instance, they lived at different ends of the village, this only served to render the affair still more conspicuous.

We arrived at Wildbad about two o'clock, fired with the expectation of seeing some really glorious scenery—as the name led us to infer; but this, too, was a mistake. There was nothing at all wild about the place, and the landscape was of an every-day sort of character. Besides, however picturesque the place might naturally be, the presence of the great overgrown hotels would be sufficient to destroy the effect. The Badhaus is a very handsome edifice, built at the expense of the government, containing four public and some twenty private baths. The water is excessively hot and beneficial in scrofulous and rheumatic complaints, ample proof of which we had while walking through the streets. Barring our own party, I really believe we did not see half a dozen people in the proper possession of their health; at every corner we stumbled over Bath chairs, in which the valetudinarians were being dragged to or from the Kursaal. To the credit of the government, there is an excellent hospital open to all, without distinction of country or sect, where a trifling sum is demanded for board and lodging, and this only in the case of a patient being in a condition to pay it.

Wildbad must have suffered an extraordinary change since the time when, as old Uhländ sings to us, the Count Eberhard der Greiner was surprised here by his arch-enemies, the Counts Wolf von Wunnenstein and Ebersteinburg, while trying to get rid of his gout. He escaped on the back of a faithful shepherd, who hid him in one of the surrounding forests. Our poet-laureate was never weary of repeating the ballad, and pointed to the neighbouring mountains, in the vain hope of discovering the forest-clad retreat he reached in safety.

It is seldom that the popular voice errs in assigning a nickname to its oppressors, and none was ever more merited than that given to Count Eberhard of Wirtemberg—*der Greiner*, or “The Quarrelsome.” His whole life was spent in a series of disputes with the citizens of the few imperial towns within his principality, and in checking the progress of civil liberty. Encouraged by the unexpected result of the battle of Sempach, and the decided repulse it gave to the aspirations of the house of Hapsburg, the cities of Ulm and Augsburg placed themselves at the head of the Suanian Confederation, and demanded the same privileges conceded to their brethren in Upper Germany, or, as it is now called, Switzerland. The Greiner was, of course, furiously incensed at such audacity, and summoned all his vassals together to punish the rebels. The hostile armies met on the 14th of May, 1377, beneath the walls of Reütlingen, and the Count suffered an ignominious defeat. Still Eberhard, like many other great men, did not know when he was beaten, and though his son Ulrich was severely wounded in the battle, and narrowly escaped captivity, did not for a moment relax in his efforts to subjugate the rebels. By the aid of money and promises, he induced the knightly order of St. George to help him, and the war was carried on with great animosity for several years. At length the Confederation, in 1388, seeing the injury done to trade by the continuance of hostilities, determined on risking a decisive battle. This took place at Dossingen, in Wirtemberg. The Greiner, who was

aided by the Markgrave of Baden, the Bishop of Wurzburg, the Count von Ottingen, and several other nobles, was enabled to bring into the field a force of more than 7000 men. But not caring to trust entirely to the army, he also had recourse to treachery, and bribed the Count von Henneberg, the leader of the Nuremberg contingent, with 1000 florins, to quit the field at the critical moment. Count Ulrich commenced the attack, burning to wipe away the disgrace attaching to him from the defeat at Reutlingen; his repeated assaults failed, however, to break the enemy's line, and he and several other nobles fell in the engagement. At this moment, when victory seemed to hover over the townsmen, Count Henneberg commenced his retreat. Another circumstance especially favoured Eberhard, and materially influenced the fate of the battle. His old enemy, the Raging Wolf of Wunnenstein, was so conscious of the danger which would accrue to himself if the townsmen asserted their liberty, that he proffered his services to aid in subjecting them; and although Eberhard haughtily declined his assistance, still he appeared on the battle-field, with his robber hordes, almost at the same moment when Count Ulrich fell, and Henneberg's treachery was being carried out. The consternation of the townsmen at the sudden defection of the Nuremberg contingent, was naturally enhanced by the appearance of fresh combatants in the hostile army. Still the concurrence of so many unfortunate accidents did not shake the courage of their heroic leader, Conrad Besserer. The Suabes willingly responded to the summons of their brave compatriot, and remembered the glorious prerogative assured them by imperial edict, of ever being first in attack and last in retreat. With Conrad Besserer, however, the banner of the United Cities sunk to the ground, and when the signal of liberty vanished, the remnants of the allied army commenced their retreat. Such was the deplorable result of the battle of Dossingen, the most important of all those chronicled in the pages of Germany's history. Had the townsmen conquered, no princely coalition would have been sufficiently strong to prevent the liberty and unity of Germany. The mainspring of both, the imperial dignity, would have been re-established in its pristine vigour, and we should not have been witnesses of the lamentable mistakes and failures of the year 1848.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. We soon made our arrangements for leaving such a melancholy place as Wildbad, for all we had to do was to find a guide to lead us over the mountains into the Murgthal; and this we fortunately effected by falling in with an old peasant who lived in Baden, and had come across to visit some relations. The only disagreeable thing was that peculiar effluvia emanating from two immense bags of *sauerkraut* and pickled beans which had been graciously presented to him by his friends; but this we rectified by keeping as far as possible from him. The road he led us was up an excessively steep mountain, immediately in the rear of the Bad, which gave our legs plenty of exercise. On reaching level ground, the first thing that struck us was a large square tower, or blockhouse, about thirty feet high; and this we found, on inquiring from the guide, had been erected, in communication with several others we afterwards passed, in the war of 1792, as a line of defence against the French. They had been of some service in their day, but were now in a

decayed condition, and only served as a refuge for the charcoal-burners. These fellows, by the way, must have a merry time of it in summer; and many a fine roebuck is set to roast before their fires. It is rather strange we never hear of young adventurous spirits taking to this line of life. Perhaps, however, it is not sufficiently romantic, though, at any rate, it would be safer than the robber line, which, thanks to Schiller, so many untamed youths selected.

After some few hours' walking we arrived at Kaltenbronn, a *Jagd Haus* belonging to the grand-duke, and chiefly maintained for the purpose of shooting the *Auerhahn*, or bustard. It is a very strongly-built house; and it is, indeed, requisite it should be so, for the gamekeeper assured us that it was no uncommon occurrence for himself and family to be snowed up for weeks together. After refreshing ourselves with beer and wine, we descended into the Murgthal, where we stopped for the night at Forbach.

We were induced to stop here longer than we had originally intended, by the intimation that a *Schwellung* was about to take place, a sight well worth being present at. The next morning a party of us accompanied the Revier Forster along the banks of the Murg to Schwarzenbach, in Wirtemberg, from which place we climbed up a hill, and at length arrived at the sluice-gates. About half a mile of water had been dammed up, covered with timber of every description. Two large wooden gates, somewhat resembling our English lock-gates, confined it at one extremity, about twenty feet above the bed of the stream; so that, on their being opened, the wood and water would gain sufficient impetus to find their way down the mountain into the Murg. As the Revier Forster told us we had better witness the progress of the water from below, we went down the other side of the hill looking towards Forbach, and took up our position on the other side of the stream, beneath some fir-trees, waiting patiently till eleven o'clock, when the gates would be opened. We could see before us about four hundred yards up the stream, which, immediately in front of us, rushed beneath a solid stone bridge, with a fall of about fifteen feet. We heard the pent-up waters long before we could see them, as they bore their crashing burden towards us, till suddenly the first log made its appearance round a projecting rock. In its wake came every description of timber—pine, elm, oak, ash, &c.—all leaping frantically one above the other, and of all dimensions, from the stately tree, which would hereafter find its way to Holland, down to the humble *Brennholz*, about to seek an ignominious fate in a *bourgeois* kitchen. This waterfall of wood lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and we were informed that upwards of 60,000 *Klafter* had been floated down. The *Klafter* is something like what the Americans call a cord of wood—a solid cube of six feet in length by six in breadth. These *Schwellungen* take place twice in the year, and are usually witnessed by a considerable number of persons. It is, in truth, one of the most picturesque of the various methods by which timber is transferred from its native forest to a home on the watery deep.

On our return to Forbach, we started homewards along the Valley of the Murg, the great attraction to visitors at Baden-Baden, on account of the magnificent view to be enjoyed, especially from Schloss Eberstein.

The scenery the whole way from Forbach to Obersroth is exquisitely beautiful, the brawling stream making its way through a succession of orchards, prairie, and masses of rocks, while villages in abundance give a charming relief to the picture. Weissenbach is the chief place in the valley, before arriving at Gernsbach, and is rendered conspicuous in the view from Eberstein, on account of the Gothic church lately erected there. The path from Obersroth winds through the vineyards which produce that famous wine called Ebersteiner Blut. It may be procured at the *château*—that is to say, the red sort, as the white is exclusively kept for the grand-ducal table. The writer was once fortunately witness of a glorious night illumination which took place here under the auspices of the people of Gernsbach, as a token of gratitude to the grand-duke for the establishment of a bailiwick in that town. A procession of 250 persons, each bearing a lighted torch, ascended the path from Obersroth; the bridges of Gernsbach and Weissenbach were brilliantly illuminated; floats bearing huge bonfires descended the stream, while blazing beacons were suddenly kindled on the surrounding hills. The effect was superb in the extreme, and, to enhance the general satisfaction, the grand-duke was graciously pleased to express his thanks from the balcony: to which a worthy citizen replied, “*Brauch’ nit zu danken, Majestät!*”

From Eberstein we proceeded along the new road to Baden, formed by the grand-duke at a vast expense, and which put his engineering staff on their mettle. On arriving at Lichtenthal, we found a number of tables prepared for us on the *pelouse* before the *Gräfshe Bierbranerey*, where we sate till a late hour, refreshing ourselves with beer, and telling of the wonders we had seen in foreign parts.

The following extract from the “*Stuttgardter Beobachter*,” done quite literally into English by that eminent hand, the writer, as the old newspaper advertisements would say, served to recal our trip to our memory, when it had almost been forgotten in the weightier political events of the season:

“Information being received at the Royal Police Bureau, that a party of rebels (probably belonging to the band of the God-forgotten Hecker) had crossed our frontier and sought to enkindle in our peace-loving peasantry a desire for innovation and outbreak against our beloved monarch, the heroic Sergeant Mangelbacher was detached to hold them in check. However, on arriving at the place indicated, it was discovered that the so-called patriots had retired, evidently disconcerted by the fidelity and obedience to the law which our worthy compatriots ever display in the hour of need.”

A SURVEY OF DANISH LITERATURE, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

THE literary regeneration of Denmark may be said to have commenced under Christian IV. That accomplished monarch was fond of study, was extremely well informed, and was a good mathematician and good linguist, as well as being skilled in painting and music. All the well-educated gentlemen of his day not only understood but spoke Latin; and it is probable that Denmark would from that time have taken a high stand in the world of letters, had Christian been able to have devoted his talents and energies entirely to the improvement of his subjects, and the internal welfare of his dominions. But he became involved in harassing wars; and though he won some laurels, and was created chief of the Protestant League in Lower Saxony, which fought against the celebrated generals Tilly and Walstein, yet these honours were obtained by the sacrifice at home of what would have been more beneficial to his people. Still he had struck the spark, which, though smothered for a time, was never entirely extinguished, and which began to revive under the fostering care of Frederick V. and his successors.

Frederick was very liberal in patronising learned foreigners, in inviting them to Denmark, and in employing them on scientific missions. Among those so employed by him was Karsten Niebuhr, a German, the father of the celebrated historian, Niebuhr, who was born in Copenhagen, in 1776. Karsten Niebuhr was sent on an expedition to the East—to Constantinople and Arabia—along with four other naturalists, geographers, and historians. Their expenses were paid by the treasury, as were also those of all the other scientific and literary envoys. About this time, too, the booksellers of Denmark began to cater more for the public; and the increase of publishers gave a spur to the exertions of authors.

Not even the restraints on the liberty of the press, which had caused the banishment of Malte-Brun and the elder Heiberg, had the power to annihilate the literature of Denmark, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century. Nor, indeed, was this intended by the excellent prince, afterwards Frederick VI., who then governed the country on behalf of his father, Christian VII., the husband of the unfortunate English princess, Caroline Matilda, who, as well as the prime minister, Struensee, had been the victim of the ambition and jealousy of the malignant queen-dowager, Juliana Maria. Frederick may be thought to have erred in his judgment in regard to this decree; but these restraints on the freedom of publication were imposed principally with a view of preventing the wild tenets of the French revolutionists from spreading their disastrous influence among a people who were tranquil and contented, and whose position, neither in a political or social point of view, would have been improved by the importation of Gallican turbulence, disaffection, and vice.

A Danish author of the present day—Johan Ludvig Heiberg, son of the banished dramatist—has said that the first French revolution was “a thunderstorm, which cleared away the thick mists which for centuries had accumulated on the horizon of human life—a frightful tempest while it raged, but useful in its effects—a flash of lightning, that had sundered many galling chains—an overthrow that was necessary—an instrument in the hands of Providence.” But though the French nation might have required that violent process of clearing, sundering, and overthrowing, it was in no way needed among the quiet Danes, who, though capable of being roused by strong excitement, are yet constitutionally calm, and were, as they are still, well inclined towards their king and his government.

There is a great deal of nationality and patriotism among the Danes, as may be seen by all their popular poetry, from the days of Johannes Ewald to those of Hans Christian Andersen. “Scarcely any writer,” says a Danish critic, “was ever more largely endowed with poetical talents than Ewald. The power of his imagination, and warmth of his feelings, did not evince themselves first in his writings, but in his life; and they impelled him, both as a boy and as a young man, into strange wild adventures, while seeking the realisation of his visionary schemes, and to gain the object on which he lavished the love that was gushing, as it were, from some hidden fountain in his heart. But when, at length, wearied of his vain battling with adverse circumstances, he had given up in despair the struggle to obtain that amount of earthly good fortune and virtuous happiness which could alone have satisfied his ardent soul, to escape from the pangs of disappointment and blasted hope, he imprudently plunged into a course of dissipation. It was only for a moment, however, now and then, that such pleasures could divert his thoughts from their habitual melancholy; nor could they change the bias of his mind; for his better nature turned to the cultivation of poetry, and in this more legitimate resource he found eventually some consolation amidst broken health and ruined prospects.”

Ewald was born in 1743, in Copenhagen, where his father was a clergyman. At eleven years of age he had the misfortune to lose that parent, and was sent to a school in Schleswig, where he remained for four years. Here he read with eager interest “*Robinson Crusoe*,” that work which has *really* tended to unsettle so many boyish minds, and to inspire that desire for roving and adventures, which has led numbers of youths to select the army or the navy as their profession, or to become emigrants to distant countries; the perusal of this, to schoolboys, so attractive work of De Foe, fired the young Ewald’s romantic imagination, and was the primary cause of the follies which he committed. He had been about a year entered as a student at the university of Copenhagen, when he formed a passionate attachment to a young lady, and with the Quixotic idea of winning such fame and fortune by the career of arms as might entitle him to become her suitor, he absconded from his home and his studies, to seek military employment among the troops of Frederick II., who was then engaged in the Seven Years’ War. Though the new recruit was very young, and also very small of his age, his services were accepted, and he was placed in the ranks of a regiment of infantry. But he was not satisfied with his situation in the Prussian

army, and therefore took the liberty of deserting to that of the Austrians, in which he became first a drummer, and afterwards a non-commissioned officer.

In 1760, his discharge was purchased by his family, and on his return to Copenhagen and the university, he studied so hard, that when only nineteen years of age, he became a candidate for theological honours, and had passed a first-rate examination. His affection for the damsel of his almost childish admiration remained unchanged; but she chose to marry another, and this disappointment preyed deeply upon his mind. The rest of his life was little else than a series of chagrins, faults, and sufferings, soothed only by the kindness of a few friends, and the occasional flashes of a genius which no adverse fate could utterly extinguish. He died in great poverty, in the year 1781. Ewald was a good lyric poet, and also the author of some dramatic works, both tragic and comic. Of the latter may be mentioned his "*Harlequin Patriot*," which, as the name implies, was of a satirical character. It was Ewald who wrote the words of the Danish "*God save the king*"—"Kong Christian," a magnificent national air. The words celebrate the deeds of King Christian V., and the distinguished naval heroes *Tordenskiold* (Thundershield), originally lieutenant Peter Wessel, but who raised himself by his gallantry, and was created an admiral at the age of twenty-eight; and Niels Yule, another popular commander, of whom his countrymen are also proud. But these verses have been so often translated—though far from well translated—that it would be useless to repeat them here.

A contemporary of Ewald's was Johan Hermann Wessel, also a clergyman's son, who was born one year before him, and died four years after him. He, too, was unfortunate in his life, and had to struggle against poverty, and the depression of mind consequent upon that dire evil. He earned a precarious pittance for a long time by teaching modern languages, but resigned that occupation when he was made stage-manager at the royal theatre of Copenhagen. The salary attached to this office, however, was so small, that poor Wessel found it scarcely possible to maintain himself and his family on it. Yet, in the midst of troubles and privations, he wrote his comedies; one of which, "*Kierlighed uden Strømper*"—"Love without Stockings," takes a leading place in the Danish drama. He called this a tragedy, in five acts, but it was, in fact, a parody—a burlesque—written with a view of turning into ridicule the pompous translations from the French dramatic authors, which, with their formality and bombast, threatened to supersede the more natural representations of the Danish stage. The characters are—a tailor's apprentice, his betrothed, her unsuccessful lover, and a male and female confidant. The play opens with the fair betrothed *Gretè* being discovered asleep on a chair. She suddenly awakes from her nap, and exclaims,

Thou ne'er shalt married be, if not upon this day!

Oh! all too hideous dream! Methought I heard one say,
In tones like thunder loud, these words of threat'ning dire;
He looked as black as if—he'd just come from a fire!
What! Shall I never see my dearest hope fulfilled?
That hope on which I had undoubted right to build,
Since yonder happy day, when on my tailor's breast
I leaned, and caught the words his trembling lips confess'd—

That I, and I alone, of maidens was adored,
And that my killing glance into his soul had bored.
Oh, faithless! Didst not vow without me thou couldst not
A single moment live? Some demon must have got
His clutches on thee, sure; for the eight days are past
Which thou didst swear to me thine absence would but last.

Thou ne'er shalt married be, if not upon this day!
I can't—I won't hear this—dark spirit, hence—away!

Enter *Mettè*.

What new misfortune now betokens yonder screech?
Speak! Oh, my beating heart!

Gretè. Let not my words impeach
Him I still love! Listen, and tremble, friend! While I
Sat here and slept, a dark and horrid face drew nigh—
A demon's, without doubt—black locks waved o'er its nose,
And breaking suddenly upon my calm repose,
It roared into my ear—oh, words fraught with dismay!—
Thou ne'er shalt married be, if not upon this day!

Mettè. But dreams may sometimes err, and tell a lying tale.

Gretè. Dreams that give dreadful warning ne'er are known to fail.

Mettè. Yet, even granting that, a dream to be all right
Must take place in one's bed, and midst the hours of night;
But in the day—and only on a chair—

Gretè. In vain
Wouldst thou my spirits flatter into peace again.

Notwithstanding this doleful assertion, the dreamer closes with her friend's proposal to fetch Mr. Mads, the tailor's hitherto unlucky rival, and put him up to marrying her at once, so as to avert the fate denounced by the dark vision. She agrees, in these words:

Do what thou thinkest best—to thee I leave it all;
Alack! my soul is wrapt in a funereal pall!

Mads makes his appearance forthwith, and harangues for some time on his late despair, and how he had entertained the idea of stabbing himself, and had got a knife all ready; but, upon second thoughts, had put off the catastrophe. She at length interrupts him, and brings him to the point, without much circumlocution, by telling him:

There is no time to lose; if I'm to wed with thee,
It must be—now or never.

Of course he accepts, in a short rhapsody, and then tells her,

I'll gallop off in haste, to put on better clothes—
But I shall soon be back to take the bridegroom's oaths.

While the obliging swain has gone to make his wedding-toilet, and *Gretè* has been indulging in a short soliloquy, the missing tailor, Johan, arrives, is well received notwithstanding her recent arrangement with Mads, and delights her by the assurance that

Moments are like days, and hours like years of life,
Until the happy time when I may call thee wife.

She has now two strings to her bow; the threats of her supernatural visitant will, indeed, be as null and void as any other "baseless fabric of a dream," so she forthwith invites her admirer to the altar on that very

day. Notwithstanding his estimate of his moments and hours, he is not prepared for such precipitate doings, and seems inclined to back out. The lady catechises him, and at last draws from him the confession, that the great impediment to his being married that day is—the want of his stockings, which he had left by mistake behind. But the unseemly figure which he must cut without them, though it elicits a burst of eloquent anguish from him, is not admitted by the determined bride, who sticks to her point—"Now or never."

A variety of grandiloquent scenes occur; but towards the last the tailor makes his appearance in a respectable pair of white stockings, and all promises to go on to Gretè's satisfaction, when Mads and his friend, Jesper, rush in, and charge Johan with theft—the theft, from Mads, of the very stockings which he was sporting so proudly. His betrothed calls upon him to clear himself, but, conscience-stricken, the tailor turns pale, and Gretè shrieks:

Thou turnest white! Oh, strength and heart, and hope and life,
Together fail!

After a fainting fit, she exclaims:

Oh, shame! Oh, agony of grief! *Thou*, my sweetheart!
Barbarian—such thou wert—but such no longer art!

Johan, sobbing, replies:

Barbarian! yes, alas! That name befits me well;
Yet think not without grief from virtue that I fell.
Madam—I *am* a thief—the accusation's true—
I have disgraced thee—but—thou art revenged—adieu!

As he utters this last flourish, he stabs himself. Gretè, shocked at his untimely fate, scolds the innocent Mads, and then stabs herself. Mads apostrophises the Furies, and follows Gretè's example. Mettè catches the infection, and plunges a knife into her heart; and finally Jesper also commits suicide, but first recites the following winding-up speech:

Wherefore should Mettè die? Of that I see no need;
But since they all are dead, I too must do the deed.
Oh, ye, in future years, who these sad scenes shall hear,
If ye our corpses view, yet never shed a tear,
As flints will be your hearts. But all hearts are not stone;
Our deaths may generations yet unborn bemoan.
To those who sympathise in our distress, I will
Bequeath a parting wish, before myself I kill:
Oh! may your wardrobes be extremely well supplied;
And never may your *love* be by your *stockings* tried!

There is a sort of epilogue to this burlesque, in which Mercury, the god of thieves, is very appropriately made to appear.

Poor Wessel's many wants and cares drove him into habits of intemperance, which closed his career in what otherwise might have been the prime of his life.

In so limited a survey of Danish literature and Danish authors as this must necessarily be, it is impossible to give specimens of the style of each writer, or, indeed, to give much more, in many cases, than a catalogue of names—a sort of tombstone record,—and even in that, a selection must be made. Of authors who lived and wrote about the same

- time with Ewald and Wessel may be mentioned Johan Clemens Tode, who, though German by birth, removed at an early age to Denmark, where he completed his studies. He became a physician, and was one of the few of the medical profession there, who devoted himself also to general literature. Besides his medical works, one of which was a medical review, he was the author of some pretty poems, &c. &c. He was born in 1736, and died in 1806. Johan Nordahl Brun was a poet and dramatist; and Thomas Christopher Bruun was a writer of songs, some of which are set to music. A number of his verses are given in Seidelin's "Collection of National Songs and Ballads," published in Copenhagen, in 1821. They are very pretty, and one, an invocation to Memory, recalling past happy days, is particularly pleasing and graceful. But as a specimen of the verses of this popular songster, we shall rather choose some lines to his "Fædreland," which may be translated as follows :

There is a name which each reveres,
Which from our earliest childish years
Is stamped on every heart ;
'Tis hailed with warmth in youth's gay spring,
And not the chill of age can bring
Indifference—for our love will cling
To it till life depart.

That name so loved is—*Fatherland* !
What Dane its magic can withstand ?
What sound to him so sweet ?
For it, his blood, his life, he offers ;
For it, his strength and valour proffers ;
For it, would freely yield his coffers,
Or Fate's worst evils meet.

Ye stars, that from yon skies above
Watch o'er the country that we love,
Protect it from all ill !
From every selfish feeling free,
Oh, may our patriot-hearts agree
In ever loving, serving thee—
Sweet duty to fulfil !

In Honour's path, oh ! may we tread,
Still by our country's glory led,
Devoted to her fame !
And may our words and deeds still show
The noble source from whence they flow ;
And may our bosoms ever glow
At sound of Denmark's name !

Dear Fatherland ! In peace or strife,
To thee we dedicate our life !
Come, every loyal Dane,
Here let us join with heart and hand,
And, as befits a patriot-band,
To our loved northern Fatherland
A goblet let us drain !

It may be imagined that these are rather spirit-stirring lines in a social party ; at any rate, they are not worse than the generality of songs which end in a libation. The first-named of these Bruuns, or Browns, died in 1816; the writer of songs in 1834. He was also professor of the English

language, at the university of Copenhagen. Both were born in the middle of the last century. Professor Oluf Olufsen was a writer of comedies, and his "Gulddaasen," "Golden box," is still a favourite with the public; it is rich in national peculiarities. Of the two Trojels, who were brothers, one was a writer of satirical poems, "which," says a Danish critic, "were not merely playfully witty, but bitter and biting." One of the best among these is "An Ode to Dulness."

Edward Storm, who was born in Norway in 1749, and who was at one time a director of the Theatre Royal at Copenhagen, was a writer both of prose and verse, and a contributor to the *Minerva*, the monthly magazine before mentioned. His fables were much approved of, also his ballads; one of these—"Herr Zinclar"—may be taken as a fair specimen of the *old Danish ballad*. It relates to an occurrence which took place during the reign of Christian IV. of Denmark. "To the honour of the Norwegian peasants of Guldbrandsdal," says Frederick Sneedorff, in his history of Denmark, "I must relate an event which happened in those days. Gustavus Adolphus had recruited his army by raising 2000 men in Scotland, and a Colonel Sinclair landed with 1000 of these men in Norway. They were met in a rocky defile, or mountain-pass, called 'The Kringell,' by Lars Gram, the magistrate of Guldbrandsdal, who had hastily gathered together a number of peasants to repel the Scotch invaders. These stout fellows, armed with axes, and any kind of weapons they could get hold of, waylaid the Scotch soldiers in the narrow gorge, where it was impossible either to advance or to retreat; and where, taken by surprise, they fought to great disadvantage. Colonel Sinclair was killed, and so were all his troops, except two men, of whom one was sent back to Scotland to tell his countrymen *that there were people in Norway*, and the other settled in Norway, where he established a glasswork. To commemorate this event, a column was erected on the spot, with the following simple inscription: 'Here Colonel Sinclair was shot, the 26th of August, 1612.'"

Peace was concluded between Christian and Gustavus Adolphus the year after this unfortunate adventure. The first condition of this peace was rather absurd; at least it was making a heraldic device a matter of great importance. It ran thus: "Both kingdoms shall be at liberty to bear *three* crowns in their coat of arms." "And," adds the Danish historian, "thus ended the war, and would that it had been the last in which Christian IV. had been engaged!"

But to return to the ballad, here it is:

Herr Sinclair o'er the briny wave
His course to Norway bent;
Midst Guldbrand's rocks he found his grave,
There his last breath was spent.

Sinclair passed o'er the billows blue,
For Swedish gold to fight;
He came, alas! he little knew
Norwegian dust to bite.

Bright beams that night the pale moon flung,
The vessel gently roll'd—
A mermaid from the ocean sprung,
And Sinclair's fate foretold.

"Turn back, turn back, thou Scottish chief!
Holdst thou thy life so cheap?
Turn back, or, give my words belief,
Thou'lt ne'er repass this deep."

"Light is thy song, malicious elf!
Thy theme is always ill;
Could I but reach thy hated self,
That voice should soon be still."

He sailed one day, he sailed for three,
With all his vassal train;
On the fourth morn—sec, Norway, see!
Breaks on the azure main.

By Romsdal's coast he steered to land,
On hostile views intent;
The fourteen hundred of his band
Were all on evil bent.

With lawless might, where'er they go,
They slaughter and they burn;
They laugh to scorn the widow's woe,
The old man's prayer they spurn,

The infant in its mother's arms,
While smiling there, they kill;
But rumours strange, and wild alarms,
Soon all the country fill.

The bonfires blazed, the tidings flew,
And far and wide they spread;
The valley's sons that signal knew,
From foes *they* never fled.

"We must ourselves the country save,
Our soldiers fight elsewhere,
And cursed be the dastard knave
Who now his blood would spare!"

From Vaage, Lessoe, and from Lom,
With axes sharp and strong,
In one great mass the peasants come,
To meet the Scots they throng.

There runs a path by Lide's side,
Which some the Kringell call;
And near it Laugè's waters glide—
In them the foe shall fall.

Now weapons, long disused, are spread
Again that bloody day;
The merman lifts his shaggy head,
And waits his destined prey.

Brave Sinclair, pierced with many a ball,
Sinks groaning on the field;
The Scots behold their leader fall,
And rank on rank they yield.

"On, peasants! on, ye Normand men!
Strike down beneath your feet!"
For home and peace the Scots wished then,
But there was no retreat.

With corpses was the Kringell filled,
 The ravens were regaled;
 The youthful blood which there was spilled
 The Scottish girls bewailed.
 No living soul went home again,
 Their countrymen to tell
 The hope to conquer those how vain
 'Midst Norway's hills who dwell.
 They raised a column on that spot,
 To bid their foes beware;
 And evil be that Normand's lot
 Who coldly passes there!

The poet departs a little, however, from the truth, in asserting that "no living soul went home again;" for, as we have seen, *history* tells us that, of the two who escaped, one was permitted to return to his native Scotland.

Thomas Thaarup, born in 1749, was a long time a teacher in an academy. In 1800 he became a director of the theatre, which appears to have been an office generally held by literary men; and in advancing age he retired into the country, where he lived on a pension until his death in 1821. A truthful and manly spirit, a delicate of taste, and correctness of language, were the predominating features of his poetry. The following short extract from one of his patriotic poems will show how strongly the love of country is cherished in Denmark and Norway; for though Norway *now* belongs to Sweden, it must be borne in mind that for centuries it was attached to the Danish crown, and that it was not until the overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the subsequent adjustment of the territories of Europe, that Norway was severed from Denmark to be united to Sweden:

DU FLET AF JORD, HVOR LIVETS STEMME.

Thou spot of earth, where first my voice
 Its lisping infant-tones essayed,
 Where I lived only to rejoice
 In all the beauty Heaven had made;
 Where my kind mother often sought
 To guide my steps with gentle hand;
 And to my dawning reason taught
 The quenchless love of—Fatherland.

Oh! when in boyhood's happy days,
 Or youth's, to distant scenes we roam,
 How oft our longing spirit strays
 Back to that much-loved early home!
 Fond memory greets each hill, each glade
 Each grassy nook, each haunt of old—
 Spots where his joyous childhood played,
 The care-worn man smiles to behold.

From east, from west, from icy zones
 Where'er the human race is found,
 The name of *home* comes breathed in tones
 That tell it is a welcome sound.
 Not the poor Greenlander would range
 From his bare rocks to verdant fields,
 Nor his rude clay-built hut would change
 For all the richest palace yields.

And Norway's hills, and Denmark's plains,
Have they not claims upon our hearts?
Claims—that to him who o'er them reigns
Our king—a loyal love imparts.
Dear are our parents, brethren, friends;
And dear is she, whose heart and hand
We seek, as the best gift Heav'n sends;
Yet dearer still—our native land!

With *such* feelings, it is not surprising that the Danes, collectively and individually, made so many sacrifices for their king and country during the late war with Holstein, or rather with the Prussian and other German troops who were sent to assist the revolted subjects of the King of Denmark. It is not surprising that gay and fashionable ladies offered their costly jewels, and poor old women, the impoverished descendants of ancient families gone to decay, sent the small remnants of their treasured valuables to be turned into money to assist in the expenses of the war. Nay, that many gave up their limited stock of plate in constant use, and ate with wooden forks and spoons, in order to have the satisfaction of contributing their mite to their country.

But this is a digression from the literature to the feelings of the Danes—a momentary digression, pardonable, however, it is hoped, as *poetry*, which gave rise to it, and *feeling*, are inseparably connected.

There is scarcely any subject which has not been treated of by Danish authors during the latter part of the eighteenth century; but some of the "weightiest" of these, to borrow a Danish expression, are not of a nature to add much to the stores of popular literature, being on matters too abstruse or too scientific for general readers.

"Some of these books," says a Danish writer, "contribute little or nothing to the enriching of the national literature, not being adapted to influence general taste, or to assist in the general culture of mind. Their subjects are too profound, their language too technical for those who have not studied the sciences." "Theology," says the same writer (Dr. Thortsen), "showed itself both in learned and popular writings in a form which changed much with the times. The expounders of Scripture of former days, as well as ancient systems, ancient sermons, and other old religious books, were superseded one after the other, and gave place to works more suitable to the progress of intelligence and the diffusion of good taste. But these changes were not such as to please all classes of Christians, and their opponents, who expressed themselves more and more indiscreetly, introduced, at last, a similar religious war into Denmark, as was carried on in Germany. Two authors, who had come before the public in the time of Guldberg,* and still lived during the first part of the present century, were the principal religious orators and writers of the day."

These were Nicolai Balle and Christian Bastholm. The former, who had studied at Leipsic and Gottingen, who was for a time professor at the university of Copenhagen, and afterwards a bishop in Zealand, was held in high estimation. The latter, originally minister of the German Lutheran Church at Smyrna, and afterwards chaplain to the King of Den-

* Guldberg was the tyrannical minister and favourite of the Dowager-Queen Juliana Maria, stepmother to Christian VII., whom she virtually deposed.

mark, was still more admired. His works were numerous, and among them may be mentioned, "A Philosophical Disquisition on the State of the Soul after Death," "Lessons of Wisdom and Happiness," "A Translation of the New Testament," "A History of the Jews," &c., &c. A very different spirit pervaded the works of two other contemporary writers—Malthé Möller and Otto Horrebow; they were both remarkable for their attacks on Christianity. Tyge Rothe, an author of the same period, was rather a philosophical than a theological writer; but a sincerely Christian spirit pervaded all his works, among which was "The Effect produced by Christianity on the Condition of the People of Europe," in two volumes; "The Hierarchy and Papal Power," two volumes; "The Political State of the North before and during the Feudal Times;" "A Survey of the French Monarchy," &c. Professor Gamborg published, about the same time, a work of great merit, entitled, "The Difference between Virtue and Good Actions."

Laurid Smith, an eloquent and popular preacher, contributed some philosophical and moral essays to the literature of his country. Malling and Wandall were also authors of some standing; and the historical works of the former were much used in academies, and other institutions for the education of youth. Niels Ditlev Ingels was a voluminous, though rather heavy and tedious writer; he produced "A Complete History of the Church," "A History of Christian V.," and many other works. Esaias Fleischer, who died in 1804, was also a very diligent writer. His career had been rather an uncommon one, for he commenced life as the usher of a Latin school, then became quartermaster of a regiment, inspector of forests, and, lastly, a provincial judge. He wrote on geology, astronomy, and many other subjects; but his principal work was an "Essay on Natural History"—an essay of gigantic dimensions, certainly, since it extended over ten volumes! Three learned Icelanders elucidated the history and antiquities of the north, towards the end of the last century. These were John Ericksen, Skule Thorlacius, and Grim Johnsen Thorkelin, all of whom resided in Denmark, where the first and last named held official situations, and Thorlacius was head master of a public school in Copenhagen.

Among the principal writers of the last half of the eighteenth century on medical subjects, were Professors Matthias Saxtorph, Henrich Callisen, and Frederik Ludvig Bang; the last-named of whom died in 1820. On mineralogy, botany, zoology, &c., there were also several clever writers; namely, Bishop Gunnerus, H. Ström, a Norwegian clergyman; Brünnich, Röttböll, Holmskiöld, O. F. Müller, Vahl, professor of botany; Fabricius, originally a missionary to Greenland, afterwards a bishop, and who was born in 1744, and died in 1822; Abilgaard, and the astronomer Bugge. Jacob Baden, who having been a rector at Elsinore, became afterwards "Professor Eloquentiæ" at the university of Copenhagen, published works both in prose and poetry; among the former was a translation of Xenophon's "Cyropædia"—the history of the education, and achievements of the elder Cyrus. He was also the editor of a "Critical Journal." Lüdendorph, who was a privy-counsellor, was remarkable for his elegant Latin poems. He gained a prize, offered by Sweden, for the best poem on the expedition of Charles Gustavus across the Great Belt, when it was frozen.

Frederik Sneedorff, whose father and elder brother were also authors, was a professor at the Copenhagen university, where he obtained much distinction as a lecturer on history. He was born in 1761. An unfortunate casualty occasioned his death in his thirty-second year. He was travelling in England, and the coach in which he was going from Liverpool towards the north having met with some accident near Penrith, the Danish professor either jumped or was thrown out; he fell on his head, and was so severely hurt that he died within a few hours at an inn at Penrith. Mr. Sneedorff was well received by the *litterati* of England and Scotland; and the celebrated Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, was particularly attentive to him. Sneedorff was equally admired for his literary attainments, and beloved for the excellence of his private character. After his death, which was universally regretted in Denmark, his lectures and other works were published: these comprised a History of Denmark, and a General History of Europe; and letters descriptive of Germany, France, Switzerland and England—all of which are much esteemed.

Jonas Rein, Jens Zetlitz, Christian Lund, Frankenau, Smidth, and Schmidt, may all be classed among the minor poets—the poets of the clubs and of society; their productions being principally songs, romances, elegies, and short poems of different descriptions—pretty, lively, sentimental, or pleasing, but nothing beyond that. Christian Brauman Tullin, who was born in Christiana, was a popular poet in his day. Although he had received a university education, he did not follow any of the learned professions, but became the proprietor and manager of a manufactory in his native town. He also enjoyed some civic honours. A poem of his, entitled “Maidagen” (May-day), was much admired for its melodious versification and its *livfulde*, as the Danes say—literally, “life-full” (an adjective which *lively* does not exactly express)—descriptions of natural objects.

Novels, whether historical or otherwise, were scarcely in vogue in Denmark before the commencement of this present century. Fables there were, indeed—mythological allegories, tales of fairy-land, and stories of mermaids, dwarfs, magicians, and ghosts; but, except *these*, the only works of light literature or of imagination were poems and plays.

There is, perhaps, no language more abounding in dramatic compositions than the Danish. The Danes have a very large theatrical *repertoire*, consisting of tragedies, comedies, operas, farces, melodramas, vaudevilles, &c. We have lying before us at this moment a catalogue of between seven and eight hundred original *skuespil* (plays), and there are others not included in this list. In addition to these dramas by Danish writers, there are translations from the dramatic authors of England, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, as well as from the authors of antiquity; so that there is no lack of *this* branch of literature in Denmark.

This short survey of the literature of the eighteenth century would be very incomplete without some notice of Samsøe, who, having died in 1796, cannot be included among the authors of the nineteenth century.

Ole Johan Samsøe was born at Nestved, a place which is remarkable as being also the birthplace of a genius of more modern times, M. Goldschmidt, the clever author of a work descriptive of the manners, habits, and feelings of the Jews. Rahbek, a popular writer, both in prose and verse, and the editor of the political and literary periodical called the

Minerva was a schoolfellow of Samsøe, and travelled with him afterwards over a portion of Europe. He was also the editor of Samsøe's works after his death. Tragedies had almost disappeared from the Danish stage since the days of Ewald, having given place to comic dramas and musical entertainments; but they were revived by Samsøe, whose charming tragedy of "*Dyveke*" became extremely popular, and re-awakened the taste for the serious drama. He wrote besides this some poems, and "*Frithiof*," and other "*Northern Tales*." The tragedy of "*Dyveke*" carries the reader back to the days of Christian II. of Denmark, early in the sixteenth century, and is founded on what may be called a romance in history.

While King Hans reigned in Denmark, his son Christian, then crown-prince, to whom much power was assigned by his father, evinced an extremely stern and harsh disposition. Like Pedro of Spain, he was by some called *the cruel*, by others *the just*. His ideas, being in some respects anti-feudal, and inclining towards extending the liberty of the common people, and restraining that of the nobility and higher class clergy, did not suit the latter; therefore an attempt was made to divert his thoughts from politics, and soften the fierceness of his temper, by supplying him with some domestic attraction. On the occasion of some riots at Bergen, Bishop Erik Walkendorff was sent there to inquire into, and put a stop to them. On his return, according to Sneedorff, he not only reported that the insurrection was quelled, but also that there resided in that commercial town a most beautiful Dutch girl, whose name was Dyveke. Christian's curiosity to see this beauty was excited; he went to Bergen, and gave a grand ball, to which all the inhabitants of the town, above the very lowest ranks, were invited. Among the guests came the beautiful Dyveke, and her mother Sigbrit, who had been a shopkeeper in Amsterdam, and at that time kept a tavern at Bergen. The prince saw Dyveke, danced with her, and became completely fascinated. "That dance," says the old historian Hvitfelt, "danced Christian II. out of three kingdoms." Dyveke, who was extremely young, became his *chère amie*, and her mother, an artful, ambitious woman, his confidential adviser. Dyveke exercised her influence over her royal admirer both for his own good and that of his country. She was the friend of the poor and the oppressed, the advocate of all who fell into disgrace, and the supplicant, in every case, for mercy. Her good offices extended to all classes, and her constant aim was to soften the asperities of Christian's disposition, and to win him the love of his future subjects. She was consequently a general favourite; but her mother, the designing Sigbrit, was more inclined to foment discord, and was especially inveterate against the highest orders of the nobility.

About six years after the ball at Bergen, King Hans died; Christian II. ascended the throne, and, in accordance with the urgent wish of the nation, he married a sister of the Emperor Charles V. For some time the king managed to conceal from her his connexion with Dyveke; at length, however, it came to her ears; but Elizabeth was a very mild, easy-tempered person, and she was more taken up with establishing a colony of Dutch gardeners in the little island of Amager, than in giving way to jealousy or resentment. She took no part against Dyveke; but the Bishop Walkendorff, who, for his own purposes, had been the means of placing Dyveke in the situation she was so unfortunate as to hold,

was now as eager for her removal, on account of his hatred to Sigbrit. A nobleman of the court, named Torben Oxe, was anxious to marry Dyveke, to whom he had formed a strong attachment; but his aristocratic family were much opposed to his wish; and, fearful that Dyveke, whose mother was supposed to favour his suit, would be induced to accept his offer, they joined Walkendorff's cabal against her, and she was poisoned. The poison was administered in some cherries, sent to her by her noble admirer, who, though innocent of the murder, was made the victim of Christian's revenge, and hanged, after a mock trial.

History tells, that after Dyveke's death Christian became more ferocious than ever; and he was encouraged to every evil deed by the unprincipled Sigbrit, who maintained her influence over him, and, in fact, was, until he was deposed, the *actual* prime minister of the NERO OF THE NORTH, as Christian has been named. Sigbrit surrounded Christian with her own creatures, and among these, one Didrik Slagbek was the adviser and promoter of every act of tyranny and atrocity. This infamous person, according to Hvitfelt, had been originally a barber; and Holberg says of him, that "he was not the first barber who had made so high a jump in the world." But he ended his ill-spent life on the place of public execution.

In Samsøe's tragedy, there is a monk, Father Johan, the agent of Bishop Walkendorff, who had been created Archbishop of Drontheim, who plays a prominent part. One of the earliest scenes introduces this monk, engaged in endeavouring to persuade or frighten Dyveke into leaving the king. She and her confidential attendant, Klaudia, are together when he enters:

Monk. Peace be with you, noble lady!

Dyveke. Thanks be to God! I have peace. My conscience reproaches me not.

Monk. No!—not that you disturb the happy union between our illustrious monarch and his virtuous queen?

Klaudia. Spare her, holy father! Spare her that reproach—she deserves it not.

Monk. I speak in the cause of God and the king. In the name of my superior, the pious Archbishop Walkendorff, do I speak. He sends me again this day to you. Long have I sought to move you by mild councils; if these fail, then duty and conscience compel me to employ the sternest language of truth.

Klaudia. You forget yourself, holy father . . . that tone . . .

Dyveke. Let him speak as he will, Klaudia; yet once more will I condescend to justify myself.

Monk. You are becoming obdurate . . .

Dyveke. Oh no, good father, no. Would to God you knew how miserable I am! My young, inexperienced heart was open to every impression when the brave and handsome Christian sued for my love. He placed his happiness in the possession of this heart; I gave it to him, guiltless and undivided. I vowed eternal love to him, and I hold fast my oath. I knew nothing of what the public interest might demand of the prince. To soften Christian's perhaps too severe temper, to subdue his heart to milder feelings—in a word, to make him win the affection of all his subjects—these were the hopes that lulled me, the dreams in which I gloried. But woe, woe to him who knew the abyss into which I was about to plunge, yet held me not back! It was your Walkendorff—your now so pious, so strict Walkendorff—who precipitated me into that abyss. It was he who smilingly enticed Christian to me, in order to make me the tool of his own designs. If there was good in these designs—if he

wished by my means to soften his prince's heart—may God pardon him ! Although he would now tear me from him. . . But, thou, my mother . . . my mother ! . . .

Monk. Walkendorff does not tear you from him ; he only wishes you to leave the king.

Dyveke. I cannot.

Monk. I had hoped that religion would have taught you the respect due to your queen, and fit consideration for the king's honour and peace. It would have been better to have sought the path of virtue willingly . . . it is not yet too late. Trust not to the king's affection for you. Remember who you are, and yield to her who has holier claims. For the last time I ask you. . . Will you renounce the king ?

Dyveke. Never. The king must forsake me first.

Monk. Reflect once more. Walkendorff promises you his protection.

Dyveke. I need not the archbishop's protection ; I have the king's.

Monk. Since the claims of religion are disregarded, I must employ other means. Dyveke, if your mother's safety be dear to you, leave the king.

Dyveke. My mother's safety ! What mean you ? Speak.

Monk. You know full well, that, trusting to the king's favour, she bids defiance to the nobles and the clergy ; that she withdraws the king's confidence from them, and stirs up the lower classes, the burghers—even the peasantry—against their rightful lords. Nay, more, our holy religion is not in safety ; the council of state itself is abased before your proud mother and her insolent adherents. It is suspected—and I fear too truly—that your mother favours the heresy of Luther, and intends to introduce it into these realms.

Dyveke. Have I fallen so low, that I must listen to language so insulting to my mother ? I am not accustomed to this tone.

Monk. The importance of the subject—your own and your mother's danger—hurry me on. She is hated for her ambitious designs—there is a powerful party formed against her—they will demand her banishment.

Dyveke. Her banishment ? My mother !

Monk. And if the king refuse the demand, they will threaten to withhold their assistance in the approaching war with revolted Sweden.

Dyveke. What shall I do ? unhappy that I am ! I know nothing of my mother's designs. How shall I act ?

Monk. I have already told you. While the king loves you, so long will your mother preserve her influence over him. To deprive her of that influence, you must fly—you or she must be the victim.

Dyveke. Oh, let me die for her, and for my Christian's peace ! then all my misery will be ended. Good monk, I am ready ; what do you require of me ?

Monk. Lady, you misunderstand my words. Why speak of death ? You must only go hence, far from the king and his dominions—perhaps to a cloister.

Dyveke (sighing). And not to die ?

Monk. Fly, or dread what may happen ! Let not my warning be in vain.

Dyveke. Yes ! I will save my mother.

Monk. Heaven has heard my prayer, and moved your heart ; you shall soon hear from me again. Peace be with you, Dyveke.

Dyveke. Peace ! yes—rest in the grave ; there only is rest for me !

There is a very good scene between King Christian and Dyveke ; and one still better, in which the fiendish monk poisons the cherries that are to be sent to Sigbrit and her daughter. His cool villany and satanic laugh are well described ; in short, the whole play is interesting and well written. But it is time to take leave for the present of the Danes and their literature. Among the authors of the nineteenth century, some names may occur, better known to the generality of English readers than those which have hitherto been enumerated.

ON VIRGINIE'S NAME-DAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FLEMISH OF K. L. LEDEGANCK.*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Virginie !

On this day my heart is glad ;
 And where'er I turn, I see
 Nothing darksome, nothing sad.
 Though the month is one of gloom,
 Nature seems for me to bloom ;
 Light envelops all around,
 Ev'rything with green is crown'd :
 Such enchantment comes to me,
 From thy name, sweet Virginie.

In that name

Arc my hope and joy compris'd ;
 Wealth, and rank, and idle fame—
 Dreams of youth, at last despis'd,
 Are but worthless, wretched things,
 To the bliss that dear name brings.
 All with which the soul is bless'd—
 All the rapture I love best—
 All that thou canst be to me,
 Speaks thy name, sweet Virginie.

I know well,

This soft heart from nature came ;
 And a spark upon it fell,
 Lighting it with heav'nly flame.
 Yet the flame had never kindled,
 And the spark to nought had dwindled,
 But that dear name softly spake,
 Bidding all its glory wake,
 And that name shall ever be
 My best guardian, Virginie.

On the path

Of my life, I early found
 One rich prize, a harp which hath
 Long against my side been bound.
 Now, unstrung, it decks the wall ;
 Yet, whene'er these bless'd days fall,
 Pleas'd, I bid it once more sound,
 With a wreath new-woven crown'd—
 Woven, as a gift to thee,
 E'en as now, my Virginie.

* Ledeganck is one of the few Flemish poets of the present day; and the above little poem was written in 1839. I need scarcely inform my readers that in Catholic countries, not the birth-day, but the "name-day," i. e., the day of the patron saint, is celebrated.

THE PHANTOM CHASE.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

IN one of the wildest districts of Germany there is an immense forest of huge and closely-planted timber, and which, seen at a distance, appears like a long and undulating dark belt skirting the verge of the horizon. It is one of those remarkable productions of nature which are only to be met with in thinly-populated and uncultivated parts of the country, into which civilisation has scarcely yet penetrated, and where Nature still presents herself in all her sublimity and irregularity, untamed by the hand of man, and neither rendered subservient to his puny devices, nor made to administer to his petty ambition. Here she rears her front erect and free as she came from the hands of an Almighty Creator. Man has changed her aspect; he has stunted her growth; he has shorn her of her ruggedness and her beauty; but her pathless forests, her mountain-peaks, her immense wastes and deserts, her crags and steepes, the surging ocean, the trackless sands, alike bear testimony to His wisdom and power, and appear to read a continual homily to man, and to declare his impotence and insignificance. Yes, he has prescribed a bound to the ocean; he has sent his winged messengers from shore to shore; he has devised a power that counteracts the currents of the tides and the free winds of heaven; he has almost annihilated both time and space; he has dived into the bowels of the earth, and ascended even into the clouds; he has rendered the land fruitful and productive; he has built him towns and cities, and covered the earth with monuments of his greatness;—but Nature still speaks, still declares her majesty, still stands out in bold relief to all human inventions.

It is in the district I have just spoken of that the scene of the present narrative is laid. An immense forest, as I have already intimated, covers a large tract of the country. It is thick and dark, and he who has ventured into its depths may be said to have taken his leave of the light of day. The country around is wild and mountainous, and presents few appearances of cultivation. Here and there, embowered in dark and overshadowing woods, an ancient baronial castle presents itself, having either completely fallen into decay, with its crumbling stones overgrown with ivy and other creeping plants, or into such a state of neglect as scarcely to render it inhabitable. This district, like many others in various parts of Germany, teems with legends and traditions, and, as might be expected from a country of so wild and romantic an aspect, of some of the most marvellous superstitions. The former are, perhaps, as strange and incredulous as the latter, but they are widely diffused and implicitly believed in by the people of this primeval wilderness. I have always thought that districts of this description are more favourable for the growth of these wild and romantic legends, these strange superstitions, than any other, and my reasons for the belief appear simple and rational. Those who live in regions of this kind are constantly surrounded by the works of Nature—they are more in communication, as it were, with the Almighty Being from whence they derive their existence than the inhabitants of cities—their souls are imbued with a sense of the wonderful works of creation, and hence, unsophisticated and unacquainted with the

devices by which other men contrive to parry convictions which would fain force themselves upon them, they are willing to admit that the universe teems with things as marvellous as they are utterly beyond their comprehension.

The forest in question is filled with demons; but whether the offsprings of fancy or otherwise, I will not pretend to say. It is, nevertheless, impossible to combat the pertinacity with which the people insist upon their existence, and which, as they assert, are frequently seen at midnight, and harbour a feeling of the most intense animosity towards the entire human race. A legend of very apocryphal authority is recorded relative to these wood-demons. A great number of years before the time of which I speak, an infant belonging to a peasant in the neighbourhood was stolen under the following strange circumstances. A woman, bearing a child in her arms, proceeded to a well, situated on the borders of the forest, to draw water. When she reached the spot, she knew not how she was to dispose of the child till she had filled her vessel. Twilight was fast merging into the darkness of the night, and there appeared to be nobody at hand who could render her the least assistance. She did not like to lay the child upon the ground, lest it should be stolen by the demons of the forest; and, on the other hand, she did not like to return home without a supply of water, of which the family stood in much need. In this predicament, she debated with herself for some moments as to how she should act, when suddenly, and without knowing whence he came, an old decrepid man presented himself to her, and at once declared his willingness to hold the child until she had drawn her water. The woman scrutinised for several seconds the appearance of the old man, but seeing nothing repulsive in his features, and judging that he was some poor mendicant travelling the country in search of food, she confided the infant to his keeping. When she had drawn the water, and was again about to take the child in her arms, a thick mist seemed to interpose itself between her and the old man, but when it had dispersed, neither he nor the child was visible, frantic at her loss, and terrified at the occurrence of which she had been a witness, she hastened to communicate her misfortune to her neighbours, and if possible to devise some means whereby the child might be recovered. Search was made everywhere, but in vain; and to this day no tidings of it has ever been received. The well is still pointed out as the scene of the occurrence, but it has never been resorted to since that period after twilight.

It was in this district, abounding with such remarkable legends and associations—a place which appeared to be the resort of such evil ministers, and which was almost shut out from all commerce with the world by the wildness of its character and its isolation, that I sought a retreat. I knew not the extent of my rashness. I could not see the misery, the desolation, that were to follow. My motives for doing so appeared to be sufficiently strong. The reader, however, may think otherwise. It was perhaps a delusion; I know not. It did not appear to be so, and the result does not warrant my coming to that conclusion. It harrowed up my soul—it deprived me of rest—it drove slumber from my eyes—it hung like a mill-stone about my neck, and never permitted me to enjoy happiness for a single moment. I became disgusted with life—with the world—with society. There was no place of refuge but in solitude—in a total se-

trangement from mankind. Heavens! what an affliction—what a grievous burden to bear! Oh, ye who pass quietly along the beaten track of life, who neither diverge to the right hand nor to the left, whom neither Fancy nor Passion can allure from the even course; who are not too much enamoured of the flowers that are strewn in your way, nor too much grieved or disappointed by the thorns and briars with which ye are beset; who pass from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, with a steadfast equanimity, and the current of whose lives flows smoothly as the waters of a clear and tranquil river,—it is not ye who will appreciate the calamities that are chronicled here—it is not ye who can sympathise with sufferings such as mine. There are, peradventure, hearts that may. Heaven grant that they be few!—Heaven grant that calamities such as mine may not be common to mankind!

I must resume my narrative, and check these reflections as much as possible. I was a believer in predestination, and was impressed with a conviction that I was destined to accomplish an act which made me shudder whenever I thought of it. I believed I was predestined to be a murderer—I believed that he who was ordained to fall a victim to my inhuman cruelty, in whose blood my hands were to be imbued, was my own brother. O God! what anguish of spirit, what writhings of the body, did this dreadful conviction occasion me. Was it possible that I could ever contemplate such an act—was it possible that I could put it into execution—was it possible that I could injure even a hair of his head? No; the supposition was monstrous—incredible. It was thus I tried to argue with myself, but in vain. The fearful truth still forced itself upon my mind—it was useless to attempt to shake it off. It was written in my destiny—the decree had gone forth—the edict of Heaven was irrevocable. My countenance did not betoken the character of a murderer, my disposition in no respect delighted in cruelty; but, notwithstanding this, I could not escape the doom that awaited me.

I was very young when this conviction forced itself upon my mind—I had scarcely attained my sixteenth year. I was living with my family in Danzig, and was preparing myself to enter one of the German universities. Our family, besides my parents, consisted of a brother and sister. My disposition, however, was altogether different from either of the two latter, and few persons would have supposed that so close a relationship subsisted between us. They were lively and gay in their dispositions; their lives appeared to be a long holiday—a perpetual rejoicing. They laughed, they sung, they danced, they delighted in all the games and pastimes peculiar to youth. The bloom of health mantled upon their cheeks, the vivacity of youth sparkled in their eyes. They were favourites with everybody. I was the reverse of all this. Life afforded me no pleasure; I was miserable. My bodily health declined, and I shrunk almost to a skeleton. I loved to be alone—I avoided society. Why should I obtrude myself upon people who did not love nor appreciate me? Why should my presence throw a damp upon the hilarity of others? Why should I mar the enjoyment of those whose evil star had not been in the ascendant? I would not do so—my pride forbade it. If they were capable of enjoying themselves, I would not interfere with their happiness, however much I might envy it. I gave myself up to study and reflection—they were my only solace for those enjoyments of which I was

deprived, and which were so bountifully distributed amongst others. Though, however, I was much alone, I still loved the society of every member of my family, and my brother and I were to each other everything which so tender a relationship warranted.

I remember on one occasion he and I were walking in the country together. It was towards evening. The scene before us was calculated to inspire us with delight. The flowers bloomed from the hedge-rows, the birds poured forth their melody from every spray and bough, but I was sad, and wrapped in meditation.

"Wie kommt es, Carl," I said to my brother, "dass du immer so lustig bist, und ich immer so traurig?"

"Ich weiss nicht. Du hast keine Ursache so traurig zu sein."

"Ach du weisst nicht alles, lieber Carl; du verstehst mich gar nicht."

"Dass ist wohl möglich, aber warum bist du nicht wie andere Leute?"

"Dass kann nimmer der Fall sein."

"Warum nicht?"

"Gott hat es so beschlossen."

"Dass ist Unsinn, lieber Bruder."

The evening began to close fast in upon us, and being fatigued, I seated myself upon the earth, whilst my brother amused himself by wandering about in the neighbourhood.

I was obliged to quit Danzig, my family connexions—everything that I held most dear—to obviate the dreadful destiny that awaited me. Ha, ha! futile attempt—impotent endeavour! Frustrate the designs of Heaven, oppose a decree which was fixed and irreversible! It was preposterous to think of it. I, nevertheless, made the attempt, with a full determination never to return to my family again.

As I have already said, I sought an asylum in a district that accorded with my character—it was wild and solitary. The people were rude and uncultivated, and they were neither curious to know who I was or whence I had come. Notwithstanding this, I did not like their society; they were happy and contented, and although they suffered many privations, they did not seem to feel them. I penetrated into the depths of the forest. I knew not its character, or I should not have ventured to take so hazardous a step. The evening was approaching as I entered its silent and gloomy recesses. The rays of the sun were still shining upon the tops of the trees, and the birds had yet scarcely sought their nests. There was scarcely a breath of air to stir the leaves of the trees, and the deepest silence reigned around. I had some difficulty at first to force my way; the underwood was thick and troublesome, and frequently the pending boughs of the trees put a stop to my progress: I was patient and persevering, and I succeeded in overcoming these difficulties. When I had got deeper into the forest, the way was less impeded by these obstacles, so that I could walk more at my leisure and ease. The scene was novel, and pleased me, and I was not oppressed by the presence of any member of the human family. If I were sad and melancholy, there was nobody to observe me; if I was oppressed with thoughts which almost drove me beside myself, there was none to perceive the anguish I endured. Yet the change was salutary, agreeable. It befitted my humour,

it became a destiny at once so painful and melancholy. I traversed the forest for a considerable distance, in order to ascertain what kind of a spot I had selected as a place of refuge. It seemed interminable, and there appeared to be no mode of egress except by my retracing my steps. I was pleased at this rather than otherwise, for its vast extent would be more favourable for solitude, and less likely to expose me to intrusion. I had forgotten, however, one circumstance which now occurred to me, and which occasioned me some uneasiness. Were there any wild beasts in the forest? It was most probable that there were, for forests in that part of Germany abounded with them. I was not prepared to resist any attack that might be made upon me, as I was unarmed, and if during the night any of those savage denizens of the forest should rush from their dens and lairs in search of food, there was every likelihood of my falling a prey to their voracious hunger. What course was I to adopt? In every other respect my retreat was the most favourable that I could have selected. The plan that suggested itself to my mind as being the safest and most prudent, was to seek some other refuge than the forest during the night, and only to have recourse to it in the daytime, when I was exposed to no risk from the cause I have named.

I attempted to retrace my steps; I fancied I should have no difficulty to find an egress by the way by which I had entered. I wandered along the intricate paths of the forest, but I was frequently confused and lost in the labyrinth by which I was beset. I walked onward for several hours, but I appeared to be no nearer the point at which I was aiming. The gloom by which I was surrounded rendered the task which I had assigned myself still more hopeless. I was obliged to abandon it in despair, and take such opportunities as presented themselves for my safety for the night. After some little difficulty, I discovered a tree that afforded every facility for climbing. I ascended it, and seated myself upon one of its loftiest boughs. I had not been long here when I heard a noise which appeared to be at a great distance. It was very indistinct, but hideous and terrific, and boomed through the forest with a fearful and melancholy tone. I listened with suspended breath, and my colour went and came as it was repeated, or as its sound died away upon the evening breeze. This horrible noise gradually grew more terrific, and more distinct. Each moment it became nearer and nearer. I was at no loss to conjecture the cause. It was occasioned by a troop of wolves, which came bounding through the forest with great rapidity, and were evidently intent upon prey. By the rays of the moon, which had now risen, and which shed a feeble light through the interstices of the trees, I was enabled to gain a glimpse of them. I was horrified at the sight; I shuddered, and was obliged to cling firmly to the tree to prevent myself from falling. I remained here till break of day, and then descended to the earth, with a full determination of quitting the place as soon as possible. I had not slept a moment during the night; indeed, that was altogether impossible. The novelty and danger of my situation effectually prevented it. I endeavoured to escape from the forest. I spent hours and hours in this fruitless attempt. I was hemmed in by an interminable and densely planted forest, from which there seemed to be no possibility of escape. The night again approached, and my mind was beset with the most dreadful terrors and forebodings. The wolves—the demons that were

said to haunt the place—filled my mind with the most frightful pictures of horror. There are men who long for solitude—who wish to fly their kind (I indeed was one)—but, O God! they know not the misery, the anguish, the prostration of spirit, attendant upon it. They know not the misery which attends grief and terror, when there is none at hand to encourage and sustain—when there is none with us to sympathise or console—when there is none to mark or heed the misery that is endured. Mankind are born to suffering, but it is alleviated by the sympathy and forbearance of our fellow-men.

I had reached a part of the forest where an open space overgrown with grass presented itself, and which afforded a relief to the dense timber that surrounded it. I again climbed a tree, but although I was much fatigued, I was afraid to close my eyes, lest any danger should be at hand when I was least prepared to counteract it. The howling of the savage animals that had so greatly alarmed me on the preceding night again threw me into the greatest agitation. The noise, however, was not of so long duration, and not so near as it had been on the previous night.

About midnight, a circumstance occurred which awakened my greatest alarm and curiosity. The tree on which I sat commanded an excellent view of the small plain that I have described. The moonbeams throw a silvery light across it. I had taken my eyes for some time from the spot, but when I again directed them towards it, I was struck with the greatest amazement and consternation, when I discovered a grey horse feeding placidly in the midst of it. How had it come there? How had it been able to penetrate through the crowded forest of trees? To whom did it belong? Such were a few of the questions that instantly occurred to me. The animal seemed to be sleek and in good condition, and was evidently not accustomed to a barren pasture. I rivetted my eyes upon this object with the greatest earnestness—I was alarmed and filled with the most terrible apprehensions. As I was thus engaged, three large wolves sprang from the thicket, but what was my astonishment to find that they darted off at an angle the moment they caught sight of the horse, instead of attacking it as I had anticipated. This was strange and inexplicable, and baffled all human comprehension. The horse paid no regard as they passed, but cropped the grass as unconcernedly as possible. If I was astonished at what I had seen, I was so in a tenfold degree when I observed a short stout gentleman, with a whip in his hand, emerge from amongst the trees: he wore a dark green coat, corded breeches, and boots that reached nearly to his knees; his head was covered with a dark velvet cap with a peak in front; three or four dogs followed at his heels. He approached the horse, patted it upon the neck a few times, and again retired for a few seconds into the forest. When he returned, he carried in his hand a saddle and bridle, the former of which he at once threw across the back of the horse; he then proceeded to fasten the girths and put on the bridle. During the whole of the time I regarded these strange proceedings with the most intense curiosity. I was greatly perplexed. I saw before me a gentleman equipped for hunting—a steed duly caparisoned—dogs for the purpose—and the inference that these circumstances warranted me in drawing was, that the residence of the gentleman was at no great distance from the

spot, in which case there seemed to be every probability of my being able to escape from the forest. Another thought, however, suddenly occurred to me. The late hour of the night was a most unseasonable and unusual one for hunting. There was a mystery in the matter which was quite incomprehensible. I watched every movement with breathless suspense. I was agitated and in a state of the most feverish excitement. The gentleman mounted the steed, cracked his whip with violence, and, gracious God! the horse, with one bound, appeared to clear the immense forest, and both horseman and steed disappeared in a moment! The dogs set up a terrific howling, and at the same moment vanished from my sight. My heart sank within me; I turned pale as death, and a cold shivering sensation pervaded my whole frame; I clung firmly to the tree for support, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented myself from falling to the earth. I had seen a sight which I shudder even now to think of, and as I write, even at this distance of time, I feel somewhat of the horror which then crept over me. Were they phantoms that I had seen? I could not determine, though I was strongly impressed with the idea that they were so. It was certainly possible that I had been mistaken, and that my excitement and their sudden disappearance had induced me to put a construction upon the phenomenon which it in nowise merited. The objects themselves had all the appearance of reality—all the characteristics of things still in life. The horseman, the steed, the dogs, were such as I had seen a hundred times; and though the night was certainly somewhat advanced, it was still possible that the gentleman, actuated by some whim or other, had resolved upon hunting by moonlight. When this idea suggested itself to my mind, I saw nothing particularly remarkable in the circumstances, but their strange and sudden disappearance filled me with the greatest astonishment and alarm.

The following day I again spent in endeavouring to find an egress from this horrible abode, but all my efforts were fruitless. I lived during this time upon the wild fruits which I plucked from the trees. Towards night, I again betook myself to my old retreat, with a determination to watch again for the mysterious huntsman. The night was not so clear as the preceding one, but I was still able to descry objects with considerable distinctness. I had been here some hours when the grey horse all at once became visible. I knew not whence it had come, though it was possible that it had come out of the wood unobserved. Some time afterwards, the gentleman, habited as I have already described, and again accompanied by his dogs, again presented himself; the same process of saddling, &c., as on the previous night, was gone through, and the gentleman mounted the horse and instantly disappeared. I was determined to ascertain, if possible, whither they went, and accordingly, on the following day, bent my steps in the direction in which they had proceeded, hoping to find either some place of residence or an outlet from the forest. I had travelled a considerable distance, when I reached another plain much larger than the one I have already spoken of; I remained here during the night, being constantly upon the watch for anything that might present itself. My surprise may be conceived, when, at a late hour, a number of horsemen, horses, and dogs, began to assemble upon the spot I have referred to; they were all equipped for hunting, and were evidently awaiting for fresh

arrivals; each moment brought a new rider and horse upon the scene. I know not how they came, for they arrived without my being in the least degree cognizant of the mode. At length I observed that the individual whom I had seen on the two preceding nights had arrived. He was mounted upon the grey horse which I had seen on these occasions. The party was exceedingly merry, and the greatest spirit and animation pervaded the assemblage. The dogs ran about smelling the earth and howling and barking as though anxious for the chase; the horses pawed the ground with their feet, and neighed as if they were also eager for a commencement of the sport. The gentlemen saluted each other with the greatest cordiality and friendship, shaking each other heartily by the hand, and evidently anticipating some excellent sport by moonlight. There seemed to be something so hilarious, so fascinating about the meeting, that I involuntarily wished myself to be of the party. It was strange that I should have been actuated by so singular a desire, for I had always been averse to sports of the kind. I longed to be a participator in the chase. All at once there appeared to me to be something so inspiring in the pursuit. The circumstances, too, added to the interest I felt in the matter. The wild character of the country—the jovial bearing of the horsemen—the rich light shed upon the scene by the trembling moonbeams;—yes, there was something bold and adventurous—something calculated to drive gloom and spleen from the mind, in the dashing, headlong chase—in the rapid transition from place to place—in the fearless leaps, the hairbreadth escapes, the wild halloo, the animation that characterises both man and animal. Away with solitude—away with fruitless grief—away with care that was for ever gnaw, gnawing at the heart. I was resolved to join the sportsmen and participate in their dangers and enjoyments. I was too long in forming this decision, for before I had time to put it into execution, they had gone. I heard the tramping of the horses' feet, and the howling of the dogs for several minutes after they had disappeared.

On the following night I was at my old place, fully determined that nothing should this time mar my designs. The night was beautiful, and the party assembled again and went through the same ceremony as on the former occasion. There was a matter which caused me considerable perplexity, and seemed to forbid the execution of my purpose. I had no steed wherewith to accompany the fearless huntsmen on their expedition. I thought it nevertheless possible that some gentleman of the party might not be disposed to join the chase on the night in question, and whose horse might thus be at liberty. Filled with this idea, I descended from the tree, and advanced towards them. I was somewhat nervous and timid, but as I approached, the gentlemen came towards me, and saluted me with such kindness and cordiality, that I soon lost all reserve, and became as bold and confident as they. A horse was quickly provided me, and when I had mounted, the signal was given, and away we started. An avenue in the forest, which I had not previously observed, disclosed itself, and down it we galloped with the greatest fury. The horses snorted, and, like those which the famous Phaeton undertook to guide when he drove the chariot of the Sun,

Sponte sua properant: labor est inhibere, volentes.

Away we went. Men and animals were all actuated by the same spirit.
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We had not proceeded far before a wolf was started, and the excitement at once became immense. The dogs set up the most terrific yells; the horses were almost unmanageable, and flames of fire shot from their nostrils, and were emitted by their hoofs coming in contact with the earth. The men shouted with a wildness and boisterousness that took me completely by surprise, but yet infused into my spirit a kindred degree of enthusiasm. I never felt so joyous before. The blood danced in my veins with all the fervour of youth—my pulse beat quickly—my mind felt at length entrammelled by the dark thoughts with which it had so long been distracted. Oh! this was glorious—soul-inspiring!—dashing furiously over the country as though we were borne upon the wings of the wind—leaving objects in a moment at an immense distance behind us, and cleaving the air with irresistible force. There was a daring, a freedom in the act which compensated for a century of mere idleness, and imparted to the spirit a sense of liberty and adventure with which it is not commonly acquainted. No obstacle seemed to impede our way; we leaped fences and passed over large streams of water as though they had never stood in our road. The horses appeared to be mad with excitement, and tore up the earth with their feet, and snuffed the air with the greatest frenzy. A spirit of emulation prevailed equally amongst horses and men, and to be foremost in the chase was the object of all. Oh! never before had my spirit been so elated. I was drunk with enjoyment—I was almost beside myself with excitement. The wild halloo passed from mouth to mouth; boisterous laughter and merriment everywhere prevailed, and the strange yells of the dogs, and the tramping of the horses' feet, composed a combination of sounds difficult to describe. On we went. There was no pause, no rest in our daring and rapid flight. The level plains—the deep valleys—the mountain heights—were passed with equal rapidity. If a broad river lay in our way, there was not a moment lost in devising means whereby it might be passed. We plunged headlong in, horseman and steed, and the dogs were not backward in following the example, and we swam across it as swiftly as if we had been galloping over a piece of fine level ground.

The moon still shone in the placid blue heaven above us, and imparted to our flight a tinge of romance, of which the light of day would in a great measure have divested it. Thus we traversed a wide district of country. I know not the distance we accomplished, but it seemed to be immense—several hundreds of miles. As we continued this glorious chase, the heavens became overcast, and evidently portended a storm. The moon hid herself behind some dark clouds, and a thick darkness fell over the earth. We heeded it not—we dashed on—led on by an involuntary impulse to secure the object of our pursuit. The rain began to descend: at first it fell gently, but afterwards in torrents. The thunder pealed above our heads, and rent the atmosphere with terrific noises. The lightning at intervals darted through the opaque heavens, and immense trees, struck by the electric fluid, fell to the earth. Onward we went: we heeded not the elements—the horses appeared only to be stimulated to greater exertion by the fearful storm that had overtaken us. It harmonised with the feelings with which we were inspired. There was a wildness in it which accorded with our adventure, and which only tended

to heighten our enthusiasm. The earth trembled as the thunder rolled over it, and drank in greedily the rain that descended in such copious quantities. As we continued the pursuit, the horse I rode suddenly stumbled and fell. I was thrown from my seat to the ground with great violence. At the same instant, my companions of the chace melted into the air.

When consciousness returned to me, it was a beautiful starlight evening; and what was my surprise when I beheld my brother at a short distance from me. He was gazing upon the magnificent scenery surrounding him. I ran towards him; my sudden approach surprised and alarmed him. He was standing upon a steep precipice—he lost his balance, and fell over, and was dashed to pieces amongst the crumbling stones beneath. I was distracted. I raved like one beside himself. I had fulfilled my destiny. I was the instrument of my dear brother's death.

It was some time before I could convince myself that my adventure in the forest with the phantom huntsman had been merely a dream.

THE BRIDAL FLOWERS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

THEY deck'd her brow with flowers,—
'Twas a day in early spring,—
They brought them from the bowers
Where the woodbines loved to cling;
The blossoms on her features
Seem'd to envy her her pride,
Though the fairest gift of nature's
Was the fittest for a bride.

The bridal flowers soon faded,
Though the bride seem'd fair and gay;
Her brow no sorrow shaded
When the wreath had died away;
But all earth's human flowers
Must fade, as Heaven decrees,—
And the fairest gem of ours
Fell beneath the autumn breeze.

III.

They bore her gently, lightly,—
The snow was on the ground;
Its feather'd flakes fell brightly
Upon the little mound;
But when the woodland bowers
With early blooms were spread,
They brought the same wild flowers
And strew'd them o'er her bed. *

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.*

THE name of the most distinguished romance-writer of the age is Alexandre-Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie; and how so dignified an appellation became robbed of its fair proportions, remains to be told. The novelist's grandfather, the Marquis Antoine-Alexandre-Davy de la Pailleterie, for some reason or other unknown to his descendants, sold his patrimony and emigrated to St. Domingo or Hayti, where he wedded Louise Cessette Dumas, who must have been a half-cast. By her he had a son, Thomas, and this son, not agreeing with his father, who married in second nuptials his housekeeper at the advanced age of seventy-four, entered the French service as a private, and in doing so, in order not to disgrace his family, enlisted under the name of Alexandre Dumas—a designation which has been preserved by the Novelist, and by Alexandre Dumas *fils*, another name already well known to literature by the "Dame aux Camellias"—a piece which is creating at this moment a perfect *furor* in Paris.

The death of the old marquis, which took place thirteen days after his son's enlistment in the year 1786, severed the last tie that bound the future general to the aristocracy. Such was the progress achieved at that time in the armies of the young and turbulent Republic, that A. Dumas, a private in 1786, and who wedded, in 1792, Marie Labouret, daughter of the worthy host of the "Crown" at Villers-Côterêts, and mother of the Novelist, being then a lieutenant-colonel of hussars, in less than a year from that time was a general of brigade.

Nothing, indeed, according to the son, could exceed the prowess of General Dumas. The Austrians called him *Schwartz teufel*, "the black devil," and Bonaparte gave him the designation of Horatius Cocles, because he defended a bridge single-handed against an army. The rapid fortunes of the Corsican were, however, by no means gratifying to the ardent but jealous Creole. Contemporary with Marceau, Hoche, Desaix, and Kleber, he was like them a true republican, and like them he never lived to be humbled by imperial ascendancy. But General Dumas's devotion to the republic, or antagonism to Napoleon, cost him dear. It led, during the campaign in Egypt, to an open quarrel with the general-in-chief, who only remarked, "The blind man does not believe in my fortune!" and to his quitting the army. Worse than that, on his way home he was taken prisoner by the Neapolitans, who administered to him poisons, which, although failing in immediate effect, hurried the swarthy hero to a premature grave at the age of forty, leaving a wife, a daughter, and the future writer (who came into the world after General Dumas's return from Egypt), almost without a resource in the world; nor would Napoleon ever do anything for them.

Alexandre Dumas was little more than four years old when he lost his father, yet he relates a strange incident connected with the event, to which he attached so much importance as to have it accompanied by a plan of the house wherein it occurred. This was the abode of a lock-

smith, whither young Dumas had been removed the day before his father's demise.

I remained (he says) till a late hour in the smithy; the forge gave out at night effects of light and shade—fantastic reflections, which greatly pleased me. About eight o'clock, my cousin Marianne came to fetch me and put me to bed in a little impromptu couch near a larger one, and I went to sleep with that good sleep that Heaven vouchsafes to children like the dews of spring.

At midnight I woke up—or rather were roused, my cousin and I—by a loud knock at the door. A night-lamp was burning in the room, and by the light of that lamp I saw my cousin rise up in her bed much alarmed, but not saying a word.

No one could knock at the door without getting through an outer one.

But I, who even at the present day shudder in writing these lines—I felt no fear; I got out of bed and went towards the door.

"Where are you going, Alexandre?" my cousin cried out; "where are you going?"

"You see where I am going," I answered quietly; "I am going to open the door for papa, who has come to bid us good-bye."

The poor girl jumped out of bed terrified, caught me just as I was opening the door, and brought me back by force to my bed. I struggled in her arms, shouting with all my strength, "Good-bye, papa! good-bye, papa!"

Something like a dying breath passed over my face and calmed me.

Nevertheless I went to sleep again with tears in my eyes, sobbing vehemently.

The next morning we were awake at break of day.

My father had died at the very moment I had heard that loud knock at the door!

Then I heard these words, without being able thoroughly to understand all they meant:

"My poor child, your papa, who loved you so dearly, is dead!"

The Dumas family took refuge, after the death of the general, at the Hôtel de l'Épée. Among the friends of the family at that time was M. Collard, the head of a family to which the terrible Laffarge affair has since given so much celebrity. His real name was Montjorey, but he had exchanged that for Collard, out of respect for republican antipathies. This M. Collard had married a young girl named Hermine, whom he had met at the house of Madame de Valence, and of whom Dumas relates the following history:

One day the Duke of Orleans, going to see Madame de Montesson, at that time his wife, very unexpectedly found M. de Valence at her feet, with his head resting on her knees. The position was serious; but Madame de Montesson was a great lady, who was not easily dismayed; she turned round, smiling, to her husband, who had remained thunderstruck at the door.

"Come to my aid, *Monsieur le Duc*!" said she, "and help me to rid myself of this Valence. He adores Pulchérie, and insists upon marrying her."

Pulchérie was the second daughter of Madame de Genlis; the first was named Caroline, and married M. de Lawoestine.

The duke was delighted, especially after the fright he had experienced, to wed Pulchérie to M. de Valence. He gave six hundred thousand francs to the bride, and the marriage took place.

How was it that little Hermine lived with Madame de Valence, and who was this little Hermine? We will explain.

Madame de Montesson was aunt to Madame de Genlis. Madame de Genlis had been placed by Madame de Montesson as maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans (Mademoiselle de Penthievre). There Philippe-Joseph, afterwards

Philippe-Egalité, met her, and falling in love with her, the result was a daughter.

The daughter was little Hermine.

Little Hermine had been brought up in England.

When Madame Adelaide, sister to King Louis-Philippe, was seven or eight years old, it was proposed to give her, as a companion, some young person with whom she could constantly speak English. It was a means of bringing Hermine near her father and mother, so the little girl left London and came to Paris.

At the time of the emigration of the Duke of Chartres, of M. de Beaujolais, de Montpensier, and of the Princess Adelaide, Hermine, then only fourteen or fifteen years of age, found an asylum with her sister, Madame de Valence; but Madame de Valence was soon afterwards thrown into prison, whilst Philippe-Egalité forfeited his head upon the scaffold—a fate from which the infamy cast by him on the name of his mother could not save him.

Hermine was thus left with the children of Madame de Valence—Felicie, who married M. de Celles, and Rosamonde, wife of Marshal Gerard. The poor children were about to become orphans, when a miracle saved Madame de Valence.

A wheelwright, by name Garnier, who lived in the street Neuve des Mathurins, fell in love with her. This Garnier belonged to the municipal police. At the peril of his life, he twice destroyed the notes forwarded to the revolutionary tribunal by the superintendent of the prison, in which she was denounced as the most aristocratic of all the prisoners. This devotion to her interests carried Madame de Valence through till the 9th Thermidor. The 9th Thermidor saved her.

Madame de Valence had four children—a son and three daughters. Maurice, the son, remained a country squire; Caroline married the Baron Capelle, and her daughter Marie became, under the name of Madame Laffarge, the heroine of the most dramatic criminal trial of our times; Hermine, who wedded the Baron de Martens; and Louise, who wedded Garat—the man, says Dumas, whose signature is the most appreciated of all commercial signatures.

Dumas pleads guilty to three or four great frights experienced in his early youth. One was on the occasion of his reading in a newspaper that a prisoner immured in the dungeons of Amiens had been *eaten up by a serpent*!—another was when he saw two real snakes in the garden of his relative M. Deviolaue, inspector of forests; a third is related as follows:

One evening I was, according to my usual custom, turning over the engravings of the Bible—I was four or five years of age at the time—when we heard a carriage stop at the door, followed by loud cries in the dining-room. Every one hurried to the door, which opened at the same time, letting in the strangest Meg Merrilies that the imagination of a Walter Scott could conceive.

This witch—and at first sight the being that presented itself to us had every right to claim that title—this witch was dressed in black, and as she had lost her cap, her false front had taken advantage of the opportunity to decamp, so that her own hair fell down in long grey streamers upon her shoulders.

This time it was something very different from the famous serpent of Amiens or the two snakes of Saint Remy; besides, the serpent of Amiens I had never seen except with the eyes of imagination; the two snakes of Saint Remy I had room to escape from; but the witch, I saw her bodily, and we were in the same room.

I threw down the Bible, and, taking advantage of the disorder occasioned by this apparition, ran away to my room, got, clothes and all, into my bed, and drew the counterpane over my head.

The next morning, I learnt that the cause of my fright was the illustrious Madame de Genlis, who, coming to pay a visit to her daughter, Madame Col-lard, had been lost by her driver in the forest of Villers-Côterêts, and had let herself, through the great horror she had of ghosts, be seized by a panic, from which she had even then scarcely recovered, although she had communicated the better half to me.

What Dumas designates *les grandes terreurs* of his life, were in reality five in number. The fifth terror is also worthy of being chronicled.

I was playing at marbles at the door of a grocer, Lebègue by name, who at the time was busy spreading out and working up chocolate on a marble slab, with one of those long flexible knives that are, I believe, called spatulas. I got into a dispute with my playfellow. We set to with our fists—for, let it be noticed, I was never a coward before any one's fists. But he was stronger than me, and gave me a blow that sent me backwards into a barrel of honey.

I foresaw in a moment what would happen, so I screamed out, and the grocer turned round and saw what was taking place.

That which was taking place was, as I have said, that I fell backwards into the honey.

I got up as if a spring had set me up upon my legs, and that notwithstanding the resistance which the substance to which I was adhering opposed to this movement.

And then I set off as fast as I could scamper.

The rapidity which I displayed in this prudent resolution, arose from my having seen the grocer rush forth, by a simultaneous movement, with a knife in his hand. I directed my steps naturally towards my home. But the house being situated in the middle of the rue Lormet, was some way from the spot where the event had occurred. I could run well, but the grocer had legs twice as long as mine; I was urged by fear, but he was impelled by cupidity. I turned round as I ran, and saw the terrible man of business, with his lips open, his eyes glittering, his brow knitted, and his knife in his hand, getting nearer to me at every step. At last, breathless and exhausted, without voice, and ready to expire, I fell on the pavement, about ten paces from my own door, convinced that it was all over with me, and that Lebègue had pursued me for no other purpose than that of cutting my throat.

It was, however, for nothing of the kind. After a brief struggle, in which I wasted my slight remaining strength, he got me upon his knees, face downwards, and having carefully scraped me with his spatula, he replaced me on my legs, and went away perfectly satisfied with having regained his lost merchandise.

At this epoch Napoleon still visiting upon the son his hatred of the father, and refusing to do anything for him, it was resolved that young Dumas should be educated for the Church, and to this effect should enter as seminarist at the college of Soissons. To avoid so uncongenial an avocation, the future Novelist fled for three whole days from the maternal roof, amusing himself in the interval by catching birds in the wood of Villers-Côterêts—the scene of many a hunting and shooting excursion, and of some strange incidents in the life of the Romancist.

To compromise the matter, he however consented, on his return, to go to the school of the Abbé Grégoire, situated in his natal town, and honoured with the title of college, says Dumas. Dumas, by-the-bye, participates largely in the thorough Gallican spirit of hatred and detraction of England and the English. He never lets an opportunity of a sneer or an ill-natured observation to escape. We shall see afterwards that the battle of Waterloo was won at five against the English, and lost at six

against the Prussians.* Dumas, who also must needs give a different version of historical events from that presented by every one else, establishes, to his own satisfaction, that the battle of Waterloo was lost on account of Napoleon's illness. The emperor could not even mount his horse that day.

"Napoleon," Dumas writes, "at his return from the island of Elba, had, like François I., his fair Ferrière; but, in this instance, it was not the vengeance of a husband that sent her to him, it was the astuteness of a diplomatist!"

Any one at all intimate with French domestic society must be aware that many things are done, and commonly spoken about, concerning which not a word is ever breathed by English matrons and English children. The consequence of this is a peculiar tone, that is also communicated to what may be designated as homely or familiar French humour. The mode adopted by the *Clown* to set the sails of a windmill in motion, and the assiduity of the *Physician* in the *Marionettes*, are well-known examples. The youth of Dumas abounds in humour of this kind, untranslatable into English. The brave but coarse old General Dumas's letters are, in the same way, replete with expressions inadmissible in English society.

The retreat of Moscow had been followed by the battle of Leipsic, and that grand discharge of 17,000 cannon-shot had been followed by the entrance of the allies into France. Every one, as at the time of the Revolution, hastened to hide their valuables. Madame Dumas filled the cellar with furniture and linen, and buried thirty old louis in the garden, enclosed in a skin. This done, the old lady very prudently set to work to prepare what young Dumas calls *un haricot de mouton gigantesque*. Added to all this, a place had also been taken, as we take a box in a theatre, in certain subterranean quarries in the neighbourhood, whither half the population of Villers-Côterêts had fled. Beds, a table, chairs, and books, had been conveyed thither, as to a place of refuge in case of need.

"Before, however, having recourse to such extreme measures, my mother," Dumas relates, "wished to try all possible means of conciliation; and one of these means of conciliation, that which she looked upon as the most efficacious, was her *haricot de mouton* and her *vin de Soissons*.

"But man proposes, and God disposes. After three days' expectation, on the fire and in the cellar, the *haricot de mouton* was eaten and the wine was drunken by Frenchmen.

"They belonged to the corps of Marshal Mortier, charged (after the fall of Soissons) with defending the passage of the forest, with what remained of the young guard, and about a dozen pieces of cannon.

"Great was our joy. It was a real pleasure to contemplate, instead of hideous Cossacks, these young men, radiant with hope and courage."

This joy was, however, of brief duration; the allies surprised the detachment at midnight, captured all the guns; and Marshal Mortier, Duke de Treviso, was glad to make his escape half dressed by a back-door from M. Deviolaine's. The enemy having thus really arrived,

* Lamartine, in his "History of the Restoration," is one of the few Frenchmen who do justice to the English on this score.

Madame Dumas put another immense *haricot de mouton* on the fire. The Cossacks, however, not appearing, they were obliged to eat the *haricot* themselves. Soon, however, news of the defeats at Bar-sur-Aube, Meaux, and Fère, announced the near approach of the allies: a third *haricot* was placed on the fire. One fine morning, fifteen real Cossacks—cavalry from the Don, who had lost their way in the forest—rode through the town, shooting in their passage an unfortunate hatter, who had the imprudence to shut his door in their face. This time, Madame Dumas actually took to flight, as if there was more safety in one place than another; off she went, however, with her children, first to Mesnil, and then to Crespy, in Valois. Previous, however, to their departure, the gold was dug up out of the garden; and Dumas gives a humorous account of the terror experienced at first finding it to be missing, and only after much fear and perplexity discovering that a mole had carried the treasure down its hole for the sake of the skin.

Crespy was defended by a small body of about 200 cavalry and 100 infantry, having no communication with the army, nor orders of any kind. The Dumas, mother and son, were received in the house of a Madame Millet. They had not been long there before that which they were running away from came to them—the enemy.

It was a troop of about a hundred Prussian cavalry. The men were clothed in little blue coats, puffed up in front, and then narrowed at the waist by a tight band.

They also wore grey trousers with a blue stripe, corresponding to the coat, with little caps on their heads, having leather peaks and fastenings. Each man had a sword and two pistols.

I still see them before me, the first ranks preceded by two trumpeters, with trumpets in hand. Behind the trumpeters an officer.

They were handsome, fair young men, better-looking than private soldiers—no doubt belonging to the volunteers of 1813, who came to Leipsic to whet their swords against us—men of that Tugendbund, which gave us Staps, and which was to give us Sand.

They passed under our windows, and then disappeared. A moment afterwards we heard a noise like a hurricane; the house trembled with the galloping of horses. The Prussians had been charged at the end of the street by our cavalry, and as they were not aware of our numbers, they came back at full speed, pursued by our hussars.

All passed by in a confused mass, like a whirlwind of noise and smoke. Our soldiers, pistols in one hand, swords in the other, fired and cut away at the same time. The Prussians fired as they fled.

Two or three balls struck the house; one of them broke the blind of the window out of which I was looking. This terrified the women, who ran down stairs to hide themselves in the cellar. My mother wished to take me with them, but I held fast by the window-sill; so rather than leave me she stopped also.

The spectacle was terrible and magnificent.

Pursued too closely, the Prussians had been obliged to turn round on their pursuers, and there, before our eyes, at a distance of twenty paces, as close as the boxes of the circus are to the amphitheatre, a real combat took place, a struggle of man with man.

I saw five or six men fall among the Prussians, two or three among the French. The first who fell was a Prussian; he was retreating, his head leaning over the neck of his horse, and his back curved: a cut of a sabre laid open his back from the right shoulder to the left flank, and decorated him in a moment with a *red ruban*! The wound must have been twelve or fifteen inches in length.

The others I saw drop, fell, one from a cut on the head, which opened his forehead; others from stabs or pistol-shots. After a struggle which lasted about ten minutes, the Prussians trusted once more to the swiftness of their horses, and started off at full speed.

The pursuit began again. The flight recommenced, throwing down, before it was out of sight, three or four more men upon the road. No doubt one of these men was killed, for he never moved. Others rose up, or dragged themselves along till they got to the road-side. One of them sat down with his back against a wall; the other two, no doubt more grievously wounded, remained in an horizontal position.

Suddenly a drum was heard beating a charge. It was our hundred infantry-men who came up to take their part in the combat. They advanced with fixed bayonets, and disappeared at the curve made by the road. Five minutes afterwards a sharp firing was heard.

Then we saw our hussars reappear, brought back by five or six hundred horsemen. They reappeared driven, as they had gone out driving.

It was impossible to see or to distinguish anything in this second tempest of men; only when it had gone by, three or four more bodies were laid low on the road.

A great silence succeeded all this noise. French and Prussians were engulfed in the interior of the town. We waited, but we neither heard nor saw anything more.

What had become of our hundred infantry-men? No doubt they had been either taken prisoners or slain. As to our cavalry, being acquainted with the neighbourhood, they escaped, from what we learnt afterwards, by the mountain of Sery, into the valley of Gillocourt.

When Louis XVIII.—the *Desiré* of the fickle French—was restored to the throne of his ancestors, Alexandre Dumas was asked by his mother if he would give in more than a nominal allegiance to the legitimate government, and claim his rank as grandson of the Marquis de la Pailletterie. Alexandre determined at once to remain Alexandre Dumas, simply and briefly. "I have known my father," he said; "I never knew my grandfather; and what would my father, who came to bid me good-bye at the moment of his death, think of me, if I denied him, to call myself by the name of my grandfather."

It was accordingly resolved, in accordance with this decision, which so materially affected the future prospects of young Dumas, that nothing should be asked for him, but that a license to deal in tobacco should be solicited for the mother. "It was ancient times revived," says Dumas—"the widow of the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol selling tobacco."

A brief period of tranquillity—the mother selling tobacco, snuff, and salt—the son continuing his education, partly under the Abbé Grégoire, partly in the forest—was interrupted by the return of the emperor. In France many changes take place during even the lapse from boyhood to manhood. At this epoch, the brothers Lallemand having been arrested for conspiring in favour of Napoleon, young Dumas relates that, seconded by his mother, and aided by a playfellow, who was son of the gaoler at Soissons, he conveyed to the generals a pair of pistols and fifty louis, but which were refused by the prisoners; "for," said they, "the emperor will be at Paris before they can bring us to trial." Twenty-eight years afterwards, Dumas reminded General Lallemand, at the house of the Duc de Cazes, of this incident.

The emperor re-entered the Tuileries the 20th of March—the birthday of the King of Rome—and by the 26th of May the old uniforms of

the empire began to pass through Villers-Côterêts, which is upon the great north-eastern road.

Of the men who were going to fight against the British, at that moment at once the bulwark and the forlorn hope of Europe, at Waterloo, Dumas says :

"Oh ! let us never forget these men who walked with so firm a step towards Waterloo—that is to say, towards the tomb ! There was at once devotion, courage, honour ! There was there the most noble, the most zealous, and the purest blood of France !—the remains of twenty years' struggles against the whole of Europe. There was the revolution, our mother ; there was the empire, our nurse ; there was not the French nobility, but the nobility of the French people !"

They all passed by, even to the two hundred Mamelukes, with their large red trousers, turbans, and curved sabres. At last came the man himself, who weighed like a gigantic nightmare upon all Europe, not omitting France and Alexandre Dumas himself. The latter awaited at the post-house to see the emperor.

"He was seated at the back, to the right, dressed in a green uniform with white facings, and wearing the cross of the legion of honour. His head, pale and sickly, and apparently carved out of a block of ivory, fell slightly reclining on his chest ; on his left was his brother Jérôme, and in front of the latter the aide-de-camp Letort.

"He raised his head, looked round him, and inquired, 'Where are we ?'

" 'At Villers-Côterêts, sire,' said a voice.

" 'Six leagues from Soissons, then ?' he answered.

" 'Six leagues from Soissons—yes, sire.'

" 'Be quick then.'

"And fell back into that kind of torpor from which the stoppage of the carriage had for a moment aroused him."

The gigantic vision, as Dumas calls it, had not passed by ten days, when news came of the passage of the Sambre, the fall of Charleroi, the battles of Ligny and Quatre-Bras. Then there was no news, till groups of men, covered with dust and blood, with uniforms in rags, and scarcely able to sit in their saddles, began to arrive. There was no longer any use in denying the fact : the French army had experienced a decisive defeat—the allies were on their way to the capital. The *haricot de mouton* reappeared ; so also did the emperor, and Dumas went out to see him.

"It was the emperor, at the same place that I had seen him, in a similar carriage, with an aide-de-camp by his side, and another before. But it is no longer Jérôme nor Letort. Letort was killed ; Jérôme had for his mission to rally the army at Laon.

"It is the same man—the same pale, sickly, motionless face, only the head is still more bowed down upon the chest. Is it with fatigue ?—is it with grief at having played for a world and lost the game ?

"As upon the first occasion, when he felt that the carriage had stopped, he raised his head, cast around him the same vague look which became so piercing when fixed upon a face or a horizon—those two mysteries, behind which a danger can always hide itself.

" 'Where are we ?' he inquired.

" 'At Villers-Côterêts, sire.'

" 'Good—eighteen leagues from Paris ?'

" 'Yes, sire.' "

" 'Go on.' " *

This time it was neither Cossacks nor Prussians who followed the fugitives, but the English. Two officers were quartered in the Bureau de Tabac, and Dumas condescends to say that they behaved themselves like gentlemen. At all events they did the utmost honour to the *haricot de mouton*, which, in Dumas's memoirs, appears to represent the instability of governments.

The restoration of the monarchy heralded to young Dumas the return of rural amusements and sporting adventures, of which he relates no small number, some of a very tragic character. This agreeable and desultory existence was, however, interrupted by Madame Dumas suddenly arriving at the conclusion that Alexandre, being fifteen years of age, he should apply himself to something more serious than trapping larks and tracking wild boar; the result of which reflections was that our hero was indentured to M. Mennesson, the notary-public of Villers-Côterêts.

An incident of rather a remarkable character, for a rural neighbourhood like that of Villers-Côterêts, occurred shortly after Dumas entered upon his new career. As junior clerk, he was sent on business to Cressy, and as the distance amounted to three leagues and a half, he was provided with the baker's horse. The intervening country is described with the author's usual sketchy detail, and leaves the impression of a country of woods and cultivated land, with a ravine, with quarries intervening, called *Fontaine Eau claire*, from its rivulet, and of a little-frequented road. Detained by business and pleasure combined, young Dumas did not start on his return till night, the darkness whereof, and the evil repute of the road, not being very prepossessing, made him resolve upon effecting his journey at a gallop. He had passed *Fontaine Eau claire* and its sombre quarries, and was ascending the opposite hill of Vaucennes, crowned by a windmill, which belonged to M. Picot, when

Suddenly my horse, which was galloping along the middle of the road, started aside so violently, and so unexpectedly, that it sent me rolling ten or twelve paces beyond the road-side. After which, instead of waiting for me, it continued its way, only faster than before, breathing hard through its nostrils.

I rose up stunned by my fall, which might have been fatal if, instead of falling beyond the road, I had been thrown on the pavement. I at first thought of running after the horse, but it was already so far off, that I thought it would be of no use. And then I was curious to know what it was that had terrified it so.

I shook myself, and, with a somewhat unsteady gait, advanced across the highway. I had scarcely gone about four paces, when I perceived a man lying across the road. I thought it was some drunken peasant; and, congratulating myself that my horse had not trod upon him, I bent down to lift him up.

I took him by the hand; his hand was stiff and cold. I rose up at once and looked around me, and I thought I saw, not ten paces distant, a human form groping along the ditch. The idea then crossed my mind that this motionless man had been assassinated, and that the human form that I saw moving might very well be that of the assassin.

I did not stop to make any further inquiries. Jumping over the body, I followed the example of the horse, and took the road to Villers-Côterêts as fast as my legs would carry me.

* Dumas, speaking elsewhere of this piece of frail mortality, says, somewhat blasphemously, "Si vous n'aviez pas eu votre passion, vous ne seriez pas dieu."

Madame Dumas, who had been much terrified by the baker's horse arriving without his rider, recommended her son not to say anything of what he had seen. There would be inquiries without end—preliminary investigations at Soissons—assizes at Laon—no end of trouble and expense. The next day the whole population was in motion. A carrier of Villers-Côtterêts had brought the body in his cart to the town. It was that of a young man, of from fifteen to sixteen years of age. He belonged to the labouring class, and was unknown in the neighbourhood. He had been killed by a heavy blow on the back of the head with a blunt instrument.

Two days afterwards, one of M. Picot's shepherds was brought in by the gendarmes, suspected of being the guilty party. "The type," says Dumas, "was that of the Picard peasant of the very lowest class, vulgar and cunning." This shepherd's hut was within two hundred paces of where the body had been discovered; traces of blood had been found on the straw, covered by a miserable mattress. A mallet had also been found stained with blood. This wretch, Marot by name, finding himself thus implicated, drew his master, M. Picot, to whom he owed a grudge, into the scrape. He accused him of being the murderer, and the unfortunate gentleman was arrested, and imprisoned for a month before his innocence was established. He, however, never recovered the blow of so cruel an accusation. Marot was condemned to twelve or fifteen years' imprisonment *for having stolen some clothes found upon a dead man*. Strange verdict, says Dumas, which states a crime without designating the criminal.

But the most curious part of the story lies in the sequel. Possibly, if the results of all crimes could be equally circumstantially followed out, this would be found to be generally the case. Marot, on his liberation from confinement, returned to the same neighbourhood, where he got employment as a butcher. Some time after his return, his wife was killed by a very singular accident. She was drawing water from a well, when, the rope breaking, she was thrown down to a depth of thirty feet, and drowned.

This death (says Dumas) was looked upon as an accident.

Some time afterwards, the body of a young carman was found buried, at a depth of only one or two feet, between Vivières and Chelles, and who appeared to have been killed by a pistol-shot, discharged right into his back.

Researches were made, but without results; the assassin or assassins were not discovered.

Lastly, some time afterwards, Marot went himself to the justice of peace, to announce an incident that had taken place. A young painter and glazier, who, not having means to go to the inn, had asked hospitality of him, had been received into the house, and had perished during the night-time, in the garret, where he slept on straw, of a *colique de misère*.

The young painter was buried.

A few days afterwards, some of Marot's fowls were found dead in his yard and in the gardens of the neighbours. They appeared to have been poisoned.

These various incidents were brought into connexion with one another, and suspicions began to arise. Marot was taken up, and his own child was a chief evidence against him.

The young painter had been poisoned by arsenic put by Marot into his soup-plate. The young man complained that the soup had a strange taste; Marot's son took a tablespoonful of it, and was of the same opinion.

"The soup," said Marot, "has a strange taste because it was made with a pig's head." As to you, glutton," he added, addressing himself to his son, "eat your soup, and let this boy eat his; every one his own."

Nevertheless, the flavour of the soup was so acrid that the painter left the half of it in his plate. This was thrown on the dunghheap ; the fowls partook of it, and denounced the poisoning by their death.

This time the accusation against Marot was so strong that he could not conceal the truth. Seeing that he could no longer be spared the results of his last crime, he then acknowledged all the others.

He confessed that it was he who had killed the man found in the road, for the sake of six or eight francs that he had upon him. He confessed that he had cut the rope, so that his wife should fall into the well, and should be killed by the fall, or drown herself.

He acknowledged that it was he who had killed with a pistol, for the sake of thirty francs that he had just received, the young carman whose body had been found between Chelles and Vivières.

He acknowledged, lastly, that it was he who, to rob him of twelve francs that he ascertained he had about him, had poisoned the painter and glazier by putting arsenic into his soup.

Marot was condemned to death, and executed at Beauvais in 1828 or 1829.

The reader will not fail to recognise, in this fearful detail of crime, certain circumstances which have been largely made use of in "*Monte Christo*."

Shortly after this event, well calculated to leave a permanent impression upon so imaginative a mind, young Dumas, being then sixteen years of age, entered upon a new era in life—a fair Spaniard awakened hitherto unknown aspirations. Dumas was not, however, according to his own account, very successful in his first amours. A blue coat and tight nankeens, remnants of the wardrobe of the old republican general, were no longer fashionable, and exposed our hero to no small amount of ridicule from the fair object of his regards, and this reached the culminating point, when, being one day anxious to exhibit his agility before the maiden, he took a desperate leap, which entailed a fatal rupture in the before-mentioned tight nankeens.

A more genial friendship with young Adolphe de Leuvers, descendant of the noble Danish family, the Earls of Ribbing, consoled Dumas for the ridicule that attended upon his first loves.

There was (says Dumas) a sad and melancholy legend in the family; it referred to two children decapitated, the one at twelve years of age, the other at three.

The executioner had just cut off the head of the eldest, and was taking hold of the junior for the same purpose ; the poor little child said to him in a plaintive tone :

"Do not, I beg of you, dirty my collar, as you have done to my brother Azel, for mamma will scold me so."

The executioner had two children of the same age as these two. He was so struck by these simple, affecting words, that he threw down his sword and ran away.

Christian sent some soldiers after him, who killed the compassionate executioner.

This and a visit to the Chateau de Villers-Hellon, where young Dumas and his friends got into disgrace for their riotous proceedings ; a Diligence-story, which had much better have been, with sundry other matters, altogether omitted ; and sundry detached sentences in reference to the political events of 1814—carry Dumas through his fifth volume, and up to his seventeenth year. At this rate, being now nigh fifty years of age (Dumas was born July 24, 1802), it will require sixteen volumes to bring up the memoirs of the Romancist to our own times.

THE BARON'S REVENGE.

I.

READER, have you ever been in Cornwall? I don't mean to ask if you have passed through it on the coach road, along the bleak hills and sterile tracts which constitute, as it were, the backbone of the county; nor even if you have visited the attractions which lie in the usual track of the few tourists who venture into such a remote and out-of-the-way district. But have you ever struck out paths for yourself? Have you ever, contemning the adventitious aids of coaches, carriages, or horses, set forth on foot to explore it, with stick in hand and knapsack on shoulder? If not, you may be acquainted with some of its scenes of desolation; you may be even familiar enough with cromlechs, rock-basins, and logan-stones, but can know comparatively little of its beauties. To see these, you must wander among the beetling cliffs and spacious caverns of its north coast; the beautiful rivers and sweeping bays of its south; and the sunny nooks and lovely valleys of its interior—and many such valleys are to be found scattered about, sometimes, too, in close proximity to barren wastes and dreary moors. Often you may roam over bold wild hills, where huge masses of granite lie piled in strange fantastic forms, with no trace of vegetation around you, save the brown heath and*the tall fern, or that ever-present feature in Cornish scenery, the golden-blossomed furze, whilst a roaring torrent rushes foaming and struggling in its rocky channel at your feet. You follow its course, and, sometimes by degrees, sometimes suddenly, as if transformed by the magician's wand, the naked granite and feathery fern give place to beautiful leafy woods; and the rapid torrent, as though it felt the influence of the scene, calms down into a gurgling, murmuring stream—now lingering in its course, and spreading out into a black silent pool, like a miniature lake, which the hills, still steep and abrupt, and jutting into each other on either side, seem to shut in from all the world as with a leafy wall; and then again, shutting its eyes, as it were, as if anxious to make up for the time it had loitered away, and rushing on with blind haste under the overhanging banks and against the mossy stones—strongholds of the speckled trout and regal salmon.

In one of the loveliest of these valleys—perhaps *the* loveliest—the sweet Vale of Dunnueer, stand the ruins of a house, or rather cottage, for it can scarcely be called more. It has long been deserted and ruinous—long before the memory of any one at present alive in the neighbourhood—yet its decay has been slow and gradual: the hand of Time itself seems to have passed over it with a gentle and sparing touch, and even man, often the more remorseless depredator of the two, has not molested it. Though the roof and part of the walls have fallen in, not a stone has been removed; even the garden before it, though, of course, long since overgrown with weeds and briars, still remains. Situated in the most secluded part of the valley, its crumbling walls, thickly covered with ivy, can scarcely fail strongly to impress the mind of the beholder—more strongly, perhaps, than is often the case even with more majestic ruins.

A strange story is related concerning the fate of the last inhabitants of this cottage: it was told me by the hostess of a little inn in the neigh-

bourhood, and whether or not strictly true in all its parts, it has, even through the lapse of such a length of time, so powerfully affected with feelings of awe or pity the minds of the people around, as to prevent them from in any way altering or interfering with the place.

Many years ago, a lady came there to reside, bringing with her an only child, a daughter, then an infant a few months old. Though very young—she could scarcely have seen more than two-and-twenty summers—Mrs. Atherton, for such was the lady's name, was a widow. She was beautiful—very beautiful, but it was with the beauty of the frost-nipped bud—of the blighted flower. The fair, open forehead; the rich, clustering brown hair; the soft, dark eyes were there: but the brightness of those eyes was quenched, the cheek was wan and sunken, the merry laugh seemed to have quitted the now bloodless lips for ever. Her countenance wore usually an expression of sweetness and melancholy, but ever and anon it would be distorted by a look of the most extreme terror—and this occurred most usually in the night. Often she would start up suddenly from her sleep with a shriek, clasp her infant to her breast, and wander about the house for hours, not unfrequently till daybreak. For this, her child, her fondness and care were extreme, almost painful to witness: night and day it was ever at her side; she would not part with it for an instant. Yet she was not a fidgety, or, in the general acceptation of the term, a solicitous mother: colds, damp, and illness, seemed scarcely to have a place in her fears; but some sort of vague, undefined dread, connected with her infant, appeared constantly to hang over her soul.

For a long time after her arrival she never left the house; and, with the exception of Betsy, the only servant she had engaged—a good, simple, faithful creature, whose heart her mistress's sweetness of disposition had completely won—never, as far as possible, admitted any one into it. Not that she was much troubled with visitors, but she seemed suspicious and afraid even of the wood-cutters and their families, who principally inhabited the few houses scattered through the valley. At length, her child's health almost gave way under so much confinement; its little cheek began to get pale, and its temper fretful; and Mrs. Atherton, though at first with fear and trembling, found it necessary to take it more into the fresh air. Her first walks did not reach beyond the garden and the little meadow adjoining; but, getting gradually more bold, she soon began to extend them along the woodland paths, or by the river's side—sometimes even to the nearest cottages of her poor neighbours. These rambles, which quickly brought back the roses to her little daughter's cheek, were not less beneficial to her own health and spirits. Years rolled on, and—whether from the gloomy dread on her mind having been caused by painful recollections which the lapse of time served to deaden, or from the non-arrival of some actual evil which she had feared—her sleep became more peaceful, her waking hours less anxious and suspicious, and those dread moments of terror rarer and more rare. Her cheek still remained white as the plain widow's cap which surrounded it, but its hollowness passed away; her eyes began once more to be lit up by some mild rays of hope, and a sweet quiet smile would now and then stray back to revisit her lips. Her love for her daughter, though it lost in a great measure its painful, anxious watching, seemed, if possible, to become even more tender; and she, on her part, returned it with equal affection. Seldom did a tear stand in Mary's bright blue eye but when she saw her

mother looking more than usually sad; and never did Mrs. Atherton so sweetly smile as when she watched her daughter's joyous, springing step, and her face beaming with health and happiness.

All through Mary's prattling childhood, and merry, happy girlhood, her supreme delight was to sit by her mother's side, or to walk with her through the tangled greenwood paths that surrounded their home, now running on before to clear the briars from her way, now loitering behind to pick her a handful of wild strawberries, or a bunch of honeysuckles or violets, and now holding her by the hand, and looking earnestly up into her face, as her mother told her about the birds, and the flowers, and the insects, and the mosses, or related some little tale, short and simple, but to the hearer of thrilling interest. But these stories seldom spoke of the great world, and of its pleasures and attractions; and when they did, they were intended, under a guise adapted to Mary's age and comprehension, to create a dread and fear of it. One of the most intensely interesting of these tales was about a little bird, called Chirpy, who lived with her father and mother, in a nest that was built in an old cherry-tree; and how the cherry-tree stood in a garden, where she had everything that the heart of little bird could desire—nice strawberries, and raspberries, and cherries, and currants, and clear pure water. And the garden was surrounded by a high wall, which Chirpy's father and mother told her she must never on any account go over. And how curious and anxious she was to know what could be on the other side. And how she thought one day that, at all events, it could be no harm just to fly to the top of the wall, and peep over, as that could not be doing anything wrong. And how she did fly up and peep, and saw on the other side—oh! such a beautiful garden, ten thousand times more beautiful-looking than her own; and there were fountains and streams in it, not of pure clear water, but red, and purple, and golden-coloured; and there were fruits, which looked so luscious and tempting, that she thought she would rather have one of them than all the cherries or currants she had ever seen in her life. And the garden was full of such beautiful birds! not with plain brown feathers, like hers, but dressed in magnificent plumage—scarlet, and green, and blue, and purple, and all the colours of the rainbow, and looking *so* merry and happy! And how one bird, more splendid than all the rest, and with the most beautiful eyes Chirpy had ever beheld, saw her as she peeped over, and begged her to come down, and said what a pity it was that she should stay in such an old humdrum place as that was on the other side of the wall; and what a handsome creature she would be if she would come down and drink their water, and eat their fruits, and have bright gay feathers like they had. And how Chirpy said, that her father and mother had told her she must not, and she did not like to disobey them. And how the beautiful bird laughed at her, and said that now she was a great bird and had wings of her own, she must have a will of her own, too, and not always be doing what her mother told her. And how Chirpy thought it could be no harm to go down for five minutes, but she wouldn't stay longer—no, not for the world! And she flew down, and the gay birds all came around her, and gave her the fruits and the coloured water, and she ate and drank, and thought they were so nice that she could never have enough; and she was merry and happy, and wished she had not stayed so long in that ugly old place on the other side of the wall; and she sang,

and played, and the birds all praised her voice, and made much of her, especially the beautiful bird that had asked her to come down. And then, how Chirpy fell asleep; and when she awoke was sick, and ill, and sorry, and loathed the thought of the rich fruits and the coloured fountains, and began to sigh for the clear fresh water in her own garden. And how she observed, for the first time, that the birds did not sing sweetly, as she and her father and mother had done in the old cherry-tree, but had nasty harsh, hoarse, discordant voices. And how, when she came to look closely at them, she saw that their gay feathers were only painted, and that really they were ugly, and hideous, and loathsome; and she found, too, that there were wasps in the fruit, and snakes amongst the grass; and they stung her, and made her bad. And how she tried to get back again to her own dear home, but was so ill that she had not strength enough to fly over the wall. And how the birds came and laughed at her, and told her that it was too late now, and she would never be able to go back any more, and persuaded her to eat again of the fruits, and drink of the waters; and she did so, and was more miserable than ever afterwards, and tried again to get away; but the birds, when they saw it, flew at her, and pulled out her feathers, and pecked her with their beaks, and hurt her very much. And how one day, when there were no birds near her, she made a desperate effort, and got to the top of the wall, and flew down into her own dear, once happy garden; but she was so weak, that it took her a long time to get to the cherry-tree. And how, when she came there, after all, she saw that the old nest was broken up, and that her father and mother were gone. And how she sank down on the ground, and, after a little while, saw an old bird flutter to the tree, with feeble wing; and she looked at her, and saw it was her mother—but, oh! how changed! And her mother saw her, and knew her, and came to her, and told her that her father was dead (she did not say so, but Chirpy knew he had died of grief); yet she did not reproach her, but spoke lovingly to her, and took her under her wing. And how poor Chirpy looked up into her face, and nestled in her bosom, and—died! And when the tale was finished, Mary would burst into tears, and cling to her mother, and say she would never, never leave her. And Mrs. Atherton would press a kiss upon her fair forehead, and tell her some more cheerful story, or give her a commission to run and pick some blackberries or a nosegay, and she would be happy, and laughing, and bright-eyed again.

Years passed away, and Mary was seventeen—that magic age whose very touch is beauty. Ordinary looking, indeed, must be the girl who is not lovely, with its freshness and bloom upon her cheek; sour, indeed, the temper which its bright hopes and fancies do not sweeten. But, oh! how lovely was Mary Atherton! She had not her mother's regular and perfect features; hers was not a face to be carved in marble, it was more fit for a picture—a bright, sunny picture. But no! those beautiful blue eyes, those golden tresses, that graceful form, that springing step, were neither for a statue nor a painting. They were things to be imagined—to be dreamt of—to float through the mind on a summer's day, whilst lying half-asleep amongst the blooming heather or the fragrant new-mown hay. And her sweet voice—perhaps even her greatest personal charm—now soft and low, now merry, clear, and ringing, how could they portray that? In character and disposition, as in person, she was of

the sunny style of beauty ; never was there a more pure mind, a more gentle disposition, or a more loving heart. Not that she was perfect, or without faults—she had many ; but her very failings were rather the excess of good qualities. Perhaps the most prominent of them was an extreme sensitiveness, and fear of giving offence. An unkind or slighting word to herself, or the fancy that she had said one to another, would cause her the greatest pain. She seemed, too, to be almost incapable of refusing a favour, or saying “No” to any one, especially to those she loved ; and her own will, and her own opinion, were always ready to give way to others. These were amiable weaknesses, it is true, but often more productive even than heavier faults, of evil and unhappiness through life. Such, and so loveable, was Mary Atherton at seventeen ; and, amongst her other attractions, she possessed that greatest of all to a mother—to her she was still a child.

About this time an event occurred which broke the monotony of her life. It was the close of an April day. Mrs. Atherton was fatigued by her morning's walk, and Mary set off, as she had sometimes done since her mother's anxiety had so much disappeared, for a solitary stroll. It was one of those lovely spring evenings, which, coming after the gloomy, desolate nights of winter, are like little glimpses of Paradise ; and which, with all, and more than the beauty of summer, are without its heat, dust, and satiety. The grass was green, the flowers were smelling sweetly, the freshness of a recent shower was on the leaves, the birds were blithely singing, the trout were leaping merrily in the stream, the breeze was gently rustling among the trees ; everything seemed hopeful, happy, and joyous, and Mary wandered on and on, and to and fro by the river's side, enjoying it all to the utmost. The sun had set for a considerable time when she found herself at some distance from her home, close to one of the deep black pools of the river. She stepped on a granite rock that in this place rises high and abrupt from the water, and in thoughtful mood watched the dark shadows of night stealing over the tranquil pool and its silent eddies, whilst the young pale moon, just peering over the wood-covered hill behind, threw stray fitful gleams of its silver light upon the opposite bank. It was the hour and the scene to impress a youthful imagination ; and Mary, who, notwithstanding her light heart and cheerful disposition, possessed a very vivid one, remained sunk in a dreamy reverie, half-conscious, half-forgotten of all around her. Suddenly, she was startled by a sharp cracking of twigs, as if some one was forcing his way through the brushwood close behind. She turned quickly around, and in so doing, slipped her foot, lost her balance, and fell headlong into the pool. With the speed of lightning, a man sprung on the rock, plunged into the water, and, seizing her as she rose to the surface, bore her senseless to the bank.

When Mary regained her consciousness, she found herself lying on the ground, with the stranger kneeling at her side and half supporting her. She had lost her senses rather from the fright, and the blow with which she had struck the water, than from the effect of the short time she had been in it ; and now, though still rather faint and giddy, she arose at once, and expressed her gratitude to her preserver.

The stranger was a tall, dark man, who might have been thirty years of age, or might have been older ; his was one of those rare countenances that seem to afford scarcely any clue as to age—that look old

when they are young, and young when they are old. His eyes were dark and piercing, his teeth white and regular, and his hair long, black, and glossy. It was a handsome and striking, yet not a pleasing face; but when he spoke, then was the charm. His voice was deep, rich, and musical, and with something in its tone that almost fascinated Mary, even in the few words he replied to her expression of thanks. He begged to be allowed to attend her home. She, with the natural timidity of a young girl, would have declined, but she was afraid of appearing ungrateful; and, besides, she was still so feeble from her fall, that she really stood in need of assistance; so she consented. The stranger accompanied her to within a short distance of the house, but she could not prevail upon him to enter, and receive her mother's thanks for saving her life. And as he took his leave, he said:

"You have professed much gratitude for the service I have fortunately been able to render you; suffer me to ask one favour in return. Promise me that you will not let any one, not even your mother, know what has occurred this evening. I do not ask that you should conceal the accident which has befallen you, but that you should be silent as to my having saved you—that you should not even mention your having seen me. Do you promise?"

A promise of this kind was naturally most repugnant to Mary's feelings, both of gratitude to her preserver and of truthful candour to her mother; but the stranger seemed so earnestly bent upon it, that she could not but give her word, and with this understanding they parted.

Days and weeks elapsed before Mary again left the house. The chill and shock she had sustained resulted in a severe illness, and for some time she was confined to her bed, seriously, if not dangerously, unwell. In accordance with her promise, she never spoke of the stranger; but all through her feverish days and restless nights he was ever in her mind. She thought of him when awake, and in her few short snatches of broken sleep he filled her dreams. Perhaps the very secrecy which she preserved concerning him only fixed him more immovably in her mind; and the mystery which there seemed to be about him, and the promise he had exacted from her, worked upon her imagination. Mary was not by any means a "sentimental" girl, and she was not at all in love with the stranger—but she was grateful, imaginative, and seventeen.

An incident, too, that occurred one night during this illness, greatly strengthened her interest in him. Her mother had left the room to fetch some cooling drink, and Mary, with the irrepressible restlessness of fever, got out of bed, walked to the window, and looked out. The moon was shining, not brightly, for thick fleecy clouds covered its disc and dimmed its lustre, but there was sufficient light to enable her to distinguish objects pretty clearly, and there——. No, it could not be her fancy, it was no delusion of fever—there stood the stranger, just outside the low hedge that surrounded their garden, with his dark eyes intently watching her window. She returned to her bed, but not to sleep. Her mother marked her quickened pulse and heightened flush; and, fearing an increase of the malady, sat all night at her side; but, happily, her fears were not confirmed, and Mary slowly but surely recovered.

After the lapse of three or four weeks, she was again able to leave the house. At first she was always accompanied in her walks by her

mother ; and though her eyes often wandered around in the half-expectation of seeing the stranger, he was nowhere visible. The very first time she again took a solitary walk, she went in the same direction as on the day when she had met with her adventure. Perhaps she would not have owned, even to herself, that she did so in the hope of meeting him who had been of late so constantly in her thoughts—but so it was. Some vague hope of once more seeing him, hearing him speak, and, if possible, of penetrating the mystery that hung over him, prompted her to go in that direction. And she was not disappointed: she had not gone far when he again stood before her, and expressed, in words and tones to her new, strange, and thrilling, his pleasure at seeing her recovered. He joined her in her walk ; and when they once more parted, her feelings for him, whatever they may have been, were certainly not weakened.

It were needless to trace in detail the events of the next few months : suffice it to say, that Mary's rambles became more and more frequent, and that seldom did she walk forth alone without meeting the stranger. Time passed, and her interest in him gave place to something stronger ; and, at last, she was deeply, irretrievably in love. Perhaps, had she been thrown into society, this might not have been ; but, notwithstanding her fond attachment to her mother, there was in Mary's, as in every young girl's heart, a space, a cell, quite distinct from that which contains the love for friends and relations : a dozen attachments may occupy it, which, like trees too thickly planted, stunt and destroy each other ; but let one settle there undisturbed, and it soon exclusively fills the whole space—sometimes, perhaps, in time, encroaching upon the other portion. And Mary's heart was a soil from which love, having once taken root there, might never more be eradicated.

At first her meetings with her lover—for so he may now be called—were, on her part, accidental—accidental, at least, so far as that, whatever may have been the hopes and fears of her inmost soul, she did not express them outwardly, even to herself ; but, after a while, they often took place by appointment. She walked with him along the river's side, or through the woodland paths, where formerly, alas ! her sole companion had been her mother ; and where she had listened to her simple stories, she now heard his passionate vows of love. It was strange—the influence he had acquired over Mary's young heart. He might not so have fascinated her, had she been more acquainted with the world, and consequently more suspicious ; for there was, every now and then, a something about his look which argued that all was not right and fair within. This expression he seldom or never permitted her to see ; yet often, when her bright blue eyes were turned upon his face in all the confidence of young and innocent affection, his look would quail beneath their glance, and sometimes a dark angry frown would be on his brow, even whilst, in the most earnest tones of his rich voice, he poured forth his tales of love. But Mary saw nothing of this : good and pure herself, and unsuspicious of others, she saw in him only a being of a superior order, who had condescended to love her, to whom she owed her life, and for whom she felt in return the deepest, the most trustful affection. His name, he told her, was Frederick Hartman : though an Englishman, he had passed his life principally abroad, and had become implicated in

political disturbances, which made it necessary that he should keep himself concealed for some time; that, with this view, he had come into Cornwall, attended but by one old female servant, and was now living in the valley, about four miles from Mary's home; that, very shortly after his arrival, he had had the happiness of being instrumental in saving her life, and that from that moment she had never for an instant been absent from his thoughts. And Mary listened, and was delighted; and when he told her of foreign lands and sunny climes, she would feel as if a new world were opened to her, and would mark his every word, and lay it up in her heart. And what a treasure of them she kept there!—all to be turned over again at leisure in the quiet night, and to be meditated upon and enjoyed, as the miser gloats over his hoards.

But yet Mary was not happy, for many a pang and sting of conscience she experienced at thus carrying on a clandestine intercourse. To her mother her behaviour was, if possible, more tender and kind than ever; her very sorrow at concealing anything from her seeming to increase the affection she felt towards her. Often she urged and entreated her lover to see Mrs. Atherton, and to tell her all; but this no persuasion could induce him to do. "It was necessary," he said, "for his personal safety, that he should make himself known to no one." This idea Mary endeavoured to combat, but in vain; and yet, so strange are the contradictions of woman's heart, had she obtained his consent to what she asked, she would perhaps have shrunk from it herself. That very purity of mind which might have prompted another to make known the truth, without concealment, in one of Mary's too great sensitiveness and extreme delicacy, had an opposite effect. She entertained the greatest repugnance to making to her mother an avowal of her love. She could not bear the idea that she should fancy her changed—that she should think she had thrown off the feelings of a child, and taken up those of a woman. She could not endure to give her the pain of supposing that she was not now all in all to her daughter; that their peaceful, pleasant home was no longer that daughter's only temple of happiness; and that the quiet valley had ceased to be the whole world to her hopes and thoughts. And this very dread of giving pain—this same disposition that made her shrink from casting one shade of sorrow over her mother's heart, had the same effect with regard to her lover; and a dislike, almost an inability, to deny him, rather than herself, caused her to yield to his prayers, and to continue for a long time their meetings, even in opposition to her own better judgment and feelings.

But Mary had sound principles. She knew she was doing wrong; and though there was a long and severe struggle, her better self at length won the victory, and she determined that these clandestine interviews should cease. She had all reliance on her lover's truth and integrity, and was quite confident that when circumstances should so change that he might fearlessly be able to claim her hand with openness and honour, he would do so; but she resolved that until their meetings could take place with Mrs. Atherton's full knowledge and consent, they should be put an end to. Her resolution was confirmed by seeing, now and then, when she set forth alone on her walks, a look of quiet sadness in her mother's gentle eye; not meant as a reproach, but expressing to Mary's conscience-stricken heart that she felt bitterly that

her company was no longer prized and eagerly sought after, as it had formerly been, but was often rather shunned and avoided.

With the recollection of this sorrowful look bracing her mind and strengthening her purpose, Mary one day sought her lover, firm in her determination of putting an end to their present mode of intercourse.

"Frederick," she said, placing her hand gently and timidly in his, as he used every persuasion and entreaty to induce her to alter her resolve—"Frederick, seek no more to shake my resolution. You have succeeded in doing so before, but now it is in vain that you attempt it; our interviews *must* cease. But," she continued, kindly, "it will only be for a time, Frederick; when you are happily enabled to throw off this concealment, we shall be able to meet again, without this oppressive consciousness that we are acting wrongly and dishonourably."

"But," he cried, "how far off that time may be! It may be months, it may be years, before I find myself free; and if you refuse to see me, I cannot remain here. I could not bear to visit the places where we have wandered together, and to feel myself alone; every tree, every leaf, would remind me that you were lost to me. And when I see you again, you will be changed; some other will have filled your heart, and I shall be forgotten, or remembered only as the object of a girlish folly. No, Mary, if you indeed love me as you profess, revoke your cold determination, and let us once more be happy in each other, forgetful of aught else. Say, shall it not be so?"

"No," replied Mary; "that can never be."

"Then you are resolved?"

"I am."

Mary looked into her lover's face, and, terrified at the fierce gleam which shot from his eyes, stood in the trembling expectation of some violent outbreak of passion; but whatever his feelings might have been, he mastered them by a powerful effort, and said, in a tone of almost melancholy softness, "Then you care not for me. I have been an amusement, a pastime, a thing to be thrown aside when it was no longer exactly convenient to keep it. Come, confess it; fear not to speak the truth—I shall not reproach you."

"No," replied Mary, "I have no such confession to make; I love you truly and sincerely. Were it not for the dictates of honour, virtue, and religion, I could almost be to you as you say; but that must not be. Should we not meet again for years or for ever, you alone will always occupy my heart. One consolation will remain to me in your absence—I shall ever have the fullest confidence in your love. Should I ever have cause to doubt that, my heart, I am sure, would break."

"Then," he said, "if such are indeed your sentiments towards me, do not refuse me one favour; it is the last, perhaps, that I shall ever ask of you. Think over the matter again, and to-morrow evening meet me here, once more, at an hour after sunset. Do not deny me this."

"Once more, then," said Mary, "I will come; but it must be the last time. Till then, farewell!"

THE WAGNER CONTROVERSY.

THE Political Iliad is not fruitful, at present, in events of interest. Every now and then, to be sure, the cry of "To Arms!" is raised, and the respective combatants, seizing the first weapons that come to hand, rush to the field, but no pitched battle ensues; the fray ends in a mere skirmish, and, after a harmless clatter, the forces draw off on either side, and retire to their tents unhurt.

The true Iliad, where the antagonists are in earnest, and really mean mischief, is to be found, not on the floor of St. Stephen's, but on the debateable ground that lies between the Haymarket and Covent Garden; and the cause of quarrel—the "bright-checked Bryseis" who has stirred up the feud—is Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner.

To obtain possession of this lady, as fierce a warfare has been waged as moved the mighty warriors who contended for the dead body of Patroclus; and, at the moment we write, the Covent Garden Ajax and Haymarket Hector, joined in deadly struggle, are battering each other with their resounding weapons, while gods and men, standing aloof, anxiously await the issue. The Jove, in whose equal balance that result is weighed, is Vice-Chancellor Parker, and the Olympian height from whence he surveys the battle-field, is a four pair of stairs back attic in Westminster Hall.

We have enlisted a few great names fitly to introduce the contest between the rival theatres; its importance would have been lowered, had we descended to anything less than Homeric dimensions.

Pending the termination of the momentous question, let us put the case on record in these pages, as we find it set forth in the law report of the *Times* of the 24th ult.—certain technicalities omitted.

Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner is a charming young lady of four or five-and-twenty; and a Sunday paper, celebrated for the minute accuracy of its details, adds that "her personal appearance is more than usually prepossessing;" that she is "about five feet six or seven inches in height;" has a "fair complexion, with light hair," and "a pleasing expression of countenance, which fires up with much effect in the more impassioned scenes of her performances;" the very kind of person, in short, to excite an enthusiasm *unter den Linden*. Mademoiselle Wagner's star has, for some time past, been steadily rising in Germany, and now that the Lind eclipse and the Sontag occultation have turned away the eyes of men from their radiance, the new planet fixes all attention.

To secure so great a celebrity for the London public, has been the aim of the director of each of the rival operatic establishments. It appears that Mr. Frederick Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, was the first in the field, and endeavoured to monopolise the talents of the fair Saxon more than a twelvemonth ago; but existing engagements prevented the acceptance of his offer. Mademoiselle Wagner's success in Berlin last year was, however, so great, that it led to a final engagement at the Opera of the Prussian capital, which left her free to dispose of herself for six months in the year wherever she chose. This fact was no sooner known, than, with the eagerness to cater for the taste of the British public which

distinguishes the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley sought out Mademoiselle Wagner and her father, the Herr Albert, and made a proposition which was accepted.

Diplomatists may talk as they please about protocols, but the Treaty of Vienna itself, which settled (and unsettled) everything, was nothing to the "agreement" that took place at Berlin on the 9th of last November, between Mr. Benjamin Lumley on the one hand, and Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner, "Cantatrice of the Court of His Majesty the King of Prussia," on the other; the Herr Albert, who has a vested interest in his daughter's vocal capabilities, being also one of the high contracting powers. This instrument, which contained ten clauses, whose composition would not have done discredit to the genius of Metternich, Hardenberg, or Palmerston, provided entertainment for three months of the London season (if the Whigs and their allies will let it last so long), at the rate of a hundred pounds per week—not a very extravagant amount, certainly, when we remember what sums *have* been paid, but a tolerable *honorarium* after all for a young German singer, whose salary, while it lasted, was on rather a better footing than that of the English Prime Minister, who also, as it seems, has only a sessional engagement. The Herr Albert, by-the-bye, appears to have had larger ideas on the money question, but to this we shall refer presently. The document, moreover, declared that, by way we suppose of a retaining fee, Mr. Lumley was to pay Mademoiselle Wagner, at Berlin, on the 15th of March, 1852, the sum of 300*l.* sterling in bills of exchange, which sum was afterwards to be deducted from the lady's engagement after a stipulated manner.

But a treaty without an additional clause, after everybody has signed and sealed, resembles a will without a codicil; and in both cases the *addendum* generally turns out the most important part of the whole. It was discovered by Mr. Lumley, when he came to read the agreement which had been made for him by his agent, Dr. Bacher, that it did not contain the usual and necessary clause restricting Mademoiselle Wagner from singing anywhere ~~but~~ in Her Majesty's Theatre during the period of her engagement; and ~~at~~ there is fortunately no such thing as "free trade" at the Opera, a supplemental clause, embodying the condition that Mademoiselle Wagner's voice was to be solely for the use and behoof of Mr. Lumley, was agreed to, and everything now appeared to be plain sailing; the alliance was completed, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

But even marriage-bells sometimes get a little out of tune, and shortly after the agreement was signed, the Herr Albert made a discovery on his part, that he might have taken his daughter's talents to a better market; on the strength of which he wrote to his "dear friend," Dr. Bacher (characterising him, pleasantly, as a wandering Jew), and took occasion—while he admitted the engagement—to tell him so. The Herr Albert's words were: "That, however, in which everybody agrees, is, that we have made a very bad bargain as regards money matters; that clause, pressed by you on us, which prohibits us from singing at concerts, it is a real loss, especially as we are to have neither apartments nor carriage free, *which have been granted to others.*"

"To others"—yes,—but those, Herr Albert, were days of Californian liberality, when Prime Donne were obliged to curl their hair with bank-notes, and dissolve pearls in vinegar—or thin Moselle—at the banquets provided for them. You have mistaken the time of day, O Albert!—for though, as you justly add, "*England is only to be valued for her money*," she is not so prodigal of her gold as once she was: her senators—not being paid—go afoot or take an omnibus; her singers—who are—must seek their own modes of conveyance, and find their own board and lodging. Nevertheless, although Herr Albert turned up his nose at a cool but dirty hundred a-week, he announced his intention of coming to England with the new Nightingale at the time appointed, which was fixed for the 1st of April, afterwards extended by Mr. Lumley to the 18th of that month, though, from what has since taken place, the day first named would have been the most appropriate. Matters after this proceeded quietly, as a river rolls towards the sea—the Elbe, for instance, Herr Albert's own river—and Mr. Lumley merely took care to provide his agent, Dr. Bacher, with the money necessary for meeting the stipulation respecting the payment to be made on the 15th of March, according to the eighth article of the "Treaty of Berlin." But the Elbe is occasionally impeded in its northward course by being frozen up; and Hamburg, which often witnesses this elemental interruption, was the witness also of the operation of frost upon the budding prospects of Mr. Lumley. The director of Her Majesty's Theatre wrote, on the 11th of March, to Herr Albert, informing him that "the needful" had been lodged with Dr. Bacher, to be paid over to Mademoiselle Johanna, and that he supposed she had by that time received it. The answer he received was what, in the emphatic language of the day, is called a "stunner." Instead of an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, there came a facer from Herr Albert in the shape of a protest, under the seal of a notary-public of Hamburg, repudiating the famous "Treaty of Berlin," and though Mr. Lumley set off instantaneously to Hamburg with money in both pockets—a hundred and fifty pounds in each—the flimsies were refused by Herr Albert, and the terms of the treaty likened to the cant term for a bank-note; while, to make the dose of disappointment the more bitter, it presently transpired that Mademoiselle Johanna had entered into another agreement with the enterprising Mr. Frederick Gye. What arguments he employed to satisfy Herr Albert of the money value of England, we are not in a position to state—the above particulars being derived from a statement made *ex parte* before Vice-Chancellor Parker, on the 23d ult., who, on the face of them, granted an injunction, shutting up the voice of Mademoiselle Johanna on the evening of Saturday last.

For whose benefit it is to be let loose we are unable to say, as the affidavits of the party opposing the injunction were not to be put in till yesterday—too late for any cognizance of ours. We wish that amongst the Vice-Chancellor's injunctions he would impose one on the easterly wind, for if it lasts much longer his control over the caprices of singers will be a dead letter: *volentes volentes*, they will be unable to utter a note.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIX.

HESTER AND HER MONEY—THE ROBBERY.

HESTER and Julie continued to reside in the pretty cottage at Brompton, surrounded by shrubs and flowers. They lived here chiefly at the solicitation of Mr. Somerset, who was anxious that they should enjoy the benefit of a purer air than the close London streets afford. At the same time, they possessed the advantage of having for their neighbours Mr. Kellermann and his family, whom they might well regard in the light of protectors.

The sisters were walking up and down in the flower-garden. The heart of Hester was full of joyous anticipation, for it appeared by the arrangements of Mr. Somerset's attorney, that in two or three days, at furthest, the money was to be tendered to Mr. Hartley; consequently the "detainer" against her father would be withdrawn, and his dismissal from the prison, as a matter of course, would instantly follow.

"Julie," said Hester, "the blissful moment is fast approaching, when, after so many years, so many hopes defeated, and so many sufferings and privations on the part of our father, we shall see him free. Ought we not to be thankful to heaven, and bless God's kind providence, which has thus heard the prayers of the children, and smiled upon their efforts?"

"My sister!" said Julie. "How dear is that new name! I cannot repeat it too often. You kindly couple our names together; but all, all the credit is due to yourself. You alone are the good benefactress, the giver of freedom and joy to our father."

"No, let us share the happiness of having served him, as we intend to share everything else in the world."

At this instant the postman was seen approaching the garden-gate. He held a letter in his hand: it was for Hester. She carelessly broke the seal; but the writing, which was a loose running hand, was unknown to her. At first, so reckless was she, that her eyes seemed scarcely to trouble themselves to glance at the words; but, continuing to read, she grew pale and agitated. The contents of the letter were as follows:

"MADAM,—I make no apology for addressing you, since I write entirely on business. I am one of the clerks in the banking-house of Messrs. C., S., and Co.; and by our books I perceive you have a deposit in our hands. I may be acting wrong with regard to my employers, or rather their creditors, but having, by chance, learnt the praiseworthy purpose for which your money has been saved, common humanity prompts me to the disclosure I am about to make. Madam, I would spare you a bitter pang, and I sincerely trust your poor father may obtain his freedom at last. I write, then, to apprise you, as a profound secret, that our bank is in difficulties. The firm must suspend payment in a few days at

furthest. In fact, they cannot go on. Consequently, your money, unless promptly drawn out, must be sacrificed; for, from the state of the accounts, I much fear the firm will not pay one shilling in the pound. Do not, however, hurry yourself. Your cheque, if presented to-morrow, no doubt will be duly paid; that is, unless a heavy demand should be made on us this afternoon, in which case the house most probably will close to-morrow, and the firm announce themselves bankrupts.

"I am, madam, with every feeling of respect and sympathy,

"Your obedient servant,

"* * *

Hester re-read the letter aloud to Julie, and both were in a state of terrible excitement and alarm. What motives could the clerk have in addressing her but those of humanity? Surely no mercenary feelings swayed him, for he would gain nothing by disclosing the state of his employers' affairs. But was the letter a hoax, to raise in her needless fears—a forgery of their enemy's? Oh, no, reasoned Hester; it bore the stamp of truthfulness and honesty in every line. The clerk had learnt her situation, and was moved by compassion.

But time pressed. It was now four in the afternoon; and London banks, she knew, closed at five. To delay drawing out the money until the morrow, might be a fatal procrastination. The firm might then be insolvent; and the very chance of such an event it was dreadful to contemplate. Was there time to hurry to the Fleet Prison and consult with her father? She thought not. Hester's resolve was taken; for promptness, in cases of emergency, is frequently the best policy. At her request, the master of the cottage ran to the nearest mews for a fly, and the sisters were whirled off to Charing-cross, in the vicinity of which the banking-house was situated.

When Hester entered the bank, she was rather surprised at seeing such large bundles of Bank of England notes, and such piles of gold, in the possession of parties said, by her informant, to be on the point of ruin. But, no doubt, the sight was fallacious, the display of wealth being meant for a "blind." She wrote the cheque hastily on the counter. Her signature was well known to the head clerk, and he did not for a moment scruple to pay her the full amount of her deposit. When she left the bank, it wanted only a few minutes of the time when public business would be closed, and the poor girl congratulated herself on having thus saved her all from the imagined approaching wreck.

It was already growing dusk, it being the middle of November. The first question that presented itself was, where for the night should she deposit the money? Hester would have hastened to her father; but the idea of carrying such a sum into the Fleet Prison, where numberless rogues and sharpers were lodged with honest men, could not be entertained. With the timidity and suspicion natural to those who earn their money hardly, she feared to place it, without proper security, into the hands of her father's attorney. So she stood on the pavement irresolute. Julie, too, knew not what to advise. At that moment a man, wrapped in a great coat, passed them hurriedly, crossed the street, and stationed himself near the door of the bank which they had just quitted. There was something suspicious about the person, for he seemed carefully to hide his face, and yet to peer about him quickly and constantly.

"That man watches us," said Hester, uneasily, to Julie, concealing

the reticule which held the money beneath her cloak. "We had better, I think, call a coach, and return at once to Brompton."

Julie was of the same opinion.

"Certainly," she suggested, "we may keep the money in our possession safely enough until to-morrow; then, in the broad daylight, we might go to our father, and consult with him."

"Yes, we will ask him," said Hester, "if we shall not accompany the lawyer immediately to Mr. Hartley's, demand the delivery of the bill he holds, and so, without further delay, complete the business."

That arrangement seemed a very satisfactory one to Julie; but as they proceeded in the coach, Hester, looking through the window, perceived another vehicle rapidly following them.

"Why does that cabriolet track us?" she observed to her companion.

"Into whatever street we turn, it turns also."

"I saw that man in the cloak jump into a cabriolet as we drove off: yes, it is the same—I know it by the white horse."

"Julie," exclaimed Hester, "I feel very uneasy."

"Oh! we need not be alarmed—why should we? Of course the man can know nothing of what we have with us; he only happens to be going the same way. There, he has turned down another street; I dare say we shall see no more of him."

Julie in this was right. They saw no more of him. His object, perhaps, was accomplished; for he now knew they were proceeding *home*.

Hester, by the time they reached Brompton, had entirely dismissed her fears; but it was now dark, and the sisters did not, by any indiscreet word or action, betray to the gardener who owned the small house, that they had anything valuable in their possession. At the usual time, they wished him and his wife good-night, and retired to their bed-room. In spite of her usual self-possession, Hester could not help feeling great nervousness regarding the safety of the money. She wished, when it was too late, that they had not scrupled to trust her father's attorney. The muffled figure of the man in the cloak again began to haunt her, and a fearful idea rose in her mind, but she did not mention it to Julie. Suppose, after all, the banker's clerk was in league with some London rogue, and had frightened her into a withdrawal of the money, only to rob her of it! However base a man Mr. Pike might be, she could not believe he had sunk so low as to become a common thief; and yet he might have incited the clerk to commit the villany, and even employed the rogue.

"What are you thinking of, Hester?" asked Julie, observing her sister's absent manner.

"Nothing, nothing—only," whispered Hester, "I cannot forget that man."

"Now, to me, nothing seems more groundless than your apprehensions."

"You are right. However, I shall not go to bed to-night," she added, in a scarcely audible tone; "I shall sit up and—watch."

"You will injure your health. I hope you will not do this."

"It will be the safest plan. Besides, I shall be unable to close my eyes. Think, Julie, of the great importance of our trust. A father's freedom from an imprisonment that might be continued to the end of his life, depends on the possession of this little packet. Yes, public

taste and fashion are so changeable, that, another season, I might be unable to save any money. Here, then—here are garnered all our hopes.”

“Well, dear Hester, be it as you will; but don’t think I shall rest my sluggard head, and leave you to watch alone.”

An amiable contention now took place between the sisters—a contention carried on chiefly by kisses. It was who should sleep, and who should remain awake. At length it was decided that they should act sentinel by turns, the one alternately waking the other every few hours, or as they might feel tired.

“We must burn a light,” said Julie, “until daybreak.”

“Yes, it will be an additional safeguard.”

Hester resolved to watch first; her sister accordingly crept to her bed, and was soon asleep. The money drawn from the bank consisted of Bank of England notes, being chiefly fives and tens, and one hundred sovereigns. Suspicion and fear again had prompted her to this. Had she chosen large notes, and any one happened to be forged, if it could not be traced to solvent parties, the loss would be terrible. Small notes, she imagined, would be safer, while sovereigns were safest of all. The poor girl had been cheated so many times, and Pike had harassed her by so many villainies, that this general mistrust was very natural, and almost excusable. She had taken the precaution to copy on a sheet of paper the numbers and dates of the several notes: they formed a roll, which, together with the sovereigns, could not be contained in her pocket; so from her reticule she had transferred the money, first placing it all in a bag, to the drawer of a bureau near the bed; this drawer she carefully locked, and placed the key in her pocket.

Hester seated herself at a table which stood between her and the fire, which was burning steadily, though not brightly; on her left was the bed, where Julie now placidly slumbered; and near her, so that her outstretched hand could touch it, stood the bureau. The window of the room overlooked the garden; it had no shutters, but a thick curtain was drawn across it. The gardener and his wife slept in the apartment behind, which was divided from the one we have been describing by a narrow passage.

It was about half-past eleven; the night was calm, and all without was silent, except that occasionally a slight gust blew against the front of the house, causing the rose-trees to wave, and the climbing honeysuckle to make a flapping noise as it brushed against the pane. The moon was nearly at her full, but diffused a very uncertain light through the patches of dark clouds which overspread the sky.

Hester had a volume open before her, but her anxious look, and her glances, so frequently cast towards the bureau containing her treasure, betrayed that she was ill able to read. Then her eyes would wander to the window, back to the fire, and at last fix themselves on the placid face of her sister. Now that the newly-discovered relationship endeared the slumberer to her, the mild disposition of Julie, her trustfulness, her simplicity, and her intense love, were as so many ties that bound her to her heart. By the feeble rays of the half-shaded candle, Hester might have been seen approaching on tiptoe, and bending over the couch. Like an infant, Julie lay there in sweet unconsciousness; Hester kissed her cheek, and then retired to her seat. Hush! what sound did she hear?—it

seemed like a rustling among the shrubs of the garden, accompanied by a light step: mechanically, she went to the bureau, and ascertained that the key was safe in her pocket; then, advancing to the window, she moved the curtain a little on one side; everything was still without, and no one could be perceived walking in the lane beyond the garden. The moonlight faintly revealed the flowers, which were hanging their heads heavy with dew. The rustling just heard, no doubt was the creeping of the wind; and as for the step, she must have been mistaken.

Hester trimmed her fire, and endeavoured to compose herself. The neighbouring clock struck twelve—she read, and thought, and read again: it struck one—she felt herself yielding to drowsiness, and in order to shake it off, moved two or three times across the room. Suddenly the gardener's little dog ran barking down the garden; this was not a common practice with him, and instantly roused Hester's attention. She stood before the window, listening; her ear was painfully on the stretch, and she felt a tingling sensation through her veins.

Another sharp bark—a low growl—and the dog was quiet. Either he had laid himself down among the shrubs, or had retired to the porch of the house. Not a sound, not a breath, could now be heard; so, having listened about half an hour longer, Hester drew back from the window, being satisfied that her fears were groundless. Should she now awake Julie, and indulge in a little rest herself, according to their agreement?—no; she felt a reluctance to arouse her sister from her quiet sleep; rather would she bear the burden, and watch through the weary hours.

Three o'clock—Hester's eyes are fixed on the fire, which burns low without being replenished; they close, open, and close again; objects fade and grow indistinct, the candle remains untrimmed, and the leaves of her book are unturned. Nature seems striving to overcome the watchful spirit, and tired Nature gradually triumphs. Her hands fall listlessly on her lap, her head droops forward on her bosom, and the young watcher, worn out, has sunk into a deep but quiet slumber.

A very short time had elapsed when there was a slight scraping against the front of the house, near the window. The dog did not bark; for, truth to say, he had been struck down and stunned in the garden. A small portion of the curtain before the window, Hester, by accident, had left undrawn, and now, shining through that aperture, appeared, as it were, two glittering sparks—they were the eyes of a man: yes, a man was looking in, and he had been enabled to mount to the cottage window, about twelve feet from the ground, by means of a rope-ladder, one end of which, having an iron hook, had caught the bar placed horizontally a few inches above the sill.

The man wore a mask, therefore no features were visible except his eyes, which, we have said, glittered with a remarkable brilliancy. Now the head disappeared, as though the person hesitated in his design, if that design were to enter the house. The next minute the eyes shone again, and a hand traced rapidly a circle on the outside of one of the glass panes; a round hole was dexterously cut by a diamond, and the hand being introduced, instantly unbolted the window. Slowly and without noise the sash was raised; first the head was thrust through, then the shoulders, and, finally, the right leg being passed over the sill, the man stood in the room.

He was small and thin in person, but possessed, apparently, of much strength and agility; a leather cap covered his head, meeting the mask at the forehead; his clothes were of dingy black, and his coat was buttoned tightly around him, that no impediment might be offered to his progress. He held in his hand a short staff or bludgeon; his design, no doubt, in case of surprisal, being to stun or fell any one who might oppose him.

Again those eyes, through the holes of the mask, were glaring around the room. At length, he appeared to be satisfied that the two young women were in sound slumber, for he crept towards the table on which Hester was now resting her weary head. He had the precaution, however, to hold the bludgeon firmly in his right hand, in readiness for instant use should occasion require.

How the burglar should have known that Hester had a treasure concealed somewhere, seemed one of those strange mysteries so frequently thrown around the actions of thieves. They gain information through channels the most undreamt of, and appear almost endowed with a power of sometimes seeing through stone walls and into iron chests.

The man cautiously opened the desk, which stood on the table. He forced out the private drawers, and turned over the papers, but no money was there. He softly felt Hester's pocket with his left hand, still holding in his right the bludgeon above her; which action plainly intimated that he should not scruple to stun her, in case she awoke prematurely. No roll of notes, no sovereigns, were about her person; of this he felt satisfied. Gazing from object to object, the bureau quickly attracted his attention. He tried the drawers, but those which remained unlocked, he cared nothing about, for thieves are well aware that property is seldom deposited in open drawers. Ha! he found one that was fast; now, no doubt, the prize was near. He dared not waste time in searching for the real key, but plucked from his pocket a bundle of keys, called skeleton, and which were of all sizes.

On the first trial he made a slight noise, and the drawer would not open. That grating sound had no effect on the deep sleep of Julie, but it caused Hester to move in her chair. The man, perceiving the last circumstance, instantly stepped up on tiptoe behind her. His leaded staff was raised above her head, and we shudder to think what Hester's fate might have been, had she chanced that instant to awake! But, after a few words feebly murmured in her dream, she remained quiet as before, her forehead resting on her arms, which were crossed on the table. The man in the mask again plied the keys. His perseverance was at length rewarded with success, for the drawer was opened. Oh, how eagerly he peered into it! His hand clutched something—it was a bag; this bag contained a soft substance, which proved to be a roll of bank notes; that slight jingle—his practised ear could never be mistaken—it was the chink of sovereigns!

The treasure—the precious treasure, thus fell into the possession of the miscreant, and no one was there to arrest his flight; excited by his success, and trembling with joy, he retreated to the window, and, as he passed by Hester, extinguished her candle, leaving the room in total darkness. Then, creeping through the opened window, and closing the sash after him, he hurried out of the garden.

J A P A N.

FAR away in the North Pacific Ocean, abutting on China, with which they are connected by Saghalian, but physically united to Kamtschatka, of which they and the Kurile Isles form but a spur, is a group of islands which very closely resemble Great Britain placed in the latitude of Spain, with Ireland to the north of Scotland, and two great islands in the Channel, and which are again prolonged by the Lu-chu and other islets to Formosa and the Philippine Islands, and by these again and New Guinea to the continent of Australia, thus constituting one great band of rock, and land, and sea, which girt by their semicircular disposition the Arch-archipelago of the world—one vast expanse of ocean, everywhere studded with coral-reefs, islets, and islands, and groups of islands.

The lands in question, rich with all the gifts of nature, fertile beyond measure, and with a glorious climate, have long constituted a populous empire remote from the rest of the world, and which, if accidentally or purposely thrown in contact with it, it has repelled with churlish, cowardly selfishness. This empire is called by the natives Iifun, or Nifun, "the Foundation of the Sun," and by the Chinese Yang-hu. Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, having first announced its existence to Europeans, called the country Zipangu—a name which has become abbreviated and corrupted into Japan. From the admeasurements of Hassel, it would appear that this vast insular empire of Eastern Asia possesses a superficies of 270,211 square miles. Its population is immense. Kempfer assures us that the number of people one encounters on the roads and highways is incredible. It has been estimated as high as 50,000,000, and as low as 10,000,000; but there cannot be less inhabitants than 30,000,000; and they are of Mongolo-Chinese or Tatar-Chinese origin, their language being also a dialect of the Chinese.

A Chinese monarchy also succeeded upon the fabulous epoch of Japanese history, which reaches far beyond the time of the Creation as fixed in sacred writs, and during which time Japan was governed by a succession of seven celestial spirits or gods, each of which reigned an immense number of years. The actual Chinese monarchy comes down, however, to Sin Mu Ten Oo, who reigned within 660 years B.C. With that epoch commences the Oo Dai-tsin-oo, more commonly called Dayri, or Dayro—a succession of popes or ecclesiastical emperors, of whom 114 succeeded hereditarily to the throne between 660 B.C. and A.D. 1266. In this interval two invasions were repelled—that of the Mantchus in 799, and that of the Mongols under Kubla Khan in 1281.

The empire of Japan, as now constituted, was founded by a soldier of fortune, who left to the Dayri the spiritual supremacy only, with the title and revenues attached to his hereditary office. The name of this usurper was Taiko, and after making war in Corea, he was poisoned by his own subjects. Taiko was succeeded by another usurper, called Ongoschio, who was again succeeded by his son Combo, and the latter also by his son Chiongon, who sat on the throne at the time when the Dutch first settled in the country. At that time, and ever since, the secular emperor has continued to pay formal visits to the Da-tsin, or supreme religious head of the country, and whose residence is at the opulent and

commercial city of Miaco, some 125 leagues from Yedo; and twenty-eight palaces are said to be erected at convenient distances, to lodge the emperor and his retinue in these state journeys.

The first settlement in Japan, at Firando and Nangasaki, took its origin in the wreck of the Portuguese adventurer, Fernando Mendez Pinto, in 1542 or 1543, and who carried such glowing accounts to his countrymen, as to induce them to send a commercial expedition, which, establishing itself at Nangasaki, conducted for several years a considerable trade with the natives. In 1585, a missionary deputation was sent from Rome to Japan; and the Jesuits having set about converting the natives, such an outcry was raised, that many lives were sacrificed, the most barbarous scenes were enacted, and the Portuguese were ultimately obliged to leave the country.

The Portuguese were succeeded in the Japan trade by the Dutch, in whose favour an exception was made on account of their being Protestants. The trade of the latter people was at one time of enormous value, but has dwindled down to its present comparatively insignificant amount through their own mismanagement and indiscretion. There was a period in the history of their commercial intercourse with the Japanese when they drained the islands of the precious metals to an incredible amount. This excited the apprehensions of the court, much in the same way as the exchange of silver, and nothing but silver, for opium lately brought matters to a crisis in China. The value of the currency was constantly tampered with in all transactions between the Dutch and Japanese; and to such an extent, writes Mr. Imhoff, "that our commerce was carried on as by people groping in the dark, neither knowing the actual price of purchase or sale. Since 1710, all articles of trade not disposed of at a profit of 63 per cent. rendered a loss." The same writer tells us that his countrymen have, over and over again, declined to receive many valuable articles of commerce which were, from time to time, tendered by the Japanese. The conduct of the Company's servants at Japan, besides, appears, as is usual in such cases, to have been infamous. The Dutch, in place of a dignified but firm resistance to all the encroachments and insults of the Japanese, gave way in every instance; and this base conduct on the part of Europeans tended infinitely to increase the pride and arrogance of an already vain, ignorant, and exclusive people.

*In 1634, Hagenaar was sent by the Governor-General of Batavia to Formosa and Japan. The Dutch at that time had what they called a lodge—a large wooden building, in the bay of Firando, as also a factory at Furchi. The intolerance and jealousy of the Japanese was manifested on this as on all other occasions. Thirty-seven persons lost their lives at Firando, on account of their being either professed Christians or born of Christian parents. Some were hung up by the feet; others were beheaded, and cut to pieces; and again, others were tied to stakes and burnt.

In 1635, Hagenaar having visited Firando a second time, disputes had arisen which necessitated a mission to Yedo. Accordingly, a public entry was made into the capital; on which occasion the concourse of people was so great, that they could scarcely move forward. But, as usual, after nearly a month had elapsed in various procrastinated ceremonies and negotiations, a message was sent, intimating that no opportunity had yet occurred of laying their petition before the emperor, that it was not

likely their business could be done for some time, and that the Dutch mission had better return to whence it came.

Hagenaar accordingly returned, but some of the Dutch merchants remained behind, among whom was Fraus Caron, who has left us an account of the capital of the country, which he describes as being very large, the palace or castle alone being four or five miles in circumference, and surrounded by three deep moats and stone walls. The streets are also very broad, and some are bordered on both sides by sumptuous palaces. The gates are fortified on each side with iron bands or gratings, and over each grating is a large building, capable of containing, in case of necessity, two or three hundred men. As the imperial residence at Yedo is very likely to undergo bombardment at the hands of the Americans before the emperor will listen to their representations, a brief description may prove not uninteresting.

It is (says Caron) in the interior part of the castle that the imperial palace is situated, consisting of many large apartments, surrounded by shady groves, which, although planted by art, appear to be the productions of nature. There are likewise fish-ponds, rivulets, open spaces, race-grounds, rides, gardens, and a number of separate apartments for the women.

In the second inclosure stand the palaces of the princes of the blood and of the principal ministers. In the third and outer inclosure are the palaces of the principal kings and nobles of Japan, all gilt and richly adorned. Without are the dwellings and houses of the inferior nobles, more or less sumptuous according to their rank. Taken altogether, this astonishingly large palace appears within and without like a golden mountain; for all the nobles, from the highest to the lowest, spare no expense to ornament their residences, in order to give a greater lustre to the whole, and to please the emperor, who takes great delight therein.

Here reside the married wives and children of the nobles, in order that, being always under the eye of the court, they may serve as hostages for their fidelity. This exceedingly large palace, which has an extent equal to a large city, is thus at all times filled with great men, who never appear in public without a numerous retinue of inferior nobles, pages, horses, and palankins. The streets, however broad, are yet too narrow for their pompous processions.

Caron, describing afterwards the pomp and magnificence of the imperial retinue, he adds, "How uncommonly large soever the number be of the soldiers kept by this monarch, none are found amongst them but chosen men, well made, of a courageous appearance, expert in the use of arms, and even not ignorant of literature."

The number of the troops which the kings and nobles must furnish upon the first summons of the court, amounted at that time to 368,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry. Most of the nobles, however, generally kept in actual service twice as many troops as they were required to furnish at the first summons. The emperor also entertained, out of his private purse, 10,000 foot-soldiers and 20,000 horsemen, who lie in garrison in the cities or fortresses, or serve him as body-guards. All the cavalry wear armour, but the foot-soldiers only wear a helmet. Some of the horsemen are described at that time as being armed with pistols, some with short lances, and others with bows and arrows; all, however, were provided with scimitars. The infantry were armed with two sabres, and, according to the size and strength of the men, with heavy or lighter fire-locks. Some carried long pikes, or nanganets, "which are a sort of bayonet." But this has undergone great changes—fire-arms having been more generally introduced.

According to Caron, such is the wealth of Japan, that the incomes of the chief ministers amount to 182,000*l.*, those of the inferior placemen to 91,000*l.*, and the salaries of those who fill the lowest stations may, at least, be reckoned at from 18,200*l.* to 27,300*l.* But although the nobles also possess very enormous revenues, yet the expenses which they are obliged to incur swallow all up. At Yedo, especially, everything is very dear, and housekeeping, especially on the Japanese scale, is very expensive. Whatever can be imagined as contributing to pleasure and the support of luxury, is to be met with. The entertainments given by kings and nobles to the emperor are often ruinous to them.

The women of Japan are rigidly secluded, even more so than among the Muhammadans; but they have many pleasures—gardens, fish-ponds, harbours, summer-houses, half on shore and half over the water, and all sorts of land-birds and water-fowl, musical instruments, and such like. Plays are represented, and feasts and banquets constantly occur. Their dress is of different-coloured silk. Each, according to the rank they hold, or the post assigned them, wears an appointed colour.

The revenues of the nobles arise out of the various products which their territories afford. Some lands yield corn; some gold and silver; others copper, iron, tin, or lead; others again timber, hemp, cotton, or silk. The emperor disposes of the fisheries, more particularly of the whale fisheries, once a source of large revenue, but now almost entirely in the hands of Americans and others.

The Japanese are neither very superstitious nor are they over-religious. They do not pray either in the morning or the evening, and the most religious scarcely go to the pagoda more than once a month. At the same time, the number of pagodas in Japan is incredibly large. The priests reside in them—from two to twenty in a community, according to the size of the buildings.

The priests naturally side with the nobles in keeping the people and the middle classes in ignorance and slavery, and it is to this social state, in which almost all other classes but the nobility, the military, and the priests, are more or less despised, and in which all the evils of feudalism are superadded to a pure and irresponsible despotism, that are to be traced the long seclusion of the nation. Only let the merchants and the industrious classes once feel their importance in the social state, and such a seclusion would soon become impossible.

The devotion of the Japanese is unbounded; when a nobleman dies, from twenty to thirty of his subjects, as his dependants are termed, put themselves to death, and a word from the emperor suffices to the same effect. They have many virtues in the practices of domestic life, but also many vices, which they carry even into their pagodas.

All the necessities and the luxuries of life are produced in the empire. It yields gold, silver, copper, and lead, in abundance; and furnishes also cotton cloth, goatskins, an annual quantity of one hundred thousand peculs of silk, and of between three and four hundred thousand peculs of silk-cotton (the produce of the *Bombax pentandrum*), a great many deer-skins, timber, and all kinds of provisions in much greater abundance than is requisite for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Japanese ware and Japan-work has been celebrated from a remote antiquity. It is alluded to in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The climate of Japan is said to be happy and healthful, but subject to

extremes of cold in winter and of heat in summer. This, however, must vary much in different islands. It rains frequently, with much thunder and lightning. The sea, which encompasses the islands, is very rough and stormy, which, with the many rocks, cliffs, and shoals, above and under water, make its navigation very dangerous. There are also two remarkable and dangerous whirlpools. Water-spouts are also frequently observed to rise in the Japanese seas. The natives fancy that they are a kind of water-dragons. Earthquakes are so common that the natives think no more of them than we do of an ordinary storm. Yet sometimes whole cities are destroyed, and thousands of inhabitants buried under the ruins. Such a dreadful accident happened, as Father Lewis de Froes relates (*de Rebus Japonicis collecto a Joh. Hayo*), in the year 1586. Kempfer relates that, in 1703, by an earthquake, and fire that followed thereon, almost the whole city of Yedo, and the imperial palace itself, were destroyed and laid in ashes, and upwards of 200,000 inhabitants buried under the ruins.

There are burning mountains in several of the islands, some of which seem to be volcanic, but others chemical phenomena. Coal is also said to abound. In some parts the natives use naptha instead of oil. Amber is abundant, and the pearl fishery is prosecuted with success.

Among the chief trees are the mulberry, the varnish-tree, various laurels and bays, camphor-laurel, the tea-shrub, sansio, used instead of pepper or ginger, fig-trees, chestnuts, walnuts, oranges, lemons, grapes, &c., &c. The superiority of the Japan-varnish is owing to the virtues of the juice of the urusi, or varnish-tree, described by Kempfer in his "*Amœnitates Exoticae*."

The leading religions are called Sinto, which is the old religion or idol-worship; Budso, the worship of idols, chiefly of Indian origin; and Sinto, the doctrine of their moralists and philosophers. There have also been many Kiristando, or Christians, but these have been so dreadfully persecuted that it is difficult to say if many remain.

The English and the Russians have made several attempts to seduce this jealous people into friendly and commercial intercourse, but without success. The rigidity with which that part of the Japanese code of police which relates to the exclusion of foreigners from the kingdom, was strikingly illustrated by the reception of Resanoff's Russian mission in 1806. From the first day to the last of the ships remaining as Nangasaki, they were surrounded by guard-boats, which allowed of no intercourse with the natives, and only the illness of the ambassador procured a well-guarded walk of a few feet on shore.

The last English ship that visited Nangasaki was the *Samarang*, on which occasion, according to Mr. Marryatt, the Japanese instantly ran up a number of chintz and coloured cotton forts, in the old Chinese style. Well nigh forty years had elapsed since an English ship-of-war—the *Phæton*—had last appeared in that port. Time was, it has been justly remarked, when the English might have turned their intercourse with Japan to good account. In the year 1616, the Emperor of Japan had granted to our people the privileges of commerce, with permission to erect a factory. Seven years afterwards, in 1623, the East India Company abandoned the settlement because their commerce with Japan had not at the outset yielded them such profitable returns as they had expected. In 1672, the Company attempted to renew their intercourse

with Japan, but the attempt proved ineffectual. Our king had married a Portuguese princess, and the Portuguese at that period were regarded by the court of Japan with much the same feeling as the French by the Spaniards during the Peninsular war. Until the conclusion of the eighteenth century the question was left at rest, when a select committee of the East India Company was appointed to inquire into the policy of re-opening the trade. Will it be believed that half a dozen English men of business were found who reported against the policy of making such an attempt, mainly because the consignments of Japanese copper might interfere with the products of our own mines?—as though copper were the only article which could be obtained from Japan! In some degree, therefore, we have to thank our own indifference and inaction, if the shores of Japan have been so long closed against us.

But it would now seem as if the term of civilised seclusion is at hand. It was long ago foreseen that the settlement of California by a busy, enterprising population, would sooner or later lead to intercourse with China, Japan, and the other islands of the Eastern Archipelago. The Chinese were, indeed, among the first to participate in the gold discoveries of the western shores of the Pacific. Japan did not require this stimulus, being long renowned for its own gold produce. To counterbalance this inevitable progressive tendency of the Anglo-Americans, Great Britain had nothing to do but to open a new transterrestrial line from the St. Lawrence to the Columbia, to avail herself of the fertile lands and noble streams and inlets in Oregon, to display her gold from the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, her coal from Vancouver Island, her inexhaustible supplies of furs, fowl, fish, and timber, and an English colonisation of the western board of the Pacific would have ensued. A slight attempt was made, but it was so cramped by official formalities, so discouraged by a company whose charter, happily for the civilisation of North America, is about soon to expire, and so burdened with red-tape restrictions, that naturally no one would venture to untried lands and climates, subject to stringent regulations which it might not be in their power to comply with, or, to do which, would be ruinous to the prospects of the adventurers.

This failing, one or two attempts were made by Lord Palmerston—always more alive to the interest of his country than the late colonial minister—to induce the Emperor of Japan to enter into neighbourly relations; and the new grounds of argument were possibly not lost sight of—that in so doing the Tenkasama, or “sub-celestial monarch,” as the occupant of the throne of Japan delights to call himself, would do that which would most conduce to his own safety and welfare, and that of his dominions.

The argument was, however, lost upon so vain, so obtuse, so arrogant a nation. They no doubt consider their hosts of pike-bearers, umbrella and hat-bearers, chest-bearers and palankin-bearers, grooms and footmen, with their black silk habits tucked up above the waist, exposing their naked backs to the spectators’ view, with grave countenances and mimic dances, their foot drawn up and arm outstretched, as if about to swim in the air, as an invincible army. This is a delusion, as great as that of the ugly countenances and painted monsters of the Chinese; so also will be found to be their palaces and castles of gilded fir and cedar, and walls of dry mud or unhewn stones, hastily put together.

There was a time when Great Britain would not have been in the rear where enterprise, adventure, and profit, were concerned. Those were the days of our Cabots, our Raleighs, our Cooks, and our Drakes. They are now almost gone by, and the spirit of olden time is superseded by a maykish sentimentality that cherishes a Japanese bikuni (itinerant nun) as a sister to be reclaimed, and an Anthropagous assassin as a benighted brotherly aboriginal. If a Borneo Raleigh does spring up, he is rewarded by all kinds of misrepresentations, calumnies, and obloquies.

Our sons of the New World are neither so punctilious nor so scrupulous. The pathway traced out by Providence for a great nation lies before them. We leave, by our squeamishness, Australia and New Zealand almost at their mercy, and they will one day elbow us in the streets of Calcutta. The Americans have, indeed, a just right to impel a stubborn nation to acts of common humanity. Japan not only refuses to hold commercial intercourse with the rest of the world—a very questionable right—but she goes further; and occupying, as she does, an enormous extent of sea-coast, she not only refuses to open her ports to foreign vessels in distress, but actually opens her batteries (such as they are) upon them when they approach within gunshot of her shores; and when driven upon them by stress of weather, she seizes upon, imprisons, exhibits in cages, and actually murders the crews of such ill-fated vessels.

"This," says a writer in the *New York Courier and Inquirer*, "has been submitted to too long already; and the constant increase of our whale fleet, and the consequent increase of disasters in this barbarous and inhospitable region, have compelled our government, unprompted except by its wise foresight, to insist upon a reform in the policy and bearing of the Japanese towards the rest of the world. The single fact, that at one time within the last year there were 121 American whalers lying in the harbours of the Sandwich Islands, far away from their cruising-grounds, because they could not enter any harbour on the coast of Japan for repairs, shows not only the extent of our commerce in that region, but the claims of humanity itself for protection against the barbarians who thus cut off, as it were, the commerce of the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Ochotsk." (The Sea of Japan might have been added.)

The means by which the Americans propose to themselves to bring Japan within the pale of humanity and of international-courtesy, are, let the Peace and Aboriginal Protection Societies say what they will, the only efficient means with a selfish, barbarous government—the exhibition of a sufficient force, and, if necessary, the positive use of a certain amount of coercion.

To this effect, one of the best officers on the Navy List of the United States has been appointed to the command of a squadron, which will consist of the *Susquehannah* steam-frigate, which is now cruising in the eastern waters, and of the steam-frigates *Mississippi* and *Princeton*; a frigate, a sloop of war, and a store-ship. It is stated that the greatest efforts are being made in the New York navy-yard to get the expedition ready for instant service; and it is probable that Commodore Perry may have left New York already with his squadron for the seas of Japan. The force to be employed is amply sufficient for the purpose. The officers entrusted with the command can have little difficulty in dictating their own terms both at Nangasaki and Yedo, with such a power at their disposal. An expedition against Japan is a much simpler affair than our

own operations in China. We are not, indeed, sufficiently aware of the internal politics of the country to know whether or not the Emperor of Japan has as much to dread from his own subjects, in case of reverses, as his Celestial cousin at Peking. The Japanese are undoubtedly a more military nation than the Chinamen; but it is not likely they can offer any effective resistance against the howitzers and rocket-tubes of the United States' squadron. Above all, the operations can be mainly conducted without quitting the sea-coast. The surveys of the Nangasaki waters have been very carefully made. The United States' whaling ships are intimately acquainted with the navigation along the eastern shore of Japan, and so through the Straits of Sangara, which divide Nifun from Joso. Whatever else of this kind may be necessary is easily to be accomplished by the armed boats of the expedition.

The more enthusiastic Yankees, besides seeing in this movement a triumph to the Whig party, also imagine a war of aggression and conquest. One of the organs of Mr. Fillmore's party writes:

It is very clear that after we have gone through to the Pacific, and got possession, for all practical purposes, of the continent, our adventurous spirit will wish for some new field for conquest, excitement, and fortune. Editors may write of it as they will, the fact can be read now as clearly as it will be a year or ten years hence—that our aggressions and conquests on the Asiatic coast are beginning. The United States will shortly enact the same gunpowder drama England played in '42 with China, and we shall do it with less moderation. Already the Sandwich Islands, like ripe fruit, are falling into our hands. Other Pacific clusters are ready to be gathered. And then will come Japan, whose brilliant, opulent, and populous capital already glares on the eye of ambition, and inflames the heart of cupidity. We have "finished up" America, as the phrase goes; and as there is nothing to hope for in Europe, the eye of the nation, which has for some years been resting on the glittering quartz mountains of California, is now bent on the ancient shores of Asia;—there will, doubtless, be opened the next act of the drama of our republican empire.

And, after all, is it not inevitable that sooner or later those besotted Oriental nations must come out from their barbarous seclusion, and wheel into the ranks of civilisation? England has been at work for a long time in India, and she has made a beginning in China. Let us take the Pacific Islands, group by group, advance to Japan, and meet in Shanghai. The Anglo-Saxons are the masters of the world; unless the Cossacks (the modern Huns) make another irruption, and carry with them the night of another barbarous age to the shores of the Mediterranean.

This, however, is altogether anticipatory. There can be no doubt that for the present the Americans will content themselves with giving the Japanese a lesson in international policy similar to that which we gave to the Chinese, and which we hope may be productive of more enlarged and more lasting effects. Great additions to science and to commerce may also be anticipated from a thorough hydrographic survey, that is at the same time to be effected, of the innumerable rich islands in the Indian Archipelago, and of the coasts of Northern China; and if the objects of the expedition are carried out in a spirit of humanity and sound policy, without unnecessary waste of life, and under the full impression and understanding that government and its agents, and not the great mass of the population, are in fault, there is no doubt but that Commodore Perry will carry with him on his expedition the sympathies of all European nations.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUT for Bowman, Woodcock, Ryle, and others, who felt it incumbent on them to make Tom hurt, in order to excuse themselves for pulling up, there is no saying but our hero would have remounted after his fall and attempted to rescue his fair flame from the gallant old Lothario, who was witching her through the country as it were to the music of his hounds. These worthies, however, would not hear of such a thing. They were certain Tom was hurt—couldn't *be* but hurt. "No bones broken," Woodcock thought, "but tied to be very much shook," he added, as he felt Tom's shoulder, and collar-bone, and arm, and elbow, and dived into his fat sides for his ribs. "No; the best thing he could do was to go home," they all agreed, and after straining their eyes in the direction of the diminishing field till the hounds disappeared, and the horsemen looked like so many dots dribbling along, they turned their pumped and lathered horses to the grateful influence of the westerly breeze. It was a fine run, they all agreed, though if the fox reached Bramblewreck Woods, which seemed his point, they had just seen as much as anybody could—nothing but labour and sorrow, tearing up and down the deep rides, pulling their horses' legs off in the holding clay; and so they reported to Mr. Jollynoggin, the landlord of the Barley Mow, where they pulled up to have a nip of ale a-piece, and Jollynoggin swallowing the story with great apparent ease, they proceeded to tell subsequent inquirers they met on the road all, how, and about the run.

Bowman, who was rather near the wind in money matters, and not altogether without hopes of making a successful assault on old Hall's coffers, especially if assisted by our enterprising friend, Tom, set to to ply him with what he thought would be most agreeable to his vanity. Alluding to the run, he said, "Tom certainly deserved better luck, for he had ridden most gallantly, and all things considered, he thought he never saw an awkward horse more neatly handled." This pleased Tom, who, so far from being surprised at his fall, was only astonished he had managed to stick on so long; and not being sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of hunting to appreciate the difference between tumbling off and a fall, he began to think he had done something rather clever than otherwise. In this he was a good deal confirmed by the deferential tone in which Bowman addressed him, and the inquiring way he asked his opinion of his lordship's hounds, observing, with a glance at Tom's pink, that doubtless he had seen many packs; Tom didn't care to say that this was his first day out with any—any foxhounds, at least—so he contented himself with saying that he "didn't think they were much amiss." This gave Major Ryle an opportunity of launching out against Dicky Thorn-dyke, who had incurred the major's serious displeasure by sundry excursions after his pretty parlour-maid, whom Dicky was very anxious to entice away into Lord Heartycheer's establishment. The major now denounced Dicky as a pottering old muff, and declared that Billy Brick, the first whip, was worth a hundred and fifty of him, either as a horse-man, a huntsman, or a man. Bowman, on the other hand, was rather a

Thorndyke-ite; for Dicky distinguished him from the ordinary black-coated herd by something between a cap and a bow, and Bowman's vindication of Dicky brought out much good or bad riding and hunting criticism that served our Tom a good turn. Bowman expatiated on the way Dicky rode to save his horse—how he picked his country, avoiding ridge and furrow, deep ground and turnip-fields, never pressing on his hounds, even in chase. The major retorted, that Dicky was so slow at his fences, that it was better to take a fresh place than wait till he was over; which produced a declaration that it was only certain fences he rode slowly at, bidding Ryle observe how Dicky went at places where he thought there was a broad ditch, above all at brooks with rotten banks—those terrible stoppers in all countries. They then discussed Dicky's prowess at timber jumping, at which even Ryle admitted him to be an adept; but still he came back to the old point, that either as a horseman, a huntsman, or a man, Billy Brick was worth a hundred and fifty of him.

The liberal width of the Mountfield-road now presenting grass on either side, the heretofore silent Mr. Woodcock managed to get our Tom edged off to his side, and pinning him next the fence, essayed to see if he could do anything for himself in a small way. Not that he thought he could accomplish anything at the bank, where it was well known his paper wouldn't fly; but there was no reason why the venerable nag he bestrode might not be advantageously transferred to Tom's stud, either in the way of an out-and-out sale, or in that still more hopeful speculation—because admitting of repetition—a swap, with something to boot. This antediluvian "had-been," was a fine, shapely, racing-like bay, in capital condition; for Woodcock, being a chemist, and a one-horse man to boot, had plenty of time and ingredients for physicing, and nursing, and coddling the old cripples it was his custom to keep—or, rather, not to keep, longer than he could help. He went altogether upon age; nothing that wasn't past mark of mouth would do for him, though somehow, after they got into his stable, they rejuvenated, and horses that went in nineteen or twenty, came out nine or ten. "Seasoned horse—nice season'd horse," Woodcock would say, with a knowing jerk of his head, over the counter, to a nibbling greenhorn sounding him about price: that horse should be in Lord Heartycheer's stud; no business in my stable—rich man's horse. Why Sir—Sir John Green gave two hundred and fifty guineas—two hundred and fifty guineas, sir, for that horse." And so he had, very likely, but a long time since.

Woodcock had an acquaintance among grooms, through the intervention of valets, he having a brother a valet, in a pretty good situation, where he was of course improving his opportunity after the usual manner of the brotherhood, and whenever a good-looking, nearly worn-out horse was about to be cast, he got early intelligence; and competition having about ceased with the extinction of stage-coaches, Woodcock picked up screws very cheap, almost at his own price—ten, fifteen, twenty pounds, perhaps—though this latter price he looked upon as bordering on the fanciful. Twelve or fourteen was about his mark—say three fives and a sov. back. That was the price of the valuable animal he now bestrode, who in turn had been a hunter, a racer, a steeple-chaser, and yet condescended to go in a phaeton. Neither his withers nor his quarters, however, discovered any signs of the degrading occupation. Indeed, his teeth were

the only real tell-tale feature about him; for though he was weak and washy, and tender in the sinews, and queer in the feet, still he had all the outward and visible signs of a noble animal, with a fine cock-pheasant-like bloom on his close-lying bay coat. He retained a good deal of the flash and enthusiasm of the chase; indeed, we believe the spirit was willing, though the flesh was weak; and to see him in the excitement of getting away—his ears cocked, his head erect, his tail distended, and his sunken eye still lighting with its former fire—a stranger to him and his master would conceive a very favourable opinion of the animal. Woodcock was a varmint-looking fellow, too, dressed in a low-crowned hat, a short brown jacket, stout cords that had seen much service, and boots of so dark a hue as to make it difficult to say where the tops began and the bottoms ended—tops that the deepest-dyed Meltonian would find it difficult to emulate.

Woodcock was a regular once-a-week man, and oftener, if he had a customer in view and could get his cripple out. To this end he rode very carefully, always looking out for easy ground and soft footing, and never taking an unnecessary leap, unless there was somebody looking—that somebody, of course, being a hoped-for customer. Like all people, however, who cheat in horses, or indeed in anything else—unless they have a large field, such as London, to practise in—Woodcock had about got through the circle of country flats; and when any one, in reply to the often-put inquiry of "Do you know of a horse that could suit me?" answered, "Yes, Mr. Woodcock, the chemist of Fleecyborough, has one," the rejoinder was pretty sure to be "No, no; no Woodcocks for me, thank'e." Such being Woodcock's position with regard to old stagers, it made it doubly incumbent on him to make the most of a new one; and when he heard that the officers at the barracks had sold young Mr. Hall a horse, he felt as though he had been defrauded of his rights. Fortune, he now hoped, was going to make him some amends.

Having, as already stated, got Tom on to the soft on his side of the road, he dropped his reins on his now sweat-dried hunter's neck, and with the slightest possible pressure of the leg got him into a striding walk, that looked like action and confidence combined. Thus he kept him about half a length in advance of Tom, playing his arms loosely like a jockey, and ever and anon casting a sheep's eye back to see if Tom was looking. Our friend was not easily attracted, for what with admiring his coat, sticking out his legs to examine his tops, and wondering when his fall-dirtied leathers would dry, coupled with catching at his tripping horse's head, he had about as much to do as he could manage. Mr. Woodcock, feeling that time was precious, varied the performance by touching his horse with the spur, which caused him to grunt and hoist up behind.

"What, he's a kicker, is he?" asked Tom, giving him a wider berth.

"Oh, no, sir, no," replied Woodcock, "nothin' of the sort, sir—nothin' of the sort—quietest crittur alive."

"What was he doing then?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it was just my ticklin' him with the spur," replied Woodcock, doing it again, when up went the hind-quarters as before. "It's a trick he'd been taught in the racin' stable, I think," added he, patting his arch neck.

"Racing stables!" replied Tom; "what, is he a race-horse?"

"Race-horse!—yes," exclaimed Woodcock. "This horse," added he, taking a rein in each hand, and staring energetically—"this horse is thorough-bred—thorough-bred as Eclipse. He's by Jacob the First, dam Judy by Squirrel, grand-dam Maid of the Mill, the dam of Hearts of Oak and Spinning Jenny by Little Boy Blue, great grand-dam Peppermint by Big John, great, great grand-dam something else," and so on, through an amazing length of imaginary pedigree—a species of weaving at which Mr. Woodcock was very handy. Tom Hall sat agape, for he had never heard of a horse with such an ancestry.

"This nag could beat anything out to-day," observed Woodcock, now turning himself sideways in his saddle, and slapping the horse's hard sides. "He's quite a contradiction to the usual prejudice, that thorough-breds are shy of thorn fences; for I really believe he likes them better nor any other—if, indeed, he has a partiality for one more than another—for, indeed, he's equally good at all sorts. It doesn't make a penny's-worth of difference to him what you put him at. Post-and-rail, in-and-out clever, stone walls, banks with blind ditches, brooks, bullfinches with yawners on both sides—all alike to him. He's the most perfect hunter ever man crossed." So saying, he gave the horse another hearty slap on the side, as if in confirmation of what he was saying. "That's not an unlikely-looking nag of yours," observed he, now turning his attention to Tom's horse. "I've seen many a worse-shaped animal nor that," added he, with a knowing jerk of his head.

"No, he's not a bad horse," replied Tom; "far from it."

"Not zactly the horse for you, p'r'aps," continued Woodcock, again reverting to his own—"at least, I think he's hardly up to your weight: you'll ride pretty heavy—thirteen or fourteen stun, p'r'aps?"

"About it," replied Tom, who had no very definite idea on the point.

"Ah, well, that horse shouldn't carry more nor ten—ten or eleven, at most," continued Woodcock, scrutinising him attentively. "He's a nice well-girthed, well-ribbed, well-put-together horse, but he's small below the knee, and there's where a hunter should have substance. He'll be givin' you an awkward fall some day," said he, drawing a long face, and giving an ominous shake of the head.

Scarcely were the words out of Woodcock's mouth, ere the horse struck against a hassocky tuft of grass, and nearly blundered on to his nose. Nothing but the pommel of the saddle saved Tom another roll.

"Hold up his head, his tail's high enough!" exclaimed Major Ryle, as horse and rider floundered along in doubtful result.

"Ah, that's just what I expected, sir," observed Woodcock, condolingly, as Tom at length got shuffled back into the saddle—"that's just what I expected, sir. It's a pity—a great pity—for he's a pretty horse—a very pretty horse—but he's not fit to carry you, sir; indeed he's not, sir. You'll have an accident, as sure as fate, sir, if you persist in riding him."

Tom looked frightened.

"I'd get out of him before he does you an ill turn," observed Woodcock. "Think what a thing it would be if he was to brick your neck—you, with your manifold money, messuages, and tenements without end!"

Tom did think what a go it would be if such a calamity were to befall him.

"You'd have no difficulty in gettin' shot of him," continued Woodcock, "'cause he's a neat, creditable, gentlemanly-lookin' horse; but, 'handsome is that handsome does,' is my motto; and it matters little whether you brick your neck off a cow or off Flyin' Childers himself, so long as you do brick it."

"True," observed Hall, feeling his now much-deranged white Joinville, as if to see that his neck was right.

Woodcock was in hopes of something more encouraging; but after riding on for some time in silence, and seeing they were approaching Major Ryles's lion-headed gates, which would probably throw Bowman upon them for the rest of the way, he observed, after a good stare at Hall's horse:

"I really think that horse of yours might carry me. He's up to my weight, I should say. P'rhaps you wouldn't have any objection to sellin' of him?"

Tom, who was most heartily disgusted with his purchase, hadn't the slightest objection to selling him—indeed, would gladly be out of him, even at a trifling sacrifice, though of course, as a true chip of the old block, he wasn't going to commit himself by saying so.

"Oh," replied he, in an easy, indifferent sort of way, "I wouldn't mind selling him if I could get my price."

"You'll p'r'aps be wantin' a good deal?" suggested Woodcock.

"Why, I gave a good deal for him; and of course one doesn't invest capital without expecting a return—at least we don't at our bank," replied Tom.

"True," rejoined Woodcock; "but horses are often the 'ception to the rule—few gents get what they give."

"Ah, that's because they want the money, or don't know how to manage matters," replied Tom, who thought himself rather a knowing hand. "However," continued he, thinking to do the man whom nobody had ever done, "I'll take a hundred and fifty for him, if you know any one who'll give it."

"A hundred and fifty—a hundred and fifty," mused Woodcock, sucking his lips, and looking the horse attentively over, apparently not much appalled by the magnitude of the sum. "How old is he?"

"Oh, I s'pose eight or nine," replied Tom—"eight or nine—just in his prime—just in his prime—seasoned hunter, you know—seasoned hunter."

"Well, I don't say he's not worth it," replied Woodcock, obligingly—"I don't say he's not worth it; indeed, considering what this one cost," alluding to his own, "he may be cheap of the money."

This was satisfactory to Tom, and looking as if he hadn't paid too dear for his whistle. Still Tom did not lead on in the accommodating sort of way that Woodcock could have wished, and our persevering friend had to make all the running himself.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind makin' a swap?" at length observed he, seeing how near they were getting to the major's gates.

"Why, no, I wouldn't," drawled Tom, "provided I could get something to suit better—something a little stronger, p'rhaps."

That was encouraging, and Woodcock proceeded to follow up his advantage.

"How would this do for you, now?" asked he, putting the question boldly, as he threw forward his arms, as if to show his perfect confidence in the sure-footed bay.

Tom eyed the horse attentively, looking at him as all men do at their neighbours' horses, with a feeling of covetousness—thinking how well he would look upon him.

"Is he a good fencer?" at length asked he.

"Oh, capital fencer," replied Woodcock, sucking and smacking his lips, as if the very thoughts of his leaping was syrup to him; "capital leaper—grand fencer," continued he. "Didn't you see him clear the hog-backed stile, with the foot-plank over the big rotten ditch, just now, at the back of Willey Rogerson's pea-stacks, just after we crossed Mr. Cock-foot's hard corn?"

Tom had not, being too intent on sticking to his own shopboard to have time to notice the performance of others.

"Well, he did," rejoined Mr. Woodcock, again sucking his breath—"he did, and after Brassey and another, too, had refused. Up he came, as cool and collected as possible, and took it like winking."

"Indeed!" said Hall, who now began to appreciate the difference between an easy and an awkward fencer. Not but that Tom would make any horse awkward, only he did not think so himself. His idea was that the bridle was equally meant to hold on by as the saddle. "This horse is a good leaper," observed Tom, thinking it was time he was saying something handsome for his.

"Is he?" said Woodcock, cheerfully, as if quite ready to take Tom's word for it; "just let us trot on a bit," continued he, "and see his action;" though in reality he wanted to shoot away from Bowman, who would soon be on their hands, to the serious detriment of a deal.

Tom did as requested, but though his horse had a good deal more go in him than Woodcock's, the latter contrived, by judicious handling, pressing, and feeling, to make his step out in a way that quite outpaced Tom's. As Woodcock came to where the strip of grass ran out to nothing on the road, he pulled up, with an apparent effort, though, in reality, the weakly horse was but too glad to obey the bit, and looking back at Tom who was still labouring along—the further he went, the further he was left behind—Woodcock exclaimed, "Well, mine has the foot of yours, at all events, in trotting."

"Ra—a—a—ther," ejaculated Tom, pulling and hauling away at his horse's mouth, adding, "But mine can go when he's fr—r—esh."

"He's done nothing to tire him to-day," observed Woodcock.

"Oh, but I rode him to co—o—ver like blazes," observed Tom, still fearing to trust his horse with his head.

This was true, for Lily-of-the-Valley was very impetuous with Angelena at starting, and she had thought it best to let her go, and a smart canter was the consequence.

"Well now, shall we have a deal?" asked Woodcock, briskly, thinking the trot had given his horse a decided advantage over Tom's.

"What will you give me to boot?" asked Tom, determined to begin on the safe side, however he might end.

"Give!" exclaimed Woodcock, opening wide his mouth, and exhibiting an irregular set of tobacco-stained teeth; "give!" repeated he, breaking into a horselaugh; "it's what will you give, I should think," replied he.

"Suppose we try them at evens?" suggested Tom, who, in his heart, fancied Woodcock's horse, as well on account of his looks as because he seemed easy to ride.

Woodcock shook his head ominously.

They then rode on together for some time in silence, Tom pondering whether he should offer a sum or ask Woodcock to name one; while the wily chemist kept eyeing Tom's vacant countenance, and looking over his shoulder to see where he had Bowman.

"Well, what will you take?" at last asked Tom.

"What will I take?" repeated Bowman, sucking away at his lips, as if every thought of the horse was luscious; "what will I take?" continued he, as if the idea of price had never entered his mind, though, in reality, he had been meditating all sorts of sums. "Well," said he, "I'll tell you in two words"—a phrase that generally means anything but what it professes—"I'll tell you in two words," repeated he. "I reckon your horse is not altogether an unsuitable horse for me, though I think he's an unsuitable horse for you. In the fust place, you see, he's under your weight, and there can't be a more grievous, direful, aggravatin' fault for a hunter than being under your weight. There can't be a more disastrous, lamentable bedevilment than, in the middle of a good run, to find your horse gradually sinkin' beneath you, till at last he sticks out his neck with a throat-rattle, and comes to a dead standstill in the middle of a field. What a thing for a gent in a scarlet coat, and all complete as you are, to have to drive his horse home before him, or give a countryman a shillin', or may be eighteen-pence, for gettin' him into the nearest stable. No, sir, no; take my word for it, if you want to hunt comfortably and creditably, you must have a horse rather over than under your weight; so that, when hounds are apparently slipping away, you may feel that you can take a liberty with him with impunity; or when they are drawin' homewards—which they all do, confound them! when the master's not out, which, however, is not often the case with the old cock at the Castle,—but, I say, when hounds are drawin' homewards, the contrary way, in course, to where you live, you may say, 'Oh, hang it, I'll go, my horse wants work;' or, 'Hang it, I'll go, this horse never tires;' instead of saying, 'Well, Mr. Woodcock,' or 'Well, Mr. Bowman, I s'pose we must shut up—we must be toddlin' homewards; don't do for us to run the risk of bein' benighted.' So that I may conscientiously say, that a gent like you, with ample means and a bank to back him, doesn't do himself ordinary justice who rides anything but perfect horses—horses that are equal to more than his weight, and can do everything that my lord's or anybody else's horse can do, and do it comfortably to the rider, instead of fretting, and fuming, and fighting, and going tail first at his fences, as some aggravatin' animals do, instead of fust lookin' and then poppin' over, as this horse does," our friend patting the bay as if extremely fond of him. "Now," continued he, as Tom made no response at this interval, "I'm not a man wots always runnin' down other people's horses, and praisin' of my own—far from it; neither am I

a man wot always has the best horse in England under him; on the contrary, I've been bit as often as most men. But I don't hold with some, that, because I've been bit, I've to bite others. Oh, no! that's not the way—fair dealin' 's a jewel. I'd as soon think of sellin' a man oxalic acid for Epsom salts, as I would of sellin' him a bad horse as a good un—one as I *know'd* to be bad, howsomever," added he, looking intently at our friend.

"Ah, well," observed Tom, with a chuck of the chin, "that's not the point. The point I want to know is, what you'll take to change horses with me?"

"I'll tell you in two words," rejoined Woodcock again. "This horse stands me, one way and another, in a vast of money. I didn't get him a clean out-and-out bargain, you see—so much money down on the nail; but there were a good many pecooliar circumstances attending the purchase of him? In the fust place, the man I got him on owed me a good deal of money, and knowing that he was very near the wind, I thought I had better make a little concession, and get as well out of him as I could. Then, in the second place, there was a long unadjusted account between Mr. Monkseaton, the great wholesale chemist in Cripplegate, and myself; and Monkseaton and the late owner—that's to say, Mr. Bowers—being first cousins—Bowers's father and Monkseaton's mother being brother and sister—it was arranged that Monkseaton, you know, should transfer my debt along with another man's, of the name of Sparks, for which I was jointly liable along with Mr. Splinters, the cabinet-maker of Baconfield, into Bowers's name. And then I had a grey horse, called the Little Clipper—you may have heard tell of him—a very remarkable horse for water-jumping. He was by the Big Clipper—a dark chestnut horse, free from white, full fifteen three, on short legs, with immense bone and substance, great muscular power, fine symmetry and temper, perfectly sound, and free from blemish; and I had an old rattletrap of a dog-cart, that might be worth to a man that wanted one, p'r'aps, five pounds; and then Bowers had a cow that had gone wrong in her milkin', and we agreed——"

"Oh, never mind what you agreed," interrupted Tom, seeing the story was likely to be interminable; "can't you tell me what you'll take to change with me—a clean, off-hand swap—and sink the cows and the rest of the quadrupeds?"

"Well," replied Woodcock, "I'll tell you what I'll take—I'll tell you what I'll take. I'll take twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds!" repeated Tom, who had been speculating on all sorts of sums during Woodcock's exordium.

"It's givin' of him away," observed Woodcock.

Tom sat silent.

"Well, what d'ye say?" at length asked Woodcock.

"I'll consider of it," replied Tom, as Fibs's aphorism, "Buy in haste, repent at leisure," occurred to his mind.

"Nay, never think twice about a twenty-pund matter!" exclaimed Woodcock.

"'Buy in haste, repent at leisure,'" observed Tom, sententially.

"Well," replied Woodcock, rather disgusted at having given himself so much trouble, "you know best, sir—you know best. Only, if you

happen to have an accident with that horse of yours, you'll have nobody to blame but yourself."

This observation told upon Tom, who was desperately afraid of breaking his neck, and had all the horrors of horsemanship fresh in his mind.

"I'll consider of it, and let you know in a day or two," said he; adding, "I don't think it's unlikely that I may—but, however, we'll see."

"Well, p'raps you'll let me know by Saturday, at all events?" rejoined Woodcock; "for Mr. Gazebrooke is after him, and is to call on Monday."

"I will," said Tom, thinking whether he should clench the matter at once.

Just then, Bowman stole up, and the skilful chemist immediately turned the conversation upon some bullocks in the adjoining pasture; and so the trio proceeded on their ways homeward, Woodcock never as much as hinting that Tom and he had been trying to have a deal.

CHAPTER XXV.

COLONEL BLUNT, though he liked the looks of the diamond pin, and valued it at fifty pounds, was not so elated at Angelena's success with Lord Heartycheer as her mamma; indeed, he regarded the acquaintance as rather unpropitious. His lordship's reputation for gallantry was too notorious, and his adventures too numerous, to admit of a reasonable supposition that such a long career of unbridled libertinism would terminate in a match with his enterprising daughter; while he foresaw that any interruption of the Hall courtship might be prejudicial to the fate of the hundred-pound cheque, which the colonel meant to cash at the first opportunity. He therefore listened with anything but complacency—at all events, with anything but expressions of approbation—to Mrs. Blunt's recapitulation of Angelena's feats and triumphs; how she had beat the field; how she had delighted Lord Heartycheer with her riding, who had set her as far as the Blacksmith's, at the cross-roads at Liphook, and charged her with his best compliments to them, and expressed an ardent hope that they would soon pay him a visit at the castle.

"Well," growled the colonel, when he heard all that—"well, his lordship's very good—very complimentary; very good house to stay at, and all that sort of thing; but I shouldn't like to have Hall ill used. Good young man, Hall—no near relation of Solomon's, perhaps, but still a good young man, with good prospects; not bad connexions either. I wouldn't have her throw Tom over for the chance of a coronet. Coronets are queer things to catch, very queer things. Heartycheer's a queer feller, very queer feller. No, I wouldn't have Tom thrown over on any account."

"Oh, but there's no occasion for anything of the sort," replied the diplomatic Mrs. Blunt; "only you know there's nothing settled—definitely settled, at least—with old Mr. Hall, and showing a desirable rival might have the effect of quickening their movements."

"True," responded the colonel—"true, there is that to be said—there is that to be said; and, so far as that goes, his lordship may, perhaps, be

profitably used ; but after all is said and done, I should say Tom was the best, the likeliest chance of the two."

"No harm in having two strings to her bow," replied Mrs. Blunt, who was so used to sending young gentlemen to the right about as to have lost all feeling and delicacy on the point—if, indeed, she ever had any.

"No," replied the colonel, thoughtfully, "perhaps not. Only mind the old sayin' about two stools, you know."

"Oh, there's no fear of her letting Tom slip," observed Mrs. Blunt, who had a high opinion of her daughter's dexterity in love affairs.

"Well, but I wouldn't be too sure," observed the colonel ; "these young fellows are slippery. I question Hall be over and above pleased at Angey ridin' away, and leavin' him when he fell."

"Perhaps not," replied mamma, who thought her daughter had been rather indiscreet in so doing.

"I think I'd best go down in the mornin', if he doesn't come up here, and inquire how he is," observed the colonel, after a pause.

"It might be well," rejoined his wife, who lived in perpetual dread of the incursions of her own sex, well knowing that such an unwonted prize as Tom Hall would be fought for even up to the very church-door. And so, having settled matters, the colonel waddled off on his heels to the mess, leaving Angelena to entertain her mamma over their tea with the further detail of her hunting adventures, hopes, and aspirations.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WORDS cannot describe how Tom Hall ached after his hunt : he felt as if every part of his person had been pommelled. He could hardly bear to turn over in bed. Hunting, he thought, was very severe exercise, and what no man ought to take too much of. Indeed, he was not sure that he would be wanting much more of it—very homœopathic doses, at all events. The consequence of all this was, that he had his breakfast in bed, where he lay ruminating over the previous day's proceedings ; recalling the impetuosity of his horse, the unfeeling desertion of Angelena, and Mr. Woodcock's polite offer. Angelena, it is true, occupied the most of his thoughts. He thought she should have turned back, and seen that he had not broken his back, or any of the other compartments of his person ; and he could hardly reconcile her conduct to his ideas of lover-like etiquette and deportment. To be sure, in his shilling's worth of the "Chase," in Murray's "Reading for the Rail," he read how, when Dick Christian went under water, in the Whissendine, and one man exclaimed, "He'll be drowned !" another replied, "Shouldn't wonder ! but the pace was *too good* to inquire." But Tom didn't think there was any occasion for Angelena to emulate the indifference of these Leicestershire worthies. Then she was riding his mare too, and ought to have stuck to him, instead of to Lord Heartycheer ; and considering how fractious the mare had been at starting, Tom would not have been sorry to hear that Angelena had ridden her to death. Just as he was in the midst of a speculation as to whether the colonel would be as good as his word in not presenting the cheque, and wondering whether Trueboy would cash it without referring to him, the whole house shook with the most riotous knocking at the street-door—the exact duplicate of

the clamour that announced Colonel and Mrs. Blunt's arrival, to ask "Hall and Co." to the ear-ache and stomach-ache. It was, indeed, the colonel, in undress uniform, mounted on one of his elephantine chargers, attended by a soldier on foot, in a shell-jacket—the same man who, on the former occasion, had enacted the part of a gold-laced-hatted footman behind the mail phaeton. The sound startled every one—from Trueboy, who was weighing sovereigns in the bank, to Sarah the maid, who was making her bed in the garret.

"Now take this horse home," roared the colonel, at the top of his voice, as the pounding ceased; "and tell Major Fibs to ride old Cherry as far as the Flaxholme turnpike-gate and back, and try if he can fall in with Peter Seive, about the oats—those nasty musty things he sent—tell him I wouldn't have them at no price—no, not even in a gift; and now knock again," continued he, still speaking as loud as he could, adding, "the people must be asleep, or dead, or drunk, or somethin'," as he stared from his horse up to the windows, from whence sundry cap-strings whisked in sudden perturbation. The soldier made a second assault, if possible more furious than the first, which drew all the street to the windows, and caused Sarah to rush down stairs in a state of agitation bordering on frenzy. Seizing the door-handle, she shot back the sneck and threw wide the portal, as if she expected to see Louis Napoleon at least outside.

"Well, Jane, and how are you?" asked the colonel, from his horse, staring full in her face; for she was rather good-looking, and the hurry and excitement had imparted a bloom to her cheeks.

"Nicely, thank ye, sir," replied Sarah, dropping a curtsey.

"Are your old people—I mean to say, your young gentleman—Mister—Mister Peter—no, not Peter—Joseph—no, not Joseph——"

"Sivin and four's elivin, and five is sixteen—that's a reg'lar piece of impittance," growled old Hall, from the inner recess of his bank, where he sat on a high stool at a desk, with his London correspondents' (Bullock and Hulker's) letter of that morning before him, containing, on a small slip of paper, the following memorandum: "Our Mr. Ferret cannot make out that there is any stock standing in the name you mention;" being their answer to our banker's request that they would ascertain what money the colonel had in the funds. "Sivin and four's elivin, and five is sixteen—that's a reg'lar piece of impittance," growled Hall, as the well-known voice sounded through the low bank, and right into the dingy hole he called his parlour. "Old people, indeed!" muttered he; "and then callin' 'Tummus, Joseph!'—knows his name's Tummus just as well as I do."

While "sivin and four" was accompanying the colonel's inquiry with the foregoing commentary, Sarah had helped our gallant friend to her young master's Christian name, and also informed him that Mr. Thomas was in bed, which produced an exclamation from the father-in-law, that he hoped his young friend was not hurt; and without more ado the colonel proceeded to unpack himself from his miniature dray-horse, and handing him to the soldier, without another word of inquiry of Sarah, proceeded to waddle into the house, where we will allow him till next month to get toiled up-stairs.

A GLIMPSE OF THE EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MAY-DAY has come at last, and the gates of "the season" are opened, with all the attractions that lie beyond them. We cannot invite all the world to be our guests this year, as they were in 1851, for the Crystal Palace is what Nature and Man alike abhor—a vacuum; but it must go hard with us, indeed, when such a city as London cannot offer fresh objects of interest to entertain and instruct the countless myriads that swarm within her walls, and the hosts of strangers who become our welcome visitors.

Before the era of "the world's fair," a definite meaning was attached to "The Exhibition;" every one understood by those words, the result of that genius and industry which is concentrated in the annual display of the Royal Academy; but the Hyde Park leviathan was fatal to everything that called itself a show, in name as well as in fact, and our old friend in Trafalgar-square—older still at Somerset House—was absorbed like the rest. "The whirligig of Time," however, "brings about its revenges," and "The Exhibition" again shines forth for what it used to be, with no fear that the feet of its pilgrim worshippers will be turned towards other shrines.

That such was the case last year, arose from no want of attractiveness in the works exhibited, as it may be remembered we ourselves bore witness to, but was solely attributable to the great novelty which cast everything else into the shade; indeed, it may fairly be questioned whether "The Exhibition" of 1851 did not, on the whole, surpass all that had gone before it, so high in character and so various were the productions of the exhibitors. That it will still maintain that superiority we are not prepared to say, but the partial opportunities which we have had of noticing what is in store for the public, afford us sufficient grounds for thinking that—in spite of certain drawbacks occasioned by the absence of some of the most honoured names—the Exhibition of 1852 will worthily hold its place beside its immediate predecessor.

We shall enumerate some of the pictures which justify this anticipation, observing, at the same time, that there are others, unseen by us, of which the general report is no less favourable.

A master of his art in whatever direction his genius impels him, Maclise, has been engaged upon a subject which gives full scope to the exercise of that creative faculty which has rendered him the most original as he is, in all respects, the foremost of modern painters. He has selected for illustration one of those incidents in the life of our great Saxon king, which, whether truly related or not, are so highly characteristic of the deliverer of his country from foreign bondage. It is popularly believed, though the story is held by some to be apocryphal, that when the west of England was occupied by the Danes, under their leader Gurthrun (or Gurmund), King Alfred—in the disguise of a gleeman or minstrel—penetrated into the Danish camp, observed the unreadiness of the foe, and, acting on that observation, immediately afterwards attacked and overthrew them with signal slaughter. Of this anecdote we may say with the Italians, "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*;" and Maclise has done right in investing it with the dignity of historical truth,

for it is the true province of Art to combine the probable with the positive. Art itself is neither the literal transcript of events witnessed or recorded, nor is it the expression of Fancy only: its real mission is to present to the eyes what the Reason conceives, what the Heart feels, and what the Imagination beholds. The finest subjects that have ever furnished materials for Art, have been purely traditional, but they have owed their success to the observance of the three conditions which we have named. It would seem, however, that something more than the general tradition has guided our great painter in the treatment of his picture, for there is a passage in Speed's "History of England" narrating the particular event which has evidently served for his immediate text. The old chronicler's account of Alfred's exploit is this :

"But this prince, the very mirror of princes, more minding the wealth of his subjects than the majesty of the State, disguised himself in the habit of a common minstrell, and in person repaired to the Danes' campe, *who lay like Senacheribs wallowing in wantonnesse, and secure in their own conceit from impeach of danger*; which Elfred, a most skilful Musitian and an excellent Poet, did not a little egge on by his sweete musicks and songs of their valour, so that he was suffered to pass uncontrolled into the company of their princes, at banquets or elsewhere; *whereby he both saw their negligent securitie, and by diligent observance learned the designs that in their counsels they entended.*"

It is the season of early summer, and in the midst of a woodland glade, teeming with all the luxuriance of uncultivated Nature, the Danish invader has pitched his camp. The spot has been chosen, not for its means of warlike defence, but for the aids to enjoyment which the beauty of the scenery affords. The royal tent is embowered beneath a profusion of budding hawthorn and young oak-leaves, on a carpet formed of the softest turf enamelled by the brightest flowers, whose rainbow hues harmoniously blend with the tender green of the grasses and newly-springing fern. Carelessly scattered on the sward, and crushing the pliant stems beneath the weight of their huge limbs, lie groups of revelers, with chains and *torques* of gold around their necks, and glittering armour on their breasts, some staking their plunder on the dice, others burying their flushed features in the brimming flagon, and all displaying the fullest licence of debauchery and vice. Under the royal canopy, beside which hangs the magic standard, bearing the Raven, which was woven in one afternoon by the three daughters of Ragnar Lodbrok, sits Gurthrun, the Danish king, a northern Sardanapalus, surrounded by all the beauty that has followed his camp, and given to it the character of an eastern *harem*—surrounded also by the boon companions who, lost in sensuality and wantonness, are now no longer to be feared as warriors. The revel is at its height, no thought is there of the despised and vanquished Saxon; and yet, ministering to their mirth and false security, is one amongst them whose vigilant eye notes every act, takes heed of every circumstance by which he may profit hereafter. With harp in hand, and scallop-shell on shoulder—the tokens of the palmer-minstrel's calling—and dressed in a robe whose simplicity strikingly contrasts with the gaudy colours of the luxurious Danes, Alfred appears the impersonation of Virtue transformed into an avenging Fate. That serene but watchful glance, and those serious thoughtful features, which recal the divine lineaments

of the Saviour—no fanciful adaptation, but a resemblance which is alleged to have been real—are well calculated to convey the impression of Alfred's character, which has been endeared to Englishmen by every known act of his life. Earnest in his purpose to deliver the land from its oppressor, and calm in the courage which has led him unfearing into the midst of his country's enemies, he carefully scans their weakness, and prepares their doom—a doom still further typified in the drooping banner which, so ran the tradition, would appear like a live raven, flying, if victory awaited the army, but if defeat impended, would hang listlessly in sluggish folds. Nothing can be more admirably developed than the moral of the scene; even the exquisite care with which the details of the picture are elaborated, becomes, as it ought to be, of secondary importance; though, apart from the subject, these details have merit enough in them to confer a reputation of themselves: more conscientious and yet less ostentatious work we have never seen. Let us add, too, that the colouring—by many deemed the blemish in Maclise's works—is harmonious and true, and free alike from glare or sickly gloom; as to the drawing, it is perfect. ●

From the days of Alfred to the bloody period of the first French revolution, the distance in time is immense, and the genius that distinguishes the productions of Ward from those of Maclise, is marked by as broad a line of separation. But it is the manner only of their respective styles of art that constitutes the real difference between their merits; for if to Maclise be granted the grander attributes of original conception, and that fearlessness of hand which shrinks from no difficulty, to Ward must be allowed that mastery over expression and skill in the combination of his subject which leave nothing untold. His picture of this year, though from moral causes less heartrending than the royal desolation which was his theme in the Exhibition of 1851, is deeply interesting—deeply affecting. It is the sad story of Charlotte Corday, of whose crime her latest and most eloquent historian has said: “En présence du meurtre, l'histoire n'ose glorifier; en présence de l'héroïsme, l'histoire n'ose fêter.”

The painter has chosen the moment when, having been arrayed in the *robe des condamnés*, with her fine hair cropped short, à la victime, and her hands tied behind her back, the unfortunate girl is passing through the open court of the prison of the *Concièrgerie* on her way to execution. A few moments before, and she had been sitting for her portrait to M. Hauer, an artist, and an officer of the National Guard of the section of the *Théâtre Français*, and while thus engaged, a gentle knock was heard at her prison-door, announcing the arrival of the executioner to cut off her hair, and put on her the *chemise rouge*. On receiving this intimation, she rose, and having first, with her own hands, cut off a lock of her hair, which she gave to M. Hauer in return for his unfinished portrait, she submitted herself to the executioner, observing: “Voilà la toilette de mort, faite par des mains un peu rudes; mais elle conduit à l'immortalité!” She then picked up her tresses, which had fallen on the floor, gazed at them earnestly for the last time, and gave them to Madame Richard, the wife of the gaoler; her hands were then tied, and she was led forth. While these preparations were making, a storm of lightning and heavy rain broke over Paris; but the furious crowd still waited outside the prison, eagerly expecting the arrival of the slayer of their hero, Marat. As

Charlotte issued from her cell the storm passed away, and, says Lamar-tine, who describes the scene : "Le soleil couchant éclairait son front de rayons semblables à une auréole. Les couleurs de ses joues, relevées par les reflets de la chemise rouge, donnaient à son visage une splendeur dont les yeux étaient éblouis. On ne savait si c'était l'apothéose ou le supplice de la beauté que suivait ce tumultueux cortège." But before the victim of man's sanguinary justice reached the *charrette* which was to convey her to the *guillotine*, a severe ordeal awaited her. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on her pathway, to scrutinise her features, seeking to discover, if it were possible, what was the expression of that fanaticism which prompted to assassination—a fate which might be theirs at any moment, and the presentiment of which was ever before them. But no trace of emotion was visible on her countenance, no gesture escaped her that could serve to indicate her feelings, and the baffled triumvirate could only estimate her thoughts by the last words which she had uttered in the prison, when offered the consolations of religion. "Thank those," she said to the priest, "who were so attentive as to send you, but I have no need of your ministry; the blood which I have spilt, and my blood which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer to the Eternal."

What Robespierre and his associates beheld, Ward's powerful pencil has transferred to the canvas. Charlotte Corday passes before us in the costume of which we have spoken—her large, deep eyes are fixed on space, regardless of all around her, a faint colour is on her cheek, and the expression of her features is perfectly serene; the self-sustained air with which she paces onward to her death speaks only of willing martyrdom. The Three next fix our attention : Danton, with his butcher-like face, is sitting on a low parapet, and having gazed his fill, has turned away his head with his usual truculent air; Camille Desmoulins stands thoughtfully behind his ruffian colleague, meditating on what he has seen; and Robespierre, who occupies the centre of the picture, eyes Charlotte with the malignant curiosity of a cat watching the prey that cannot escape. The contrasted appearance of these three men is very striking. Danton is dressed like a grazier, but the neutral colours of his garments are strongly relieved by a rich gold-and-crimson sash, and a flaming cap of liberty, the appropriate adjunct to his coarse, inflamed features; Desmoulins, more soberly attired, wears in his broad-leafed hat, as was his custom, an oak leaf, the badge of civism; and Robespierre is fully arrayed in all the *petit-maitre* costume in which he delighted. He wears a bright blue coat with metal buttons, which catch a red gleam from the condemned dress of Charlotte, a large white *jabot*, grey silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles; his figure is miserably attenuated, and his meagre hands sharply clutch the leash in which he holds his *dogue* Brount; his hat casts a deep shadow over his forehead, but there is a broad light on the rest of his countenance, revealing a terrible expression, and this expression is heightened by the rough traces which the scars of the small-pox have left on his sallow face. Very characteristic in every point is the portraiture of this remarkable man, whose form was so frail, but to whose head the great breadth between the eyes—indicative of the dogged pertinacity of his nature—imparted a strange aspect of massiveness.

The next most remarkable figure in the picture is that of a leader of

the *Poissardes*, standing in the foreground on the right-hand side, with outstretched hand and stern countenance; the dress of this woman, half military, half feminine, with pistols in her girdle, a sabre at her side, a gold chain round her neck, and long pendant earrings, adapts itself well to the fierceness with which she consigns Charlotte Corday to what she believes a merited fate. Besides the more prominent personages are two soldiers, admirably costumed, the priest who would have officiated, the gaoler's wife, and one or two attendants; and to balance this group, beyond the parapet-wall on the opposite side are seen the *charrette*, with the executioner inside, and the frantic women who clamoured so violently for Charlotte's death, repelled by the soldiery. The details of the scene are excellent; nothing can be more truthful than the massive walls of the *Conciergerie*, the broken pavement, the rusty iron gratings; and the effect of *chiaroscuro* in the depth of the vaulted passage leading out of the prison, no less than the harmony which blends the prevailing colours in the picture, complete an *ensemble* which will, we predict, attract many an admiring crowd before it.

Although not venturing on such lofty ground, it is very satisfactory to see that Mrs. Ward is not merely an admirer of her husband's genius, but is herself an artist of no mean pretensions. She has executed a picture of still life, the scene of which is in a market-place at Antwerp, which, for fidelity of detail, transparent colouring, and skilful grouping, claim high commendation. It is a group composed of a Flemish *mar-chande*, in full black cloak and hood, and a *bonne*, with a child in her arms, who is buying poultry and fruit; the bright brass *panier*, the polished pewter flagon, the child's straw *bourrelet*, the large tempting melon, the birds' rich plumage, all the accessories, in fact, are as well rendered as art can make them.

Variety, as well as excellence, promises to distinguish this year's Exhibition. Frith has a charming subject, very difficult in its treatment, but the difficulty overcome with consummate skill. He has selected for the actors in his well-told story, the beautiful and witty Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and her vindictive lover, Alexander Pope. The poet's motive for the hatred he bore to "the charming Montague" had long been surmised, but it was not till the publication of her works by the late Lord Wharncliffe, her descendant, that it was fully revealed. Lady Mary's own statement of the cause of his bitter enmity was this: "that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy."

There is no room for doubting this result when we look at Frith's picture, and note the exuberant mirth of Lady Mary, and the intense mortification of her deformed lover. The former is standing erect, her graceful head thrown back, and laughter irrepressible breaking from the sweetest mouth that ever was painted; while the latter, with livid features and hands clenched, sits crouched in sombre rage, his love rejected and his vanity outraged by ridicule. As Pope bends gloomily forward, it is no difficult matter to trace the bitter thought that shall one day blast the name of her who now makes him her sport. The germ of that cruel satire has taken root, and it will not be long before the noxious weed

springs to the light of day. But no vision of such a future clouds for a moment the mirthful countenance of the lovely woman who has been the object of the poet's unlicensed love. She abandons herself to the unrestrained enjoyment of the comedy that fills her mind at the idea of such a declaration. Her beauty is something exquisite; though this we might have anticipated from one who is so fine a colourist, and so skilled in the development of beauty, as the painter of this picture; but, informed of the subject beforehand, we should not have expected that even his talent could have represented so perfect an image of laughter, free from the slightest grimace. There was also another difficulty to be avoided: the temptation to florid colouring, which would not have been misapplied to the actual portraiture of Lady Mary. But extreme taste has kept down all that might have been redundant in form or vivid tone; and free from even a *souçon* of vulgarity, we see before us a beautiful woman of fashion yielding to the most natural impulse of her disposition, without detriment to the air of refinement which belongs to her *caste*. Most appropriately introduced are all the details of this attractive picture. They very effectively help to invest the subject with local truth.

But this is not Mr. Frith's only picture: he has three others. The most interesting is a domestic scene, suggested in the seclusion of his own family, where an infant boy is praying on his mother's knee, before he is placed in bed. The expression of maternal love on the one hand, and of serious simplicity on the other, are very beautifully and naturally rendered; and the composition is altogether very sweet. Two female portraits complete Mr. Frith's contributions; both are pleasing; and one of them, Mrs. Ansdell, the wife of the distinguished artist, justifies the claim which the original prefers, to be ranked amongst "beauty's daughters."

We regretted last year that Hart had sent in only one picture; he has been more fully employed for this Exhibition, and amongst the works which have occupied him is one of greater historical interest than he has latterly addressed himself to. The subject of this picture is "the invention of movable types," the grand discovery which at once gave its real value to the art of printing; and though it inevitably suggests comparison with Maclise's great work, exhibited in 1851, yet, on examination, it will be found that it rests entirely upon merits of its own. In the Caxton picture we saw an art, which had been perfected elsewhere, introduced to the knowledge of a king and his court, ignorant until then of the process which excited their wonder no less than their admiration; in that which Hart has painted, we have the art itself, emancipated from its rudimentary form, and demonstrating its future capabilities before the eyes of the men of science, whose anxious toil and earnest thought have long been given to the subject. The original associates are here—Fust, Gutenberg, and Schoeffer, to whom the introduction of printing is due. The two former, partners in the great scheme, are attentively listening to the explanations by which the young apprentice, Schoeffer, accompanies his description of the punch and matrix, those implements which are to utilise all the preceding inventions. But to invest the subject with a feeling that shall come home to every bosom, Mr. Hart has taken advantage of the story told by Marchand, in his "*Histoire de l'Imprimerie*" (and repeated by Dibdin and others), that, in order to secure the

co-operation of Schœffer, Fust offered him his daughter, Christina, in marriage. It is a variation of the theme of the courtship of Quentin Matsys—the reward without the previous conditions. And as the reward of his labours, the highest he can receive, young Peter Schœffer evidently considers the hand of the fair damsel, who, standing apart from the consultation, looks on with an anxiety not inferior to that which is shown by the inventive lover.

The attitude of Schœffer, and the expression of his countenance, are very good. They indicate both the timidity with which he advances his pretensions and the conviction of the importance of his discovery. Nor are the features of Fust and Gutenberg less expressive of the interest they take in the whole proceeding: the rich goldsmith wears the air of calm satisfaction which belongs to the man who is confident in a successful venture; while the practical printer, who holds in his hand the alphabetic “proof,” examines with careful eye the two instruments that have wrought the novel result. To connect the lovers more closely, and guide the spectator to their story, the painter has skilfully introduced a label, which hangs over the side of the table at which Fust and Gutenberg are seated, bearing on it the names of Peter and Christina—the earliest “proof,” no doubt, that Schœffer has “pulled.” The details of this picture are numerous and appropriate, and exhibit all the appliances of the old “Druckhaus,” called “Zum Heimbrecht,” as it stood in the Cordwainers’ Street of Mayence about the year 1450, not without an admixture of the alembics and retorts of alchemical science, which, with all its vain purposes, added something after all to the cause of real knowledge. Of the colouring of the composition we have no need to speak; for Mr. Hart is *passé maître* in that respect.

But History has not alone engaged his pencil: he has given us besides a novelty in the shape of landscape—a scene of Hop-picking in Kent, very truthfully painted; an excellent portrait of Alderman Salomons; the idealised head of some very pretty girl; and two subjects, *pendants* to each other—a jealous student of Plato and Aristotle, and an equally jealous disciple of the school of Nicot. The sallowness and hollow eye of the candidate for honours betoken the many vigils he has kept in pursuit of his high object; while the careless face of the idler, exhaling the fragrance of his cigar, is equally indicative of the prospective “pluck,” and the equanimity with which that misfortune will be encountered.

Before we quit the domain of History, we must speak of what Charles Landseer has contributed to that department of art. His principal picture, “The Death of King Edward the Third,” is very simply, but effectively, treated. The circumstances attendant on his death-bed, so quaintly narrated in Stow’s Chronicle, are familiar, of course, to most of our readers; how “sodden with the disease of the Annuli” the king had “almost suddainely died—trusting the fond fables of the oft-named Alice (Alice Perrers, his mistress), when she affirmed he should recover his health, so that at the last he talked rather of hawking and hunting than of anything that pertained to the saving of his soule;” how Alice “as soon as she sawe the king had set foote within death’s doore, bethought her of flight, yet before she went, tooke the ringes from his fingers;” and

how "amongst a thousand (attendants) there was only present at that time a certain Priest, to minister to him the word of Life."

It was the sad close of a glorious reign of half a century; but monarchs often live too long, and Edward had been stricken by many private griefs and public discontents. The solitude and neglect to which the king's last hours were consigned have been very feelingly rendered in the scene which Mr. Landseer has painted. Edward, wasted more by disease than age, is stretched upon his pallet, and only two persons are beside him—his mistress and the compassionate priest. Alice, decked in gorgeous robes, and splendid in evil beauty, is eagerly seizing the last relic of royalty, with no pity in her eyes for him who had sacrificed so much for her; and the holy father, earnest in his ministration, stands on the opposite side of the couch, presenting the emblem of redemption, and exhorting the king "to ask mercie of him whose Majestie he had so grievously offended." The cares of the world are past, and Edward listens to his ghostly monitor, heedless of the rapacious wanton who is despoiling him—a termination to his career which reconciles the beholder to the misery of the scene, which aptly recalls the poet's lines,

The world without all gay and fair,
But death and desolation there.

Mr. Landseer has two other subjects for the Exhibition: "Still Life"—a group of armour and weapons, and glistening cups and chalices; and the portrait of a boy, well known about town as a seller of bird's-meat, and well remembered, no doubt, by the readers of Mr. Mayhew's Letters on "Labour and the Poor."

We must give Frank Stone the intermediate place between the actual and the ideal, with enough of both in his pictures to satisfy alike the seekers of the truth and the worshippers of imagination. The first we have to notice exhibits a curious but interesting departure from his usual style. It is a pass in the Himalayah Mountains, with the highest peaks of that lofty range shining out amid the clear blue depths of an Eastern sky. In the foreground is a figure wearing a rich Oriental costume, but whose features denote him to be a traveller from Europe; at his feet are a number of slender female forms, bending before him with tributes of the flowers of the luxuriant region through which he wanders; and by his side stand one or two military attendants who have been appointed to guard his person. The traveller is Dr. Hooker, the celebrated botanist; the women are natives of the Sikkim Himalayah, who made him these floral offerings; and conspicuous amongst the flowers, which glow with every hue, are the varieties of the rhododendron for which Dr. Hooker travelled so far. In this production we scarcely know which to admire the most—the grace of the composition, the beauty of the scenery, or the botanical fidelity which has made every separate flower a study; the Oriental character of the native women, as developed in their lithe, slight figures, and the accuracy of every part of costume, are points, too, which must not be overlooked.

A scene from "Cymbeline" carries us back to Mr. Stone's more accustomed art. It is that in which Imogen reads the letter from her husband, enjoining Pisanio to slay her for her supposed infidelity, when the manner of her reading it convinces him that she is innocent.

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Has cut her throat already. No; 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword.

This feeling, as well as the manifest innocence of Imogen, are beautifully expressed, and the little picture that thus interprets our great dramatist becomes a perfect gem. But unless Frank Stone had something that he could call "his own," his place in the Exhibition would be missed by many. There are two of this class, however, both girls just ripening into womanhood—one a country beauty, all tenderness and simplicity; the other—who, but for the place we see her in, might pass for her twin sister—as beautiful, perhaps as tender, but certainly not so simple. The first is in rustic garb, fresh as the morning breeze that blows over the common across which lies her path to the fountain; the second is in rich array, breathing the perfumed air of fashionable life in a box at the Opera, with the soft light veiled from her eyes, while the cadenced music vibrates in her ears. They are both charming creatures, and the only feeling of regret which they excite is, that their respective lovers—for they must have them—are not also *en evidence* to tell one of Frank Stone's pleasing stories.

The consideration of female beauty brings us naturally to Mr. Grant's admirable portraits. He sends in half a dozen this year, four of them being ladies. These are, the Countess of Kintore, and her sister, Miss Hawkins, Lady Londesborough, and Lady Caroline Stirling. Since the pencil fell from the hands of Lawrence, no one has succeeded so well as Mr. Grant in the delineation of feminine grace and sweetness, with the utmost truthfulness of portraiture. He conveys to his canvas an air of refinement and intelligence, a captivation of manner, and an intuitive, high-bred expression, which we look vainly for elsewhere, and happy may that fair lady esteem herself who visits Mr. Grant's *studio* as a sitter. Nor less fortunate are the gentlemen, as the portraits of Sir William Fraser, of the Life Guards, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, bear witness. Familiar with the features of Mr. Disraeli, we do not believe it possible that a better or more characteristic likeness than that which Mr. Grant has executed could be painted. It is close enough in actual resemblance to satisfy a daguerrotypist, and sufficiently idealised to convey the assurance of the genius which distinguishes the original.

Apropos of portraits, let us not omit to notice two very clever ones by Mr. Desanges, a very rising artist, the finish and truth of whose works have much pleased us for the last two or three years. He now exhibits two—the graceful Duchess of Montrose, and the young and beautiful Lady Ossulton; they are both charming subjects, and lose none of their charm in the hands of Mr. Desanges.

After female beauty comes—its antithesis; we suppose we must not use a stronger word, even when Mr. Millais indulges in his own peculiar views of woman's loveliness. The pre-Raffaelite leader seems as much bent as ever on eschewing the merits of those whom all, save himself and his two or three resolute followers, are apt to call "the great masters." But with this determination to stand alone, no less in practice than in precept, Mr. Millais has also determined that whatever he attempts shall claim attention by its wondrous verisimilitude with the objects which he wishes to represent. It is a pity that one who can so faithfully transfer

to canvas the beauty of inanimate nature, should have such singular ideas of Nature's chief ornament. Mr. Millais has two pictures this year, which many will throng to see for various special reasons. The most important is "Ophelia in the Brook." The stage direction for poor Ophelia's costume, when her wits have left her, is—"fantastically attired." Mr. Millais has kept this direction in view; her attire is fantastic enough! The text says:

Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up.

We would give a trifle to see any young lady of our acquaintance—even Mademoiselle Rosati—trying to float in the gossamer robes of Mr. Millais' Ophelia. As to the rest of the details, they are painted with marvellous skill: their finish is quite wonderful. His second picture is "A Catholic Lady tying on the Scarf of her Huguenot Lover:" here the colouring and expression are very fine, and that hardness, which we have noted as a defect in this artist's works, is altogether absent. The subject altogether well treated.

Leaving the "debateable ground" of opinion, where the swarthy Mariornes has as many admirers as the fair Dorothea, we gladly welcome Mr. Solomons, who exhibits two pictures this year, both of which are admirably painted. The slighter of the two is the pleasant episode of Yorick and the Grisette, in the "Sentimental Journey;" and the face of the pretty shopkeeper is just the one to justify Yorick's choice of the person he wanted to perform an act of charity and good-nature. A peculiarity in this picture is, that Yorick's back is turned to the spectator, so that his features would be entirely lost, were it not for a looking-glass behind the Grisette, which perfectly reflects them.

Mr. Solomon's second picture has more matter in it. It represents the lovers' quarrel in the *Tartufe*, where Dorine, the waiting-maid, having witnessed the breeze between Mariane and Valère, interferes to reconcile them. Mr. Solomon's appreciation of female beauty is something rather different from that of Mr. Millais. Sweeter faces than those of Mariane and Dorine it is difficult to meet with; and we scarcely know which to prefer—the mistress or the maid. The arch expression on the features of the latter, as she coaxes the half-angry, half-relenting Valère to turn round, is perfectly rendered; and whatever she may think of her own love affairs, it is quite clear that she is capable of saying, with regard to those of others,

A vous dire le vrai, les amants sont bien fous.

All the accessories to this amusing scene are well painted.

This humorous gradation has led us to the broad region of Comedy, where Webster reigns supreme. His great illustration this year is a version of a subject which he has already treated—"The Game of Football;" but the novelty of arrangement has given to it all the character of originality of design. To give the details of this picture would occupy more space than we can afford; and, what is more to the purpose, would leave the reader only half satisfied: for his full enjoyment, he must go to the Exhibition on Monday next, and plant himself, as well as he can, before the laughter-moving subject. Webster has sent also a charming little cottage interior, and a small conversation-piece, together with a

group of portraits—little girls—the daughters of a gentleman named Young, a very delicate piece of colour and sentiment.

Our leading landscape-painters supply us with the very agreeable means of closing this necessarily imperfect notice of the present contents of the Royal Academy.

Stanfield—who, we hear, has gathered precious materials from the north of Spain for future Exhibitions—is this year on the coasts of France and Italy. His largest picture is a view of the town and harbour of La Rochelle; and never was that picturesque seaport so delightfully commended to the spectator. The breezy freshness of the air, the crispness of the dashing water, the dancing motion of the trap-wave as it climbs up the sides of the piers and jetties, all combine to convey a sense of reality second only to that caused by nature itself. But Stanfield's pictures are nature presented under the most attractive aspects; and the longer we look upon them, the more the interest which they excite increases. In this view of La Rochelle the eye rests, at first, upon the figure of a sailor-boy, whose naked feet cling firmly to the floating masts on which he rides securely; a group of fishermen and women on the long strip of sandy shore, and a sentinel pacing beneath the outer defences of the harbour, attract us next; from these we glance upwards to a shining steeple, and then the vision ranges onward past the towers of La Chaine and St. Nicholas—the first round and massive, the last square and of more irregular construction—till it penetrates the inner harbour, at the extremity of which rise the masts of numerous vessels, the lofty tower of the church of St. Sauveur, the high spire of the *Tour de la Lanterne*, and the belfries and pinnacles of the city of La Rochelle. There is a volume of matter in this picture, and a life-like effect is spread over every part.

A scene whose characteristics are the very opposite of those which we have just described, awaits us in the tranquil glowing landscape which stretches over the Lake of Averno, and loses itself beneath the empurpled promontories of the delicious Bay of Baia. In the foreground, amidst fallen columns and herbage of the richest luxuriance, a goatherd watches his browsing flock, and a peasant-girl rests from the heat of the day; beyond them is the still lake, fringed to the water's edge with noble foliage, and far away lies the lovely bay, and its enchanting coast, as exquisite a spot as any the world can show. What Byron said of the valley beneath Chimæra's Alps, rises spontaneously to the lips while gazing on the shores of the ancient Avernus:

Pluto! if this be Hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

Mr. Stanfield has a third picture—not recently painted, though now for the first time exhibited—"Citara, on the Bay of Naples," where a stormy sea breaking on the coast, and a group of travellers hastening through a deep cleft or defile, afford an admirable specimen of the painter's power under a very different aspect.

Mr. George Stanfield, carefully advancing with a sure reward as he progresses, has two sweet pictures—"Llanwrst, on the Conway," and "The Ruins of Cambus Kenneth Abbey." The little Welsh village is a charming subject, with its quiet valley, its pretty church, embosomed in

trees, and the sparkling waters of its river; there is great truth in the fine masses of cloud which float above the distant hills. A feeling of regret is naturally excited by the "Ruins of Cambus Kenneth," to think that a pile, once so glorious, should have been brought to its present condition by the fury of a fanatical mob; but, for the painter's purpose, its ruined state only renders it the more picturesque, and Mr. G. Stanfield has given full value to what remains, particularly by the manner in which he has brought out, in the boldest relief, the lofty tower of the Abbey, which has much more of a military than a monastic appearance. There is a fine, clear distance, in which we get a glimpse of Stirling Castle, at the extremity of a long precipitous ridge.

From the feudal aspect of this Scottish scene, let us turn to a subject purely English, and entirely opposite in character—"The Last Load," of Mr. Goodall. We see there a wain laden with golden sheaves, dragging slowly through a shallow stream, in sight of the homestead, and the farmer to whom it belongs hailing its approach. The harvest has had a happy ending, not only in the abundance of its produce, but in bringing to a crisis at least one rustic courtship. Two pairs of lovers are nestled amongst the corn, and the category of marriage cannot be very remote from that pair over whose heads there floats a ribbon of bright hue, attached to a rake, an artistic device which tells their story very well. In the foreground are several figures on foot, accompanying the wain; one of these, a girl, with a wheat-sheaf on her head, is finely drawn and well coloured, though perhaps a little too fair for the kind of life she leads beneath the burning sun of August. The details of this picture are excellent, as well as the effect produced by the glowing sunset and rising mists of evening.

The continental traveller who begins his journey at Antwerp, and closed it at Venice, taking the route by Vienna, may prepare himself before he goes for some of the pleasure he will receive, by first going to see the three pictures which Roberts has sent in this year. His views of "The Exterior of Antwerp Cathedral," seen from the Scheldt, and of "Venice," from the Grand Canal, are each of them very fine; but the acme of the spectator's delight is reserved for the "Interior of St. Stephen's at Vienna," which is one of the most remarkable, if it be not even the finest, that Roberts has ever painted. Its peculiarity consists in this, that the view is taken from beneath the organ-loft, looking straight down the centre aisle towards the high altar, and this necessarily makes the picture nearly three times as broad as it is high, without, however, detracting from the altitude of the interior; on the contrary, the height of the vault is, perhaps, more strongly conveyed by the concealment of the roof, than if it were exposed, and one thing, at least, has been gained by the method which Mr. Roberts has adopted—the avoidance of that multangular effect which so often disturbs the eye. For linear perspective, for atmospheric illusion, for fidelity of detail, for harmony of composition, and for breadth of treatment, this "Interior" must stand unrivalled, and were not the Cathedral itself still standing to justify its claims to the picturesque, Mr. Roberts's picture would be sufficient to disprove the absurd assertion of Dr. Dibdin, the bibliomaniac, that St. Stephen's contained scarcely anything that was worthy of notice.

Passing from the gloomy grandeur of one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture, we again stand in the open air, and scent the sweet breath of nature, as we look upon the lovely subjects which Lee has so exquisitely painted. These are fine pictures, but our choice—and it is a most difficult one to make—lies between two—"The Avenue at Althorpe," in Northamptonshire, and "A View across a Common"—in no particular part of England, but rather in every part where beautiful scenery is to be found. We might expatiate on these two views in volumes of words, but no eloquence of description could do justice to the subjects in the way that Mr. Lee has done justice to nature. If these pictures are not destined for the same owner, each may say, that if he had not his own, he would be glad to possess the other. But Mr. Lee has not confined himself to England; a long stride has taken him into the Glenorchy Highlands, where his pencil still displays the same mastery over what is sublime as well as what is beautiful. Were not the sport of deerstalking so attractive in itself, one might well be tempted to follow it after traversing the Breadalbane estates in Mr. Lee's company.

Mr. Sidney Cooper, the frequent associate of Mr. Lee, is prolific in the style in which he has no living rival. Besides two excellent cattle-pieces—"Cows at a Pool Drinking," and a "Group of Cattle before a Barn," in which are introduced a grey horse, and a young bull, which—no disparagement to Paul Potter—is oftener seen alive (at least in England) than the wonder of the Hague,—there are two subjects, in which the principal animals are sheep, that surpass anything we have ever seen from Mr. Cooper's pencil. In the first, a number of sheep and lambs are clustered outside a most picturesque-looking shed, from the open door of which a friendly donkey is very complacently gazing; in the second, we have the interior of the farm-shed, with the same animals housed. The last will perhaps attract the most attention, from the novelty of its treatment. It is not possible that animals, or their food, or any of the accessories of their dwelling, could be more truthfully represented.

We have got to the end of the list of the pictures that we have seen. Of those we have heard of, we may mention a fine "View in the Oberland," and the "Exterior of the Crystal Palace," by Harding—her Majesty, to whom the latter belongs, having graciously permitted the artist to send it in for exhibition; a very small landscape by Mulready, wonderfully finished; a "River Mill," by Creswick, in his usual style of excellence; and a remarkable picture by Edward Cooke, a perfect daguerrotype for fidelity—it is part of the "Ducal Palace at Venice," and its accuracy will satisfy the precisest requirements of the architect.

There are some omissions this year which we regret. Neither Herbert nor Egg have sent anything. Historical painting is not so rife amongst us, that we should be content to lose two of its ablest exponents.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FRANCESCO SFORZA.*

THE appearance of the volumes before us, so shortly after the publication of Mr. Dennistoun's "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino," might seem to indicate that the history of Italy during the middle ages is an unexhausted field. It may not present the most popular form of literature to which a writer could devote himself; but it will always have attractions for the scholar and man of taste; and as there is still an abundance of unused materials—not to be picked up on the surface, but to be collected by patient and diligent research—we hope that the "Life and Times of Francesco Sforza" will not be the last work of mediæval biography to which we shall be called upon to give our attention.

In connecting the hero of these volumes with the time at which he flourished, Mr. Urquhart has entirely confined himself to its historical and political aspects. "The narration," he observes, "of the life of any eminent public man, the investigation of the circumstances which contributed to his rise, and the exhibiting the individual qualities which enabled him to turn them to account, is† generally supposed to afford a tolerably good exposition of the age in which he lived, and of the people among whom his lot was cast." But to show these relations between the individual and his times, we must not merely inquire how far he influenced the character of the age, but also how far the mind and habits of the age had their influence upon himself; and an examination like this, when referring to a period of transition, is generally surrounded with curious and valuable materials. The biographical history of Italy, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, is indebted for its enduring interest to its connexion with literature, science, and the arts. Its petty sovereigns would long since have been forgotten if their names had not been associated with those of the scholars and men of genius whom they persecuted or protected. There is also something of romance in the domestic incidents of these periods; and there is a picturesqueness in their manners and customs, to which any work connected with them must owe one of its principal charms. It is true that the harvest has already been gathered; but a diligent reader in the public libraries of Italy may still find rich gleanings lying abundantly before him.

From investing his work with these incidental attractions, Mr.

* *Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, with a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Italy.* By Wm. Pollard Urquhart, Esq. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh and London, 1852.

† *Sic in orig.*

Urquhart has carefully abstained: the succession of battles and political changes, in which the Duke Francesco bore a conspicuous part, are related with the calm gravity of history; and if any one wishes to pass quietly through the labyrinth which they present, he cannot have a more careful and intelligent guide than Mr. Urquhart.

About a hundred and fifty pages of his first volume are devoted to an epitome of the general history of Italy, from the subversion of the Roman Empire to the approach of the fifteenth century, when the dynasty of the Sforzas commenced. Francesco was the son of the founder of his house, and was the father of that Duke of Milan whose assassination—powerfully narrated both by Machiavelli and Sismondi—had its motive in circumstances which have all the character of romance, and led to consequences more extensive and important than have ever followed any similar event. Mr. Urquhart informs us that the life of Francesco Sforza, written by his secretary Simoneta, and published in the twenty-first volume of the "*Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*," has afforded the principal materials for his work; and he occasionally illustrates its incidents by references to the standard historians. There were other authorities to which he might have advantageously referred.

Verri, whose "*Storia di Milano*" was republished in 1824, would have supplied him with interesting information on the laws, the morals, and the commerce of the Milanese at the time of Francesco's assumption of power, and with some additional facts as to the events which preceded it. On most occasions, his deep knowledge of his country's records gives the historian of Milan the weight and authority of a writer living at the period which he undertakes to describe.

There was also a work by the Abbate Ratti, who published, in 1794, two quarto volumes entirely devoted to the House of Sforza; and, if not very engagingly written, they may be considered an authentic record, as he had access to the archives of the family, and dedicated the result of his labours to his pupil, the Duke Francesco Sforza Cesarini. This descendant of so distinguished a house was then the Gonfalonier of Rome; and at a later period we recollect seeing another descendant of the Sforzas who was a cardinal. He was a person, by-the-by, of expensive tastes, and was the subject of some scandal at the pontifical court, in consequence of having resisted, with dangerous and unclerical weapons, the officers who had come to serve him with a process arising out of his pecuniary embarrassments.

Though the Abbate's volumes could not have furnished the materials for Mr. Urquhart's ample narrative, there is much in them which might have supplied him with collateral illustrations, or have referred him to other sources of information.

In speaking of the origin of the family, its biographer discredits the anecdote so often repeated, as to the augury of the axe thrown into the tree, which is said to have decided its great founder in his vocation to arms; but, notwithstanding the attempt to invest him with hereditary nobility, it is still something more than probable that the military adventurer who, through his immediate descendants, gave a line of dukes to Milan, of sovereign lords to Pesaro, queens to Poland and to Naples,* and

* Ippolita Maria Sforza, Duchess of Calabria, died before her husband succeeded to the throne. She was the mother of King Ferdinand II.

an empress to Germany, was originally but a small proprietor of the soil, if not a labouring peasant.

Amongst his many sons, the one who resembled him most in valour and in military skill, was the future Duke of Milan. He was born in the camp; he passed his life in arms; and it would have been happy if he had also met death in battle, rather than in the manner in which it is said to have so suddenly overtaken him. The circumstances attending this unworthy close of his brilliant career are mentioned as admitted facts in the second volume of the work before us. But the story seems to rest on the single authority of an obscure chronicler. Neither of the writers to whom we have before referred makes any allusion to it. Verri, on the contrary, says distinctly, *Malgrado la scostumatezza di quei tempi, egli fu sempre alieno dal disordine, nè si lasciò sedurre alla lascivia*; and attributes his death to the injudicious use of a remedy he had adopted for removing some of the remaining appearances of the dropsy with which he had been for two years afflicted. A more careful reference to contemporary records might have freed his memory from the stain. The passage relied upon by Mr. Urquhart is from Cristoforo da Saldo ("Istoria Bresciana"), and we would rather refer to it than transcribe it.

As Ratti includes upwards of sixty memoirs in his two dry-looking quartos, his notices are, in some instances, as brief as the articles of a biographical dictionary; but they are accompanied by very copious notes. To the Duke of Milan he devotes about fifteen pages; and the events which Mr. Urquhart, with the amplifications of an agreeable style, spreads over a couple of volumes, are told very nearly as briefly as follows.

He was born at S. Miniato, in Tuscany, in 1401, and being deprived of the early superintendence of his father (owing to his frequent absence in the field), he was educated at the court of Ferrara, with the sons of the Marchese Nicolò d'Este. When twelve years old, he was invited to the court of Ladislaus, King of Naples, in whose service the elder Sforza was then engaged. Soon after his arrival at Naples he was made Conte di Tricarico; and the king, pleased with his intelligence and frankness, desired that he should at once devote himself to a military career. To this suggestion he willingly acceded. He followed his father through his subsequent battles, and under the most difficult circumstances gave proofs of his activity, courage, presence of mind, and extraordinary talent. On Sforza's death, at the siege of Aquila, Francesco joined his forces to those of the other captains who were in the service of Naples and the Pope; and his great superiority as a general becoming unequivocally manifest, he was next invited to take employment under Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan, who received him with marked favours, and for whom he did good service against the Venetians, the Florentines, and at Lucca. He also carried his arms into Umbria and the Marches; and having possessed himself of a considerable portion of these territories, the reigning pontiff thought it politic to arrest his further progress by giving him the investiture of them during his life, with the title of Marchese, and the office of Gonfalonier of the Church—in those days a distinguished honour, which had previously been conferred upon his father. Visconti, who was naturally timid, suspicious, and ungrateful, began to be jealous of his able general. He has been charged with having often exposed him to unnecessary danger, and even with having sought his life; but Francesco bore this treatment

most patiently, in consideration of his contemplated union with Bianca Maria, a natural daughter of Visconti, who had been promised to him by her father, and betrothed; though the fulfilment of the promise had, on various pretexts, been deferred. The condottieri of the middle ages, however, had a very easy mode of revenging themselves when offended by their employers, by going over to the enemy. Their service never seems to have implied an allegiance, and it is one of the puzzling aspects of the history of these times, that, upon every fresh mention of the name of a celebrated leader, we have to ask, "*Under which king, Bezonian?*" We now find Francesco fighting for a league in which the Venetians, the Florentines, the Genoese, and the Pope, were combined against Visconti; who, beginning to be tired of the war, made it a condition with the general who was opposed to him, that he should be married to Bianca upon his inducing the allies to make peace. This he appears to have accomplished, and he received Cremona and Ponte Moli as the dowry of his bride. Still Visconti could not overcome his antipathy. He had formerly regarded Francesco as his adopted son, but he now combined with the Pope to deprive him of his territory in the Marches; he instigated King Alfonso to seize upon his wealth and possessions in Naples; and, had he not been prevented by the Venetians and Florentines, he would have taken from him the places which had been given to him on his marriage with Bianca. Continually entangled in his own snares, Visconti does not seem to have derived much advantage from his treachery. He found himself involved in fresh difficulties; his best generals were dead, or had deserted him; he again turned for help to his son-in-law, whom entreaties and an ample stipend induced to re-enter into his service; and he shortly afterwards died, without leaving a male descendant to succeed him in the duchy.

In the midst of contending claims for the sovereignty, the Milanese determined to form themselves into a republic; but they were surrounded by enemies, and not agreed amongst themselves; and feeling their weakness, they had recourse to Francesco, whom they placed at their head, with the title of captain-general. As usual, when he had relieved them from their danger, they became jealous of his power. It was now too late to dispute it; and overcoming every difficulty, he made himself Duke of Milan. His accession was, with few exceptions, acknowledged by the other powers of Italy; and Cosmo de' Medici sent a splendid embassy, consisting of his son Pietro, Luca Pitti, and others of the principal Florentine families, to congratulate him. There remained two powerful enemies whom he had still to contend with—the Venetians and the Duke of Savoy. After an expensive war, which continued for four years, he concluded a peace in 1454; and ten years afterwards, the states of Genoa, which had rebelled against France, were added by Duke Francesco, at their own desire, to his dominions of Milan, Parma, Piacenza, and Corsica; but he only survived, for two years more, the establishment of his power, having died suddenly (as we have already mentioned) in 1466, at the age of sixty-five. Upon no larger a foundation than this, Mr. Urquhart's goodly superstructure has been raised.

His second book opens with a very interesting chapter on the causes which led to the employment of the stipendiary troops, by whom the wars of Italy had now for more than a century been conducted.

In the early periods of its history, the inhabitants defended themselves by a native militia, who were ready to serve whenever required, and who then formed armies as well disciplined as those to whom they were usually opposed; but "after the licentiousness," says Mr. Urquhart, "that followed the too rapid growth and the premature prosperity of the Italian republics, had caused the decline of the patriotism and bravery so necessary for the existence of an efficient militia, the custom [of employing foreign troops] was unanimously followed. In the free cities the inhabitants, being generally intent upon the making or enjoyment of a fortune, had no wish to encounter the hardships of service; and in the others, the petty tyrants were unwilling to rely too much on the valour or fidelity of the people whom they had enslaved." "The spirit of chivalry was extinguished by the rapid development of commerce," and as "political sagacity" began to be more thought of "than personal bravery," the militia became inefficient and contemptible. In a description of one of their gatherings, translated from Tassoni, we are told:

Summoned to arms, some bolted quick up-stairs,
Some to the windows rush'd, and some to prayers.
Others were fain
To brandish hedge-bills; and, in breastplates bright,
Ran swaggering to the square, prepared for fight.

The impossibility of opposing such troops as these to a body of trained adventurers gave rise, as we have seen, to the general employment of stipendiary forces—by the weak for defence, and by the strong for aggression. Their leaders were at first chiefly Germans and Englishmen, who had been schooled in other wars. Our countrymen who have visited Florence will remember the rude equestrian portrait, in the Duomo, of Sir John Hawkwood, one of the most celebrated of these condottieri, called by some of the Italian historians (phonetically) *Giovanni Aucuth*. But accomplished generals soon sprang up amongst the Italians themselves. A class of men appeared—the chiefs, for example, who held territories under the Pope—"whose circumstances were not very different from those of the minor feudal lords in [other] parts of Europe." They "seemed to be peculiarly fitted, by their position, to be the leaders of predatory bands." Jealous, and covetous of each other's possessions, they had been continually at war amongst themselves; they had acquired considerable reputation and skill as captains; each of them was anxious to share some of the profits of an employment which had become as lucrative as the pursuits of commerce; and amongst the leaders who were educated in their service, none were more distinguished or more successful than the Sforzas.

The death of the elder Sforza, in attempting to raise the siege of Aquila, is well described by Mr. Urquhart:

"The 4th of January, 1424, was chosen by Sforza for his hazardous undertaking. There are many reports extant of omens of ill-luck having appeared to him before the commencement of the day which was destined to terminate his career. Some of these may possibly have been invented after the tragic event had taken place; trivial incidents which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been forgotten, may have been recorded and exaggerated, or may have made an impression upon those of his followers who had less heart for the enterprise than himself; and it is not improbable that visions may have been conjured up by the imagina-

tion of Sforza himself, intent upon his enterprise, and fully aware of its danger. After having, as was his custom, performed the ceremony of *mass*, and taken the sacrament, before daybreak, he is said to have related, that while he lay awake, there appeared to him the head of a man of gigantic stature, and that he afterwards had a vision of himself struggling in the current [of the river], and vainly imploring assistance. Before starting, he was reminded of the prediction of an astrologer, that he should, above all things, beware of crossing a river on a Monday, and implored, by his companions in arms, not to despise such evident indications of the will of the Almighty. Nor did the circumstance of the horse of one of his standard-bearers having fallen, fail to produce its due effect on the minds of the superstitious and timid among his followers. When he arrived at the river he found that the elements, as well as his enemy, had rendered the passage more than usually difficult, as, besides the preparations made by [his opponent] Braccio, a strong east wind had set in, and caused a sort of conflict between the current of the river and the waves of the sea. But he, as little daunted by the reality as he had been by the visions of danger, gave orders to the foremost of his army to cross the river by the shallows adjoining the beach. Five of the best mounted men dashed into the stream, trusting to the strength of their heavy armour to defend them against the javelins and cross-bows of the enemy: after them came young Francesco Sforza, followed by his father. Notwithstanding the opposition of the enemy, aided by the wind, the waves, and the sea, they all effected a safe landing on the northern bank of the Pescara, and their success emboldened others to follow their example. Already had fortune began to declare in favour of the brave. Forty of the best men in the camp had arrived in safety after the Sforzas. The bowmen, who had been placed behind palisades, having fled in terror to the city, brought word to the garrison of Braccio that they had been unable to defend the passage of the river, and entreated them to attack the enemy before they had landed in considerable numbers. Already a party had come from the city for that purpose, but they were unable to stand the onset of a small number of heavily-armed knights, headed by Francesco Sforza; and a great number of them were made prisoners before they could reach the walls of the city. In the moment of his exultation, the elder Sforza beckoned to his followers on the southern bank to lose no time in crossing the river to assist in following up their success; and impatient of delay, he dashed into the water, determined to return again to the other side, and lead the way for the timid or the doubtful. But, on this occasion, the wind, which is said to rule the waves of the Adriatic (*Auster, quo non arbiter Adriæ, major*), showed itself a more formidable enemy than the bowmen of Braccio. The waves which it continued to raise met the flow of the river with redoubled violence; the heavy armour of the warrior, and the increased conflict of the waters, were too much for his horse, which had already had some hours of fatigue. Sforza, while in the middle of the passage, stooped forward to extend his hand to one of his soldiers, who, being dismounted, seemed to be in danger of being carried away by the current; the animal lost his balance, slipped behind, and precipitated his steel-clad rider into the dangerous eddy. The horse, freed from his burden, swam to the bank; the warrior was unable to struggle with the billows. Twice were his steel-clad hands seen raised above the waters, clasped together, as if

he were imploring assistance, though any words that he may have attempted to utter were choked by the rage of the elements; after which he sank to rise no more, and his body was never found. Thus perished Sforza Attendolo of Cotignola, a man who, in the words of the historian of the Italian republics, was universally acknowledged to be one of the first generals and politicians of his day."

"At the moment of this catastrophe, Francesco Sforza was beneath the walls of Pescara, engaged in close pursuit of the enemy. Never did the genius of the future Duke of Milan appear more conspicuous than on the receipt of the mournful intelligence. Though tenderly attached to his father, and belonging to a nation who feel more keenly the passions of grief or joy than the colder inhabitants of the north, he never for one moment lost his presence of mind." He induced his father's captains to remain faithful to himself and the sovereigns by whom they were employed; and, not long afterwards, he again proceeded to the relief of Aquila with a force under the command of the Neapolitan general Caldora.

The leader by whom it was besieged, Braccio da Montone, had been the early friend and companion-in-arms of the elder Sforza, while they served together under Alberic Barbiano; but they had for some years been opposed to each other; and his treachery, while Sforza was imprisoned during one of the revolutions at Naples, produced a feeling of hostility that continued till their deaths. Yet we are told that when intelligence was brought to him of Sforza's fate, he betrayed many symptoms of sorrow for one who, so many years, had been his brother and rival in arms; and he expressed a presentiment that he should not long survive him. His last battle was now to take place; and his tactics (says Mr. Urquhart) on this, the closing scene of his life, are worthy of notice.

"He seemed to think himself certain of victory, now that he was no longer opposed by his former rival. So confident was he, that, although he knew the forces of his adversaries to be three times as numerous as his own, he sent word to the enemy, that if they would come and attack him in the plains in front of Aquila, he would not oppose their passage through the mountain-passes of St. Larent. To one of the messages, young Francesco is said to have replied that he would soon come, to his cost. On the 4th of June, 1424, the army of Caldora set out to cross these extremely difficult passes; and though a mere handful of men might at any time have arrested their progress, Braccio, true to his promise, offered them no opposition whatever. In descending the mountains, the cavalry were obliged to dismount and lead their horses down the steep and stony paths which conducted to the foot, and could arrive but in small numbers at a time in the plain beneath. Nevertheless, the whole army was allowed to assemble before the attack was begun. The plain in which the battle was to be fought had recently been inundated by the overflow of the river, and offered every impediment to the action of heavy cavalry after the fatigues of the passage of the mountain; and as the steepness of the path precluded all possibility of retreat in the event of a defeat, it is not improbable that Braccio hoped that if he suffered them all to descend, the whole force would fall into his hands. At the beginning of the battle, this expectation seemed likely to be fulfilled. The troops of Caldora, fatigued by the labours of the morning, and un-

nerved by the perilous situation in which they had been so long exposed, gave way at the first onset. Victory seemed almost in his hands; but the troops of Braccio had, in the eagerness of pursuit, come upon an unbroken body of infantry belonging to Sforza. Many horses of the former were killed, and a great number of them driven back in confusion. Niccolò Piccinino, one of Braccio's most promising pupils, anxious to restore the battle to its former success, brought his men from the post where they had been placed by their commander-in-chief, to prevent the egress of the inhabitants of Aquila; and the citizens immediately profited by the advantage thus given them, to sally forth upon the rear of the army that had besieged them so long. To add to the confusion of Braccio, his signals were either unseen or unheeded by a reserve body of men whom he had placed at some distance, with the intention of bringing them up in the hour of victory; and his army, pressed both behind and before, was obliged to give way. All accounts represent this engagement as being different from the almost bloodless battles that were so often fought between the condottieri in the fifteenth century. The soldiers of Caldora well knew that, if defeated, they had no chance of retreat; their adversaries were maddened with disappointment; and the general, who had his own ambitious objects in view, sacrificed the lives of his men with less reluctance than if he had been fighting the battles of a neighbouring prince."

The young Francesco was everywhere in the hottest of the fight, and attracted the attention of Braccio, who, on being told who he was, is said to have exclaimed, "*A worthy son of the great Sforza!*" Braccio himself, being closely pursued, had cast away his helmet to avoid being recognised, and received his death-wound from one of Sforza's knights, who afterwards took him prisoner. When in the enemy's hands he refused all sustenance, and expired a captive in the camp of his adversary.

His part in the victory over Braccio was Francesco's first great achievement in the field, and his last was to establish himself as Duke of Milan. The sagacity with which this was accomplished, the stirring campaigns which preceded it, and the dexterity with which he made the aims and feelings of others subservient to his own success, afford interesting materials for a considerable portion of the second volume, and are related with clearness and effect. In some of his difficulties—and they were many and of every kind—he derived important aid from the judgment and spirit of his wife Bianca, who possessed some great and noble qualities.

His struggle for the possession of Milan was long and arduous. Before its surrender it had been blockaded for more than a year, and its supplies being entirely cut off, the sufferings of the inhabitants were intense. "The famine was becoming too severe even for those who had declared that they would sooner die than submit." Tumults commenced; the authorities were set at defiance; the people, maddened by hunger, deposed the magistrates they had themselves chosen, and submitted, with shouts of welcome and exultation, to the man who, only a day before, no one durst name but with execration, and whom they had regarded as their bitterest enemy. They had afterwards no reason to regret his rule.

Verri calls him *Il nostro buon Duca*; and uniformly speaks of him with admiration and respect. Though the Milanese had submitted to him unconditionally, he gave them a constitution, which conceded greater privileges than they had ever before enjoyed. The historian we have men-

tioned would have enabled Mr. Urquhart to have introduced it in his work. Like the Prince-President of the French Republic, the Duke of Milan reserved to himself the right of occasionally setting aside the compact he had made (*in casi speciali potrebbe deviare dal regola*); but he never appears to have violated its provisions; and it is recorded that he watched uniformly over the interests of his people with the care of a father (*non dimenticò mai le cure d'un padre benefico de' suoi popoli*). In Verri might also have been found an account of the important public works which were completed between the time of the duke's accession and his death. One of these was the Great Hospital, an institution open to every nation and to every creed, which attracts the traveller of the present day by the peculiar beauty of its terra-cotta mouldings, as well as by its magnificent extent. The author of the "*Voyages Historiques et Littéraires*" considers the founding of such an establishment by a war-like prince as a kind of reparation to outraged humanity. Tiraboschi numbers the duke amongst the patrons of the learned Greeks who were refugees from Constantinople, and who gave an impetus to the revival of classic literature throughout Europe.

"It must be acknowledged," says Mr. Urquhart, "that few military adventurers ever succeeded better than Francesco Sforza. Forty years before the consolidation of his power by the acquisition of Genoa, he had inherited from his father the uncertain possession of some isolated fiefs, and the confidence of a number of mercenary soldiers. He was now lord of the most fertile, if not the fairest, of the lands of Italy. His dominions comprised two cities, to which the names of *grande* and *superba* had been given, and one of which commanded the commerce of the seas between the pillars of Hercules and the mouth of the Don. His colonial empire was inferior to that of the Venetians alone. As he had succeeded in carrying out, to his heart's desire, the stipulations of the Italian alliance, as the chief man in the republic of Florence was the most intimate of his friends, and as neither the Pope nor the King of Naples dared to do anything contrary to his wishes, his influence may be said to have been paramount in the Peninsula; and his alliance was eagerly sought after by one of the most powerful monarchs north of the Alps."

For a very fair and dispassionate estimate of his character, we have again recourse to Mr. Urquhart, though, on some accounts, we should have preferred making a corresponding extract from the "*Storia di Milano*." "It had been the good fortune," he says, "of Francesco Sforza to unite with his political and military talents great personal advantages. On many occasions, his commanding appearance, and excellent address [he might have said his winning eloquence], did him good service. In stature, he was about the middle height; and in activity, strength, and capability of enduring fatigue, he scarcely had any equals. He was patient of hunger and thirst to an extraordinary degree, and seemed scarcely to feel the blows or wounds that were inflicted upon him in battle. Though able to do with very few hours of rest, he was never kept from his sleep by over-fatigue or anxiety; and though his repose was never broken by the clang of arms, the neighing of horses, or the other ordinary sounds of the camp, he was always the first roused by any emergency. He ate but little, and, according to his biographer, did not yield to the most delicate of young ladies in the nice and sparing manner in which he took his food. During his meals he used constantly to admit people to

his presence, and to discuss with them the most intricate questions of policy and war. He was prodigal of money, for which he was frequently reproved by his friend and benefactor, Cosmo de' Medici, who, a merchant himself, could make little allowance for the extravagance of a soldier of fortune. To all such admonitions he used to reply, that as Providence had given him a powerful sovereignty, he thought he could not make better use of his resources than to reward those by whose assistance he had succeeded; that his children would have money enough if they were honest men, and that, if they were not, they would be better without any. In private life he was singularly humane and benevolent; and if ever he thought that he had offended anybody in a moment of irritation, he endeavoured to make up for it by subsequent courtesy. He was exceedingly kind to all who had been plunged into distress by vicissitude of politics or fortune, and is said to have frequently gone about in person to visit the sick and the needy. . . .

"It will not, I think," continues Mr. Urquhart, "be denied (after having detailed and discussed the principal actions of his life) that he was endowed with all the great and most of the good qualities that generally fall to the lot of mankind. . . . It may truly be said that his good deeds were his own, his evil ones (for it must be acknowledged that with some his memory is tarnished) were those of the age in which he lived."

In many respects he was the Napoleon of a narrower sphere of action: equal to him in capacity, and sometimes, perhaps, as unscrupulous in the means which he adopted for the accomplishment of his objects.

For instance, while the enmity shown towards him, after his marriage, on the part of Visconti, is attributed by *Ratti* to implacable dislike, and by *Verri* to court-intrigue and the influence of astrologers over the feeble intellect of the duke, Mr. Urquhart reminds us that it had a more tangible cause.

"When Visconti had lost the services of his best general by the death of the elder Piccinino, he made overtures to Ciarpello, the ablest of Sforza's leaders, and, according to Machiavelli, even put him in possession of some castles in the Milanese. These negotiations did not escape the penetration of Sforza; he dreaded to see one of the best captains in Italy employed by one on whose friendship he had so little reliance; and he knew that Ciarpello, should he ever become his enemy, would have it in his power to reveal many of his secrets. He could no longer hope to conquer by means of Ciarpello, because his fidelity was doubtful; it would not answer his purpose to discharge him, lest he should be used against himself by others. *He therefore deemed himself under the cruel necessity of putting an end to him.* He entrusted the accomplishment of this deed to his brother Alexander, who had always shown a dislike to Ciarpello. The victim was seized, and cast into prison at Fermo, where, after the semblance of a trial, he confessed that he had carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Milan, and was hung. . . . This act of severity gave the greatest offence to the duke, who declared that Ciarpello had been unjustly put to death, and vowed that he would be revenged upon his murderers."

But whether Ciarpello were culpable or not, the act itself was sanctioned by the usual practice of the times. Balduccio d'Anghiari, "a condottieri of no small eminence, had made himself so odious to Bartolomeo, the gonfalonier of justice, at Florence, that it was determined to

get rid of him. To effect this, the gonfalonier sent and requested Balduccio to attend him at the palace. When he had come thither, he entered into conversation with him, and led him, suspecting nothing, through a suite of corridors, till he had arrived at the door of his private apartments, upon which a number of armed men, who had been placed there for the purpose, rushed out and despatched him. His body was then thrown from the palace, and the head was cut off and exhibited, to warn others of the fate they must expect *if they gave any trouble to the ruling men of the state.*"

If Sforza were a party, as was supposed, to the murder of his son-in-law, the younger Piccinino, at Naples, it was a deeper crime than such executions as those of Ciarpello or Balduccio; but, though the circumstances were somewhat suspicious, there is no sufficient evidence to support so horrible an accusation.

After these very liberal extracts, we may leave the work to speak for itself. As a life of Francesco, Duke of Milan—the leader and statesman—it is all that can be desired, and will be read by many with pleasure and interest; but of Francesco Sforza, in his relations with domestic life, and with the manners and progress of his times, it tells us very little.

In mentioning that he had been educated with the sons of Niccolò d'Este, at Ferrara, it might have occurred to Mr. Urquhart to have inquired what may have been the *plan* of education adopted for a nobleman of the fifteenth century. We have reason to think that it was somewhat extensive. A writer who lived at the court of Ferrara towards the close of that century—Collenuccio da Pesaro—addressed a short treatise on the subject to the Duke of Tagliacozzo, Grand Constable of Naples, and brother of the Duke of Urbino (for whose sons it was written), in which he recommends a system after what he considers "the manner of the ancients;" and he takes a measure of the capacity of the human mind in acquiring knowledge, which may surprise us even in these days of universal information. He shows the connexion of the different sciences, the light they mutually reflect, and the necessity for knowing (*almanco in una certa moderata sufficienza*) the entire circle. He then divides his proposed course into five parts: logic, mathematics, physics, ethics, and divinity; and, after assigning the first seven years of human life to nourishment and exercise, he also devotes seven years to each of his great divisions, enumerating their several branches (grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, poetry, and history being included under the head of logic, and so of the rest); and thus extending the education of man to his forty-second year. He then goes on to say that he should imperfectly fulfil his task if he did not add, for the satisfaction of the ardent few who would proceed still further, that there are other subjects connected with several of these divisions, such as agriculture, architecture, painting, cosmography, medicine, and the art military; and that although he has adopted the above arrangement, much may be done, and much time be occasionally saved, by the talent of the pupil and the diligence of the preceptor, particularly by proper management of the hours of study, and by confining the attention to the most important points. These, it must be remembered, are not the suggestions of a dreaming scholar, but of an able public functionary who had travelled and mixed with the world; and it may therefore be supposed that they were intended to

have some practical application : an opinion which is confirmed by our finding that, besides other reprints, a new edition of the work was prepared by one of the sons of Colonnuccio for Guido'baldo II., Duke of Urbino. In one of the dissertations in Butler's "Life of Erasmus," the period devoted to the scholastic acquirements of the fifteenth century is stated to have been twelve years ; and Mr. Urquhart might have found other authorities on a subject which is at least as interesting as " wars undertaken without motive, pursued without vigour, and abandoned without any advantages being secured by peace," or " alliances a thousand times contracted, broken, renewed, and again violated ;"—in briefer phrase, campaigns by which nothing was decided, and treaties which were only made to be evaded.

The account of the marriage of Sforza to Bianca Maria Visconti is confined to a single page. Now this was an event upon which a genuine antiquary, devoted to the middle ages, would have revelled. The feasts of those days were gorgeous. There is on record a dinner that lasted for seven hours, and of which the bill of fare (now lying before us) contains dishes that it would perplex the genius of a Soyer to reproduce. One of them was so different from what we meet with at modern dinners, that we cannot help giving the cooks of the rising generation an opportunity of copying it. The carvers, we are told, having changed their dresses, and prepared a number of white tapers for the occasion, there was brought in what appeared to be a large castle, which was placed in the middle of the banquet-hall. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, and within it was a live pig, that, looking up at the battlements which confined it, uttered most piercing cries—as pigs, under circumstances of difficulty, are usually in the habit of doing ; and, with this, were a number of smaller pigs cooked whole, gilded outside, and each with an apple in its mouth, together with various other kinds of roasted meats. It also appears that the game, after being cooked, was generally covered with the skins or feathers of the different animals, so as to give them the appearance of being still alive : a process of manipulation not very improving, we should think, either to their warmth or flavour.

But these are incidents which, like the laws and commerce of the age, seem to have no attractions for Mr. Urquhart ; and if he has omitted to advert to them, we must not blame him for not having done what he probably never intended to do. He is open to censure on other grounds, though not of a very grave character. His style is not uniformly sustained. A habit of distinguishing the subjects of his narrative as " the former " and " the latter," in place of designating them by their names, is one of his most frequent faults ; and it involves many passages in an obscurity which might easily have been avoided. Nor are the names of places and persons always given with intelligible correctness ; but this may have arisen from a careless revision of the press.

Were we called upon to make a comparison between the "Life of Francesco Sforza" and Mr. Dennistoun's "Dukes of Urbino," as specimens of literary workmanship, we might say that the one was preferable for its execution, the other for the variety and richness of its materials. They alike bear evidences of accomplished scholarship ; and though we may think that neither is destined to acquire extensive popularity, we should consider ourselves false to our trust if we treated them with any other feelings than those of attention and respect.

A SURVEY OF DANISH LITERATURE, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART III.

IN reviewing the literature of Denmark, one is surprised to see, not so *few*, but so *many* authors—many, when the limited size of the country and extent of the population be taken into consideration. It must be remembered that the Danish language is not much known, and that it is spoken and read only by the inhabitants of Denmark Proper, its dependencies, and a portion of its colonists in the East and West Indies; yet it can boast of more writers than countries of an equal or larger size—than Holland, Italy, Spain, or Portugal. To compare the amount of its literature with the amount of the literature of Germany, France, or England, would be unfair and ridiculous; for the German language is that of a large portion of Europe, the French is almost a universal language wherever civilisation extends, and English is the mother-tongue of half the globe. It is surprising, therefore, that Denmark has so extensive and really so good a literature. This is still more to be wondered at, as the Danes are such excellent linguists that the literary stores of other nations are within their easy reach; and, moreover, as such numbers of the best works among the dead, and of the most popular among the living languages, have been translated into Danish. It is amusing to see, in the catalogues of the fashionable circulating libraries of Copenhagen, the names of numerous English novels and romances, some of them looking rather odd in their foreign nomenclature—"Ridder Peveril paa Høien," which stands for "Peveril of the Peak;" "En Fortælling om Montrose"—literally, "A Tale about Montrose;" "Snarleyyaw, eller den djævelske Hund" ("The Devilish Dog")—Marryat's "Snarleyow; or, The Dog-Fiend." But the Danes do not translate the titles of English works so absurdly as the French sometimes do, and frequently they abide by the originals. Most of the novels of Lady Blessington, Lady C. Bury, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollope, and Miss Edgeworth, have been translated into Danish; and many of Bulwer's, Dickens's, James's, Harrison Ainsworth's, Marryat's, Grattan's, &c., are also popular in Denmark. All Walter Scott's, of course, are well known there. In fact, the popularity of foreign authors—English, French, German, and Italian—rather interferes with the sale of original Danish works.

In resuming this slight survey of Danish literature, those authors must be mentioned first who stand, as it were, on the thresholds of two centuries, belonging both to the eighteenth and nineteenth century. Knud Lyne Rahbek is one of those; he was born in Copenhagen in 1760, and died there in 1830. Professor Rahbek was an untiring labourer in the fields of literature. His mind was early imbued with a love of reading, which was cultivated by skilful private tuition during his childhood. At twelve years of age he was sent to the excellent academy of Herlufsholm, in the south of Zealand, and he afterwards took honours at the university. He was celebrated for his compilations as well as his compositions—the

former, probably, being the most valuable. He stood high as a critic and a reviewer, and was the principal editor of a clever periodical entitled *The Minerva*, and another called *The Danish Spectator*. He was the editor of his friend Samsbø's works, and of some of Holberg's; and he published editions of Wessel's, Thaaruss's, Pram's works, and those of other writers. Between the years 1812 and 1814, Professor Rahbek published, in conjunction with Nyerup, a new edition of the old *Kiæmpeviser*—national songs and ballads—which, as has been related, were first collected by Vedel in the sixteenth century. He was celebrated as a good translator, both from the French and the German. He wrote for the stage, and was the author of several poems and prose works, which are held in much esteem in the north; among the latter may be mentioned his "Erindringer"—"Reminiscences"—in five volumes. These did not appear all at once, but in parts, between the years 1824 and 1829, and they abound in lively descriptions of the many scenes he had visited—for Rahbek had travelled a great deal—of the stirring times through which he had lived, and of the various celebrated individuals whom he had known, or with whom he had come in contact. He published a little work on "Style;" a sort of guide to composition, with examples from the best authors, and a collection of extracts from their works, which he modestly called "A Danish Reading Book." Rahbek was a man of a most amiable private character—liberal, hospitable, and kind-hearted; and he and his accomplished wife drew around them a brilliant circle at their country-house near Copenhagen. In the literary firmament, Rahbek can neither be called a blazing meteor, or a star of the first magnitude; but he was a shining and a steady light—always visible, until fate extinguished his useful career.

Leven C. Sander, born in 1756, who died in 1819, was a professor at the University of Copenhagen, and an author of various works on rhetoric and elocution; also of a favourite tragedy called "Niels Ebbesen," and some other dramas.

C. J. Boye, a pleasing writer, is principally known by his religious poetry; and religious poems, as all versifiers are aware, are the most difficult to write well. The following elegy, written amidst the ruins of a monastery, may give a tolerable specimen of this author's style:

Already in the wave
Hath Phœbus quenched his light,
And from yon azure vault
Is Hesper beaming bright.

Whilst night, majestic, soars
Upon its dusky wings,
And from Death's distant home,
In silence, darkness brings—

The pale stars shine afar,
While my lone footsteps tread
Where yonder ancient oaks
Their sombre shadows spread.

Beneath their solemn shade
Behold yon ruins grey!
There the dark bird of night
Hides from the glare of day.

How to my fancy rise
Scenes of departed years;
Of times long past—alas!
My gaze is checked by tears.

For where now silence reigns
These gloomy walls among,
In days gone by arose
The sound of holy song.

Now, in confusion heaped,
But mossy stones appear;
Yet there, the chancel stood—
The lofty altar, here!

Where, wearied with the pains
Of life, so many knelt,
And prayed for peace, which ne'er
'Midst the world's strife is felt.

| | |
|--|--|
| Where hearts were lifted up From earth's low grovelling thought, And wrapt in pious zeal, Heaven's promised blessings sought. | The best, the brightest fade Unto the shadowy land. |
| Oh! all is vanished now— No chant is heard to swell; 'Midst yon deserted wood Peals now no vesper bell. | So must earth's children pass— Dust become dust again— As, swept by autumn winds, Leaves thickly strew the plain. |
| The long grass waves above Christ's servants' humble grave; While roars the storm of night O'er ocean's darkened wave. | Yet look beyond the gloom 'That shrouds the grave in night! <i>Eternity</i> is there— A glorious land of light! |
| So must all earthly things Yield to Time's withering hand; | And Hope's angelic form The radiant pathway shows Which leads to endless bliss, From the tomb's dark repose! |

There is something soothing, though sad, in these lines; and certainly they call up quite a picture before the eyes of a person of the least imagination. One can fancy one sees the grey ruins—the gloomy wood—the “mossy stones,” and hears the night-breeze sighing around, and the restless murmur of the waves.

This song, from a lyrical drama of Boye's, entitled “*Elisa; or, Friendship and Love*,” may be acceptable to English readers on account of its subject—a battle in the Holy Land by the Crusaders under Richard Cœur de Lion:

With gory steps and startling yell,
The desert's tiger—known so well—
'Midst the good shepherd's fold
Seeks for his prey—intent on blood:
But ne'er in strife hath he withstood
Britannia's Lion bold.

With courage high, and sword in hand,
By Lebanon his warriors stand,
Beneath the moon's pale rays.
The Cross before the Crescent flies!
'The moon is shrouded in the skies;
Not on such flight to gaze.

King Richard marks the havoc made,
And hastens from the forest's shade
With Britain's squadrons brave;
For battle ever did he long—
His mail-clad breast, his spear, were strong
As rocks that stem the wave.

Plumes floated o'er his helmet high,
Like lightning glanced his fiery eye,
As proudly on he rode.
His wrath, in its tempestuous might
Was like the angry storms of night
Burst from their dark abode.

'Midst clash of arms, and trumpet's din—
Where fought the haughty Saladin—
Far o'er the battle-field
A voice was heard, like thunder loud,
“On! soldiers—of your cause be proud,
The Cross must never yield.”

With fury raged the combat then,
 The moon from clouds broke forth again
 To light that struggle brief.
 It beamed soon o'er the conqueror's way—
 The hero of full many a lay—
 The Lion-hearted chief.

These lines are a close translation, and there is surely, to say the least, a good deal of spirit in them. But none of Boye's poetry is heavy.

Peter Foersom, the son of a clergyman at Ribe, in South Jutland, who was born in 1778, and died in 1817, takes his place among Danish writers, not so much as an author as a translator. He translated Thomson's "Seasons," and the greater number of Shakspeare's plays, beginning with "Hamlet." He did not live to finish them all, and the work was continued and completed by Commander P. F. Wulff, a great patron of literature and literary people. Foersom was an actor, and himself performed the parts of some of Shakspeare's heroes. It is a remarkable fact that most of the writers on general literature in Denmark were connected with the theatres—were directors, managers, inspectors, treasurers, or actors; if not always, at any rate at some period of their lives. In England, *the Bar* supplies the greater proportion of what may be called *working* literary men—reviewers, magazine writers, newspaper writers, novel writers, dramatic writers, &c.

We now come to Jens Baggesen, an author of whom the Danes are very proud. The consideration in which he was held may best be shown by quoting the opinion of one of his countrymen—translating it of course: "Not only was he himself a most interesting person, but his numerous works, often classical, were always attractive; his poetic talents were extraordinary; and his literary undertakings extensive. At the close of the last century he stood pre-eminently the first, and will always be deemed one of the most gifted, original, and national poets that Denmark ever produced."

Baggesen was born at Korsør, in 1764. His parents were indigent, and unable to give him early advantages of education; but he learned to read and write, and in his twelfth year obtained the situation of under-clerk to the collector of taxes. His handwriting improved so much, that he was admitted into a private school, on the condition of becoming writing-master to his schoolfellows. From thence he went to a Latin school; but, not to follow him through the course of his education, it is sufficient to say that he published his first work, "Comic Tales," in 1785; and shortly after some elegiac and lyrical poems. In 1789 he wrote an opera called "Holger Danske"—"Holger the Dane;" a favourite subject and title with Danish authors, who all seem to delight in the tale of magic of which Holger Danske—the champion of Denmark—is the hero. But Baggesen's "Holger" was assailed by ridicule, and caricatured in a parody written by the witty P. A. Heiberg, and entitled "Holger Tydske"—"Holger the German." It was while smarting under this unmerited attack, that Baggesen obtained the patronage of the Duke of Augustenburg, and, through his influence, the means of travelling abroad. He travelled through Germany, France, and Switzerland, where, poor as he was, he married; and these travels he published in a prose work, which

he called "The Labyrinth." A short extract from the account of his arrival at Worms, on the Rhine, may be interesting to some readers :

"Traversing a pleasant road at the foot of sloping hills on the right hand, and by the margin of the majestic ever-flowing Rhine, in sight of fertile flowery fields, vineyards, many-tinted groves of nut-trees, and smiling gardens, we approached about mid-day the old imperial city. I could not help feeling deeper interest as I gazed on its venerable roofs than I had ever experienced on visiting any other place. The spirit of Luther seemed to hover over me! We went straight to the time-hallowed spot where the intrepid Luther appeared at the Diet, in 1521, before Charles V. 'Here he stood!' we exclaimed; and, overpowered by the exciting remembrance, we sank upon our knees. Yes, here stood, at that time, Europe's single worthy representative, with the fate of centuries on his Atlas shoulders! He felt that the freedom—the spiritual light—the happiness of numerous races, would fail if *he* were to give way, and he stood immovable as a rock amidst the wildest storms—a second, but more steadfast, Peter! How quailed *Lynilden's Son** before his lofty energy! With a countenance radiant in light from heaven, high towered his noble head above all the startled concourse there: the dagger fell from the trembling hand of the assassin; the poisoned chalice burst, symbolical of the overthrow of Papacy, and the scattering of the clouds of darkness!"

After many wanderings, Baggesen returned to settle in Copenhagen in 1798, bringing with him a second wife, whom he had married at Paris, not long after the death of the first one. He was appointed director of the theatre; but soon became tired of a stationary life, and left Zealand for the continent. He published in German as well as in Danish; but so numerous were his writings, that it will be sufficient to say his Danish works alone fill twelve volumes, in an edition published by his son. Baggesen was truly an erratic genius; as both his writings and his life evinced: brilliant, sensitive, and peevish, he had great talents, but he wanted perseverance and ballast.

It is manifestly impossible here to give any adequate specimen of Baggesen's writings; therefore we shall only take a few verses from one of his early productions—"Holger Danske"—and some lines written at a later period of his life, which are much admired by the Danes :

RIDDER OLLER (SIR OLLER).—FROM "HOLGER THE DANE."

'Twas the midnight hour, and spectres danced
Round Urian;
While hill and dale, and forest glanced
As lightning ran.

Round Urian loudly thunders roar
Amidst the night;
Then all became dark, as before
Blazed yonder light.

But brave Sir Oller still onwards pressed
Towards the wood;
He spurred—no fear his soul possessed—
His charger good.

So Cervantes calls Charles V.

The spectres advancing danced around
 His startled steed ;
 Which, snorting, stood as if nailed to the ground,
 A trembling reed.
 From his horse, Sir Oller in haste sprang down,
 His foot it slipped ;
 In a pool of blood, he marked with a frown,
 His foot had dipped.
 Round Urian thunder rolls again,
 Red lightnings glare,
 And all o'er which Oller's eyeballs strain
 Is blazing there.
 Amidst the flames a bloody band
 Sir Oller sees ;
 Madly he rushes on, sword in hand,
 To combat these.
 But Urian cries in a scornful tone,
 " Ha ! wouldst thou dare ?"
 And the knight and his steed are turned to stone,
 Ever to stand there !

The other lines are part of a poem addressed to his fatherland

TIL MIT FÆDRENELAND.

Thou spot ! where, called by the Almighty's will,
 From nothingness I rose, to meet the strife
 Of this dark world, its lengthened hours of ill,—
 And still, oh God ! to everlasting life !
 Beloved spot ! where, with enchanted ear,
 I listened to the birds the woods among ;
 Where heaven's own harmonies I seemed to hear
 In their blythe carol, and my mother's song.
 Where, from my trembling lips first softly flowed
 The name of her who shone in every grace ;
 When first, spell-bound, my kindling bosom glowed
 In love's and friendship's cordial, warm embrace.
 O, native land ! have I not sought to gain
 O'er our wide globe—where earth's descendants dwell—
 An Eden, calm and fair as thou ? In vain ;
 For thou art linked by memory's hidden chain
 To the blest joys that childhood loved so well !
 Ah ! nowhere do the roses seem so red—
 Ah ! nowhere else the thorn so small appears—
 And nowhere makes the down so soft a bed
 As that where innocence reposed in bygone years !
 What though in brighter and less broken rays
 O'er the clear fountains and the limpid streams
 Of many distant lands, the mild sun plays,
 Than o'er the Belt and our cold zone it beams.
 Range round the world, and melt in tropic grove,
 Or shiver 'midst the mountain-fields of snow ;
 Hear from a thousand lips where'er ye rove,
 Nature's and its Creator's praises flow ;
 Remark where her bright blessings Freedom sheds,
 And the rich grain for *all* its treasures spreads ;

Yet o'er the wanderer's spirit sadness steals,
 And everywhere a blank—a want—it feels;
 The peasants dancing to the shepherd's reed
 By Arno's banks, less gladly do I heed
 Than the wild birds that from our falcons speed.
 And Eloisa's grove seems thorns beside
 The tangled bushy copse, where oft I sank
 In rapture, with my first love by my side.
 Less high seems Schreckhorn's summit than the bank
 From which to grasp the distant moon I sought,
 And raised to God was my first childish thought.
 Here—here alone remembrance fondly strays
 O'er the wild wanderings of youth's gladsome days,
 Painting in brighter tints all that hath been,
 Till softer, lovelier seems each distant scene.
 Here, harbour of my joys! in thy calm sea
 The stars of heaven reflected seem to me
 More glittering, that I gaze on them in thee!

Notwithstanding the feelings towards his native land expressed in these verses, Baggesen spent a large portion of his life in foreign countries, and died at Hamburg in 1826. Baggesen was, perhaps, the most popular poet in Denmark until Oehlenschläger (of whom he was extremely jealous) appeared, whose commanding genius soon placed him at the head of the literature of his country.

Adam Oehlenschläger was born in 1779. His father was steward of the royal castle of Frederiksberg, near Copenhagen. He began life as an actor, but soon quitted that calling, and became a student at the university. At an early age he entered on his literary career, in the course of which he has won not merely a European, but an undying celebrity. During the earliest part of this century his works, translated by himself into the language of Germany, made a great sensation in that country; and this is of itself no small praise to him, when it is considered how studded was the literature of Germany with brilliant luminaries of its own. Madame de Staël was one of the first to circulate the fame of Oehlenschläger throughout the world, for he was mentioned with much and just applause in her admirable work, "*De L'Allemagne*." "Oehlenschläger," says she, "has represented, in a manner at once truthful and poetical, the history and the fables of those countries which were formerly inhabited by the Scandinavians. We know little of the north which stands on the confines of the living earth. . . . The frigid air which congeals the breath, returns the heat into the soul; and nature, in these climates, seems only made to throw man back upon himself. The heroes in the fictions of northern poetry are gigantic; superstition, in their characters, is united to strength, whilst everywhere else it appears the companion of weakness. . . . Oehlenschläger has created an entirely new path, in taking for the subjects of his pieces the heroic traditions of his country; and if his example be followed, the literature of the North may one day become as celebrated as that of Germany."

Among Oehlenschläger's numerous works may be named his "*Norden's Guder*" ("*Gods of the North*"), which he styles "an epic poem;" but it is rather a succession of poems, containing the adventures of Thor (one of the most important of the Scandinavian gods) with Lokè, who accompanies him on a journey. Lokè was a spirit of mischief, "who

played," says Möinichen, "somewhat the same part in the Valhalla that Momus did at Olympus," except that Lokè delighted in doing harm as well as in creating mirth. This member of the Northern mythology is represented as very handsome, but wily, and not to be trusted. "Hrolf Krake" and "Helge" are also favourites among the Danes. Then there are several volumes of "Samlede Digte" by Oehlenschläger ("Collected Poems"), on every possible subject—solemn, grave, serene, gay; for the gifted poet appears to have been a perfect Proteus in his writings. Some of these are quite little gems. We lament that the limits of a magazine must prevent our giving a selection of them; but, opening a volume at random, we shall transcribe a few of their names: "The two Church Spires,"—"The Wizard of the Hill"—"The Children in the Moon"—"William Shakspeare," whose works he calls, in this little poem, the "*glory of Britain and the world*"—"The old Priest"—"To Thorwaldsen"—"The Spectre Knight"—"The Rosebushes"—"Ewald's Grave"—"The Pharisee"—"Bacchus and Cupid," &c.

From twelve to fifteen hundred pages of these little poems may be supposed to contain a considerable number. Of Oehlenschläger's prose romance, "Oen i Sydhavet" ("An Island in the South Sea"), we will not speak, because it does no credit to his genius; but we are tempted to give one of the little snatches of poetry scattered through it. The following is a colloquy between Death and his victims—an odd idea:

VEL ER JEG SVAG, DOG, KLÆRE DÖD.

"Though I am feeble, yet, dear Death,
Awhile let me remain!"

"Old man, thy locks are white as snow,
Still thou art loth with me to go—
But come, thy prayer is vain."

"I am in manhood's prime; wouldst thou
Then break my staff to-day?"

"The tall pine on the mountain's side,
By lightning struck, falls in its pride:
My call thou must obey."

"I am a maiden—beauteous, young:
Wouldst hide me in the tomb?"

"Thou for this world art all too fair;
The bright rose never withers where
Thou soon again shalt bloom!"

"So soon a hero canst thou snatch
From glory's bright career?"

"I come, clad as a warrior proud:
What wouldst thou? 'Neath my mailed shroud
No fleshless bones appear."

"Extinguish not, ah yet, dear Death,
Love's fire, that burns so bright!"

"O, I can hold in close embrace—
And though my mouth no warm lips grace,
Behold—my teeth are white!"

"Wouldst tear me from my golden hoard
With merciless commands?"

"Follow! Beneath the earth's black mould
Gold never rusts; and thy dear gold
Shall shine in other hands."

- "What! from his country's councils drag
The statesman proud?—Away!"
- "I call thee to a court more high,
Where angel-forms above the sky
Throng round God's throne alway!"
- "Against my ancient 'scutcheon—ha!
To raise thy scythe dar'st thou?"
- "Adam, the noblest of thy race,
Was made to bow before my face:
Thy farce is ended now."
- "Thy vengeance wreak not thou on me:
Behold—this brow a crown adorns!"
- "Vain is thy claim—thy power is o'er—
Death on the cross God's own son bore,
Think on his crown of thorns!"
- "We are so little—us at least
From the dark grave oh spare!"
- "Does not your heavenly father love
Young children—ye shall sport above
With winged cherubs there."
- "Call not the anxious mother hence
From those her cares employ!"
- "Come—at heaven's window thou shalt stand,
And gaze on the beloved band
And thou shalt weep for joy!"
- "For though my form is frightful, I
Am less your foe than friend.
I bring ye all but transient woe,
Your souls my scythe may never mow,
These shall to God ascend!"

And yet these lines are from Oehlenschläger's "*weakest work*," as a countryman of his own pronounces it to be! His dramas,* especially his tragedies, are generally esteemed his best works; and of these the best again are "Palnatoko," "Axel og Valborg," "Correggio," and "Hakon Jarl." The subject of "Palnatoko" is derived from an episode in Danish history, partly real, partly legendary, relating to a little island which was named Jomsborg, and governed and inhabited by pirates, the chiefs of whom were men of rank. It was said to have been against the laws of the island to allow women to live or land there; no females, therefore, appear in Oehlenschläger's tragedy. "Axel and Valborg" is a great favourite in Denmark; and so it deserves to be, for it is a high-toned and beautiful tragedy. "Correggio" is full of feeling and is a bland and poetical drama; the versatility, or rather the universality, of Oehlenschläger's genius is evinced in his having been the

* Some of these dramas have been beautifully translated into English by Miss Chapman, and are at present in the course of preparation for the London stage. This lady lived for some time in Denmark, where a portion of her family have been long resident; and while there, she devoted herself to the study of the Danish language and literature, both ancient and modern, in which pursuit she enjoyed the advantage of perusing many rare books and scarce editions, only to be found in the Royal Library of Copenhagen. There can be no doubt, therefore, of the perfect accuracy of her translations. This talented lady has also translated some of Ingemann's historical novels, and Herz's popular drama, "King René's Daughter," with the concurrence and approbation of their respective authors.

author both of "Correggio" and "Hakon Jarl." One can hardly fancy the same mind conceiving the character of the mild, contemplative painter, devoted to the Christian faith, and enthusiastic in his art, and the cold, hard Jarl—the Pagan warrior, the bigoted worshipper of Odin, and the stern participator in the bloody rites with which the Scandinavian deity was sought to be propitiated.

Hakon Jarl, an historical personage, was one of the last upholders of the faith of Odin in Norway. Among other scenes in Oehlenschläger's fine tragedy, is one in which, finding everything going against him and his religion, Hakon, according to the horrid superstition which demanded human victims, sacrifices his child, a little boy, called Erling, to propitiate the gods, and stabs him in the sacred grove. But his followers desert him; Olaf Tryggvason, his Christian rival, wins the day, and Hakon Jarl, attended by a single slave, whom he supposes to be faithful, seeks shelter and concealment from Thora, who had formerly been beloved by him, but whom he had insulted and deserted, and whose brothers he had killed. When he thus throws himself as a humbled fugitive on her compassion, she forgets all her wrongs and his evil deeds, and secretes him in a cave, known only to herself. The cave scene is one of the last in the play, and the following are extracts from it:

A Subterranean Rocky Cave.—*Hakon* and *Karker* enter, the latter carrying a lamp, and a dish with meat.

Karker. Is this the hiding-place where we must stop?
There's little comfort here. Where shall I hang
The lamp?

Hakon. See yonder hook against the wall;
Go, hang it there.

Karker. 'Tis true, I may do that;
And here are seats hewn from the solid rock,
Where one might softly rest. Sir Jarl, will you
Now break your fast? For you have nothing touched
A night and a whole day.

Hakon. I need it not.
But thou mayst eat.

Karker. With your permission, yes.
(He sits down and begins to eat. *Hakon* paces up and down with long strides.)

Karker. Sir Jarl, this is an ugly, horrid hole;
Say, did you mark that chest, so black, which stood
Within the narrow way, that led us here?

Hakon. Eat, and be silent! (*Aside.*) Here in this dark cave
Has Thora watched through many a sleepless night,
And wept in solitude. Was not this hall
Destined to be her grave! Yon heavy chest
She secretly had made, and, buried there,
Her lovely form was to have waited for
Corruption vile. (*Looks at Karker.*)

Slave! why dost thou not eat?
It was thy wont to seize thy food with greed.
What ails thee?

Karker. Ah, Sir Jarl! I have for food
But little longing.

Hakon. Little longing—why?
Eat, slave—be calm and cheerful—look at me,
Thy lord.

Karker. Ah, good, my lord ; methinks you are Yourself dispirited and sad at heart.

Hakon. I, sad at heart! How dar'st thou say so, slave? Let us be merry. Since thou wilt not eat, Sing me some pleasant song.

Karker. What shall it be?

Hakon. Whate'er thou wilt—but rather let thy song Be of dull sound—like rain, or hail-stones falling Amidst a wintry storm. A lullaby— Sing me a lullaby.

Karker. A lullaby?

Hakon. That might put children of ripe years to sleep, In spite of midnight fears.

Karker. My lord, I know A noble war-song from the olden days.

Hakon. Has it a frightful end? Seems it to go At first all smoothly—and then does it turn To murder and to death?

. Begin thy song!

(*Karker* sings.)

King Harald and Erling they sailed one night,
The Moon was shining, the winds were fair,
The Jarls they came to Oglegaard,
But in flames they perished there!

Hakon. *Karker!* art thou mad?
My father's death-song dost thou sing to me?

Karker. Was Sigurd Jarl, your father, then, my lord?
I knew it not. His was a dreadful fate!

Hakon. Hush!

Karker. Would that one could find a mat, or straw
Whereon to stretch one's self, to seek repose!

Hakon. If thou art weary, sleep upon the ground;
I've done so oft myself.

Karker. Well, so I will,
Sir Jarl, since you forbid it not.

Hakon. Sleep—sleep!
(*Karker* stretches himself upon the ground, and falls asleep. *Hakon* contem-plates him.)

Hakon. O leaden nature—dost thou sleep so soon?
The feeble spark which witness bore that thou
Wert human—not a block—now smoulders there
Within yon heap of ashes. But . . . with me
It flames and storms in its unruly might.
Didst thou my father's death-song chant, to give
A warning from the Norner? Shall my fate
Like Sigurd's be? I am what Sigurd was,
A man of blood—stanch to the ancient gods.

(*With uneasiness.*)

What if it should be! . . . Can it be in truth
That Christ has conquered Odin?

. . . Ah! 'tis chill—
'Tis sadly chill and damp in this dark cell!

(He walks up and down for a time, then stops and looks at *Karker*.)
The slave is dreaming. Horrid! ghastly thoughts
Are painted on his face. See—how he lies,
And, like a demon, grips beneath the lamp!

(He shakes him.)

Wake, slave! Wake—Karker—say, what doth betide
That hideous smile?

Karker. Hah! I was dreaming then.

Hakon. What didst thou dream?

Karker. I dreamt

Hakon. Hush! hark!

What can that uproar be—yonder—above?

Karker. A troop of soldiers, Jarl, for I can hear
The clank of arms. King Olaf's men, 'tis like,
Are seeking you.

Hakon. This cave is all unknown.
Thora gave me the key; the door is clamped
With iron bolts. Here, surely, we are safe!

(Karker listens.)

Karker. Harken, my lord—hear you not what they say?

Hakon. What do they say?

Karker. They say King Olaf will
Reward the man with honour and with gold
Who brings your head to him.

Hakon (looking keenly at him). But that reward
Thou'lt never earn? Why dost thou tremble so? *
Why are thy cheeks so pale—thy lips so blue?

Karker. Ah! I am still uneasy at my dream.
If you read dreams, my lord, I'll tell you mine.

Karker's dreams are not over pleasing to his lord, who begins to feel some unpleasant suspicions about him; however, he desires him to go to rest, and declares his intention of likewise seeking repose. Karker prepares to obey, but first busies himself about the lamp. Hakon asks him what he is doing. He answers, that he is going to extinguish the lamp; whereupon his master exclaims:

Nay, go to rest, and let the lamp burn on!
Without it, we should be involved in gloom
Too dark and dismal.

Surely darkness is
A type of death—more black and terrible
Than death itself—while light gives confidence.
Then let the lamp alone. Feebly it burns—
Better that light than none. Go sleep, my son!
(They both remain quiet for some time.)

Hakon. Karker, art thou asleep?

Karker. I am, Sir Jarl.

Hakon. Ha! stupid, doltish slave!
(He rises and paces up and down.)
Hakon—Hakon!

Is yonder serf of all thou didst possess
The only remnant left? I trust him not
Give me thy dagger, Karker, for a slave
No weapon needs.

Karker. You gave it me, my lord.
But here it is.

Hakon. Sleep now.

Karker. I will.

Hakon. My head
Feels strangely heavy; I am tired and faint
After the morning's strife, the evening's flight,

Yet slumber dare not seek . . . for yonder slave . . .

I will but rest awhile—sleep shall not close

These watching eyes. (He throws himself down, and soon falls asleep.)

Karker (rising stealthily). He sleeps at last; he thinks

I am not to be trusted, that I see.

He fears I shall betray him; for his life

King Olaf longs—would gold and honours give.

What want I more from him? He wakes! Help, Thor!

Hakon (rising in his sleep, strides forward, and stands in the centre of the cave).

Gulldharald! Graafeld!—what want ye with me?

Leave me in peace, ye did deserve your death;

I vowed ye no false friendship. Girl! go home—

I have no time to dally with thee now.

Who weeps in yonder grove? Erling—'tis thou!

Oh! this is worst of all—why weepest thou?

Stabbed I too deep? See—see the crimson drops

Amidst the roses trickle from thy breast. (He calls out loudly.)

Oh, Karker, Karker!

Karker. What, Sir Jarl? He falls

Into still deeper sleep.

Hakon. It is all o'er.

There—take thy dagger—plunge it into my heart!

Karker. You will be angry when you wake, my lord.

Hakon. I have deserved it, Karker—thrust well home!

Karker (taking up the dagger). He is my lord, I must obey his will.

Hakon (still sleeping). Ha! haste thee, haste thee, Karker, ere I wake—
For thou or I must die.

Karker (stabbing him). Then *you* shall die!

Hakon (starting). It was the avenging hand of heaven that struck.

Now, Tryggvason, thy prophecy's fulfilled!

I feel the lightning flaming in my breast. (He dies.)

Karker. 'Tis done!—no pity can avail him now.

And if I groaned and shrieked till I were hoarse,

I could not call him back to life again;

So, from his pocket I shall take the key

And haste to bear him hence. King Olaf will

Reward the deed with silver and with gold.

What's done is done—he asked himself for death.

How should I but obey my lord's command!

(Exit *Karker*, carrying out the body.)

The treacherous serf, however, is rewarded according to his deserts by the Christian King Olaf, and is executed for the murder of Hakon.

On the occasion of the funeral of the eminent sculptor, Thorwaldsen, who died in March, 1844, the requiem was written by his intimate friend, Oehlenschläger. We shall give an extract from it. Three poets lent their aid on this melancholy day. The body of the great artist lay in state in the antique sculpture-room of the Thorwaldsen Museum, which had been founded by him, and to which he had bequeathed all he possessed. While the corpse was being carried out, the students of the Academy of Fine Arts sang a dirge—"The Artists' Farewell to Thorwaldsen"—the words of which were composed by H. P. Holst, the music by Rung.

On the coffin were laid interwoven branches of cypress and palm; the crown-prince and other members of the royal family, the ministers of state, the president and members of the Academy of Fine Arts, officers of

the army and navy, all the Icelanders in Copenhagen, and about 8000 other persons, formed the funeral procession. The streets through which it passed were lined with the different companies of trades, and regiments from the garrison; and the whole distance to the Frue-Kirke was, according to an ancient Scandinavian custom, strewed with white sand, interspersed with juniper leaves. At the entrance to the church the king, in deep mourning, received the corpse; and when it had been placed on a catafalque, Oehlenschläger's requiem, the music by Glaser, was sung:

CHORUS.

Crowds upon crowds are gathering round
The sacred spot where rests a bier;
Of a people's wail there comes the sound—
O fatherland! what mourn you here?
A prince—a hero—snatched away?
No, Denmark sighs; and yet *his* name
Stands on the brightest page of fame,
Whom here, alas! we weep to-day.

RECITATIVE.

On an ice-bound shore, 'neath a dark stormy sky,
Where winter doth ever his festival keep;
Round the graves where thy hero-ancestors* lie,
The snow-flakes fall, and the wild winds sleep.
Like an angel choir from the heavenly halls
Have their spirits descended, and sang to thee—
"Thou must come with us hence, for thy Maker calls."

CONCLUDING CHORUS.

A lofty spirit in his bosom woke,
As if a voice had called him from above;
On his mind's eye a heavenly vision broke,
And he beheld the Saviour of his love—
A radiant form—standing encircled by
The favoured Twelve. 'Twas given him to conceive
His looks on earth; and theirs, who to the sky
Saw Him ascend, and thus learned to believe.
Now, round the spot where he reposes, stand
Those statues grand and beautiful; and *one*,
Even Christ himself, seems to stretch forth his hand
With smile benignant, saying, "Come, my son!"

While the body was being consigned to its last abode, hundreds of students, assembled in the churchyard, chanted the following lines by Hans Christian Andersen, the music by Hartmann:

Approach this coffin, ye of humble birth,
And learn from *his* success what talent may
Achieve in time, when 'tis combined with worth.
"Was he not one of us?" ye proudly say;

* This probably alludes to Thorwaldsen's real or supposed descent, by the female line, from *Thorfaa*, a member of a rich and powerful family in Iceland, who was one of the early navigators to Greenland, and discoverers of Vinland—a portion of North America, about the exact locality of which northern antiquaries disagree, some placing it in what is now Massachusetts, others, with less probability of correctness, in Labrador. Thorwaldsen's father was a poor Icelandic sculptor, whose principal employment, after he settled in Copenhagen, was to carve figure-heads for ships. Thorfinn commanded a ship, or expedition, from Iceland to Greenland, in the year 1006.

"Yet Denmark hailed in him a brilliant star."
 Yes—his nobility—his wreath he owed
 To God alone ; possessions greater far
 Than aught the hand of man could have bestowed.
 Now death hath called him to a brighter shore,
 His mission here is o'er !

His life was fortunate—calm was his death,
 His spirit, well prepared, so gently fled,
 That scarce one sigh disturbed his failing breath.*
 But though the heaven-born flame that brightly spread
 Its lustre o'er the world be gone—a light
 In memory's deathless lamp hath it not left ?
 Are not the greatest triumphs of his might
 Bequeathed unto the North—of him bereft ?
 Then chant we, while his dirge we join to swell,
 In Jesu's name, sleep well !

Adam Oehlenschläger did not many years survive his gifted friend. He died about two years ago. Chamberlain Adolph Wilhelm Schack von Staffeldt, who was born in Copenhagen in 1770, commenced life as a military man, but soon left the army and repaired to the University of Göttingen, to study the law. After several years passed in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France, and Holland, he returned to his native country, where he obtained a civil appointment, and died in 1826. He takes a high rank among the poets of Denmark. His poetry is generally of a reflective and lofty cast, but sometimes, perhaps, too mystic or too philosophical to be enjoyed by commonplace readers ; but they are very beautiful, and the Society of Danish Literature has published a new edition of his works, prefixed to which is given his life by Professor Molbech. We must take some other opportunity of giving a specimen of his shorter poems, of which there is a good selection in Christian Winther's "*Danske Romanzer ; hundrede og fem*"—"105 Danish romances"—published in 1839. Schack-Staffeldt's nearest contemporary in point of age was Jens Michael Herz, Bishop of Ribe, born 1766, died 1825. His fame rests principally upon an epic poem, entitled "*Det befriede Israel*"—"Israel Delivered." It cannot, however, be asserted that this is a second "*Jerusalem Delivered*."

Lauritz Kruse, born 1778, died 1839, was a dramatic author, and writer of short tales. The scenes of some of his plays were laid in Italy—as, for instance, "*Ezzelin (Eccelino), Tyrant of Padua*." Among other dramatists and poets may be mentioned Henrik Arnold Wergeland, and Moritz Christian Hansen ; but it is time to say a few words of those writers who have not confined themselves to works of the imagination.

In graver literature and on science there is quite a galaxy of names. The leading historians and biographers of the latest years of the last

* Thorwaldsen passed much of his time with his friend the Baroness Stampé ; he had dined with her on the day of his death, and she remarked how unusually sprightly and alert he was. He left her house for the theatre, where he had not been long seated when he was taken suddenly ill. So sudden was the attack which carried him off, that a lady who sat next to him, observing him stoop forward, thought he had dropped his glove, and was about to pick it up. But *that* movement was the signal of impending death, and in a very short time the great artist had breathed his last.

century, and earlier part of this one, some of whom still live, are—Professor Rasmus Nyerup, who was born in the middle of the last century at Fyen, where his father was a farmer; he evinced so decided a turn for literature from his earliest years, that he was permitted to become a student, instead of following agricultural pursuits. He died in 1829, as librarian to the University of Copenhagen, where he had previously been professor of history. He was a very diligent and comprehensive writer, principally of historical works; but he was also largely a contributor to a literary magazine, entitled *Lærde Tidender—The Learned News*—and other periodicals. Among his numerous works may be mentioned his “*Lüxdorfiana*,” “*Langebekiana*,” “*Submiana*,” his “*Collection of the Portraits of Celebrated Danes*,” “*Universal Literary Lexicon for Denmark, Norway, and Iceland*,” “*Statistical History of Denmark and Norway*,” “*Characteristics of Christian IV.*,” “*Translation of part of Snorre’s Edda*,” &c., &c. He was also the editor of “*Nyerup’s Magazine of Voyages and Travels performed by Danes*.” Gustav Ludwig Baden, a son of the Jacob Baden before mentioned, born in 1764, died in 1840, was a doctor of laws. He published more than one history, and various “*Afhandlinger*,” or treatises on different subjects. Another doctor of laws, Jens Kragh Höst, born 1772, died 1844, was also one of Denmark’s leading historians. His history of “*Strucnsee and his Ministry*” is a well-written and luminous work. He was the author of a *Life of Napoleon*, of *Kotzebue’s Life*, and many other valuable books, besides being the editor of the *Northern Spectator*.

Laurits Engelstoft, born in 1775, and remarkable for the correctness and elegance of his style, has written, among other things, “*Thoughts on National Education*,” “*The Condition of the Female Sex among the Scandinavians before the Introduction of Christianity*,” “*The Siege of Vienna, in 1683*,” published in the “*Historical Calendar*,” and other interesting works. Peter Erasmus Müller, born 1776, died 1834, is best known as the author or compiler of the “*Saga Bibliothek*,” in three volumes, published in Copenhagen in 1820. He was also a theological writer, as the title of one of his works will show—viz., “*A Demonstration of the Grounds for Believing in the Divinity of the Christian Religion*.” Bishop Frederick Münter, who died in his seventieth year, in 1830, was the author of the “*History of the Reformation in Denmark*,” and other ecclesiastical works in Danish, German, and Latin. Professor Jens Möller, born 1779, died 1833, was the compiler of a “*Theological Library*,” the writer of “*Outlines of the History of Danish Literature*,” given in the “*Historical Calendar*,” and other excellent works. The “*Historical Calendar*” was published by Professor Nyerup, in conjunction with Jens Möller. Bishop Jacob Peter Mynster, born 1775, has given to his countrymen several very eloquent discourses or sermons, and valuable theological and philosophical works; also some others on what are called popular subjects. In one of these—a sort of essay—there is a very good critique on Lord Byron’s poems, more especially “*Don Juan*,” for which, however, unfortunately, we have not room. Professor Christian Molbech—who is still alive, and still writes—was born 1783, at Sorø; he has been a great ornament to the literature of his country, and shines equally as a critic, a biographer, and an historian. He is the author of a *Danish Dictionary*; of a “*History of the Stuarts*,” a

"History of King Erik Plogpenning;" "Tales and Sketches from Danish History," published between 1837 and 1840; "Lyrical Dramas;" "Poetical Anthology;" "Lives of Danish Authors," &c. Captain W. Graah, of the Danish navy, has written a book interesting to Danes, on the "Naval History of Denmark," and a "Narrative of an Expedition* to the East Coast of Greenland," which had for its object a search after traces of the ancient colonies. It is scarcely necessary to add, that none were found. Professor Rask, born 1787, at Fyen, and who died in 1832, was an eminent philologist, antiquarian, and Anglo-Saxon scholar. He translated "Snorro's Edda," and has written, among other esteemed works, an Icelandic Grammar and an Anglo-Saxon Grammar, the latter translated into English by Mr. Thorp, one of the greatest Anglo-Saxon scholars living. Finn Magnusen, a learned Iclander of very ancient family, has published on similar subjects. His "Lexicon Mythologicum," and "Eddalæren," are excellent guides to ancient Scandinavian lore, though perhaps his theories may be rather fanciful.

Among the philosophical authors of the same period may be named Niels Treschow, a Norwegian by birth, who died in 1833, at the advanced age of eighty-two. He was a professor, and afterwards councillor of state. His principal works are, "Elements of the Philosophy of History," "Universal Logic," "Moral Philosophy for the People and the State." He wrote also on the favourite theme, *Scandinavian literature*, which one wonders should have engaged so many able pens. The name of Sören Kierkegaard also stands high, and that of Henrik Steffens, who was born in 1774, and died in 1845. His works on natural history and philosophy are, however, principally in German. He was for a long time a professor at Berlin, and was at another period of his life a professor at Kiel. Henrik Steffens has not confined himself to scientific works, but has also published on political matters, which he has introduced into a book purporting to be the biography of four individuals, from their childhood upwards. This work has made a great sensation in Germany. He has also condescended to novel-writing; and a tale of his, founded on a *Zealand legend*, is said to be very striking. The same legend affords H. C. Andersen the subject of one of his best poems, "Bruden i Rorwig Kirke," the "Bride of Rorwig Church." The poor bride, though married to a very handsome young man, apparently a nobleman, was soon made the bride of death, for she was murdered immediately after the ceremony had been performed. The story tells, that late one moonlight night, the officiating priest or minister of a lonely little church, in an obscure corner of the Island of Zealand, close by the sea-shore, was aroused from his quiet slumbers by the intrusion of a band of armed men, who commanded him to accompany them to the church, offering him gold if he went readily, and threatening to stab him if he demurred. The old priest took his Bible under his arm as his talisman, and went with them. On the way, which was by the sands, he observed a vessel at anchor in the solitary little bay; and on entering the church, he found it full of ferocious-looking men, whose long swords clattered on the stone floor; standing amidst them, he saw a beautiful young girl, who looked very pale and unhappy, but was dressed in the most gorgeous costume. She was led

* Translated into English by the late G. Gordon Macdougall, Esq.

to the altar by a tall, proud-looking young man, who glanced coldly and darkly at the melancholy bride. When the marriage ceremony was over, the old priest was dismissed, having first been compelled to swear secrecy; he had not long left the church when he heard the report of a shot fired within it; and soon after he saw the men all issue from the sacred edifice, and hasten to embark on board their vessel, which immediately set sail. He then returned to the church, and on moving one or two of the flagstones, which had evidently been recently disturbed, he perceived, to his horror, the corpse of the unfortunate young bride, who had been shot through the heart and buried there!

Jens Wilkin Hornemann wrote on natural history and botany; but the crowning name in science and the higher departments of literature is that of *Oersted*. The brothers *Oersted* are both very remarkable men. Their father was an apothecary in a small town in the Danish island of Langeland. They were in a great measure self-taught, and while pursuing what education was within their reach, they had to assist their father; but Hans Christian turned this drudgery to good account, for it led him to the study of chemistry. The younger brother, Anders Sandøe Oersted, born in 1778, became very learned in the law; he is also celebrated as a mathematician and natural historian. He rose so high as to have been at one time a leading member of the Danish ministry. A. S. Oersted was married to the sister of the poet Oehlenschläger. Hans Christian Oersted, late Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Secretary to the Royal Society of Copenhagen, was born in 1777. He was one of nature's favourites, not only possessing the highest order of intellect and talents, but being of a most amiable disposition, and of an exemplary private character. It is to the discoveries of Oersted that the world owes the establishment of the electric telegraph; for much of his time was devoted to the study of electro-magnetism. In 1850 he published a remarkable work, entitled, "*Aanden i Naturen*" ("The Spirit in Nature"), which he terms "a popular contribution towards elucidating the spiritual influences of nature." The volume commences with a conversation entitled "*Det Aandelige i det Legemlige*" ("The Spiritual in the Material"), which is purported to be carried on between a lady and three gentlemen; the lady's share in it being, of course, to obtain information *simplified* to suit her capacity. This very superior work is no longer a sealed book to those who do not read Danish or German, for it has been lately translated into English by the Misses Horner, from a German edition. On comparing it with the original Danish, it seems an admirable translation, and could hardly have been better executed by Professor Oersted's highly-gifted countrywoman, Miss C. Otte, the able translator of Humboldt's "*Cosmos*," and other scientific works. Hans Christian Oersted travelled a great deal on the continent of Europe, and had visited England. He married in 1814, and was the father of a large family. At the advanced age of seventy-four, he died in March, 1851. And with him we shall close this portion of our list of Danish authors.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

No. II.—Mrs. Gore.

WHAT constitutes a first-rate novel is a problem which might raise consternation in the senate-house of Cambridge; a problem knotty enough to stagger the entire corporation of wranglers, and strike the senior ops "all of a heap," and impel the junior ops (wooden spoon and all) to take refuge in suicide. When a plenary and all-satisfying definition has once been given, it will be time to append to the main proposition the accompanying "rider:" viz., whether the accomplishment of a first-rate novel is within the potential limits of female genius—whether it lies within or beyond the frontiers assigned to womanly capacity by psychological map-makers. If the ideal novel be as difficult of realisation as a first-class poem or play, we fear, both on *a priori* and *a posteriori* grounds, that the verdict will go against "the sex." Most of their wisest brethren, and some of their wisest selves—(we tremble, *currente calamo*, as we remember the existence of Mrs. Bloomer and the Emancipationists!)—emphatically support this view of the case. If the view be fallacious, it can, and ought to be, disproved by facts. And so it is! indignantly exclaims some belle Amazon—facts *are* against it. To which some uncourteous infidel, having examined the evidence, will probably reply: Tant pis pour les faits. And then the malignant scoffer, shaking his perennial wig, will order judgment to go by default. "Woman, sister!"—thus have we seen the better half of the *genus homo* apostrophised by one of its most chivalric admirers—"Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar—by which last is meant, not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angels of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?" Mrs. Gore, one of the cleverest of her sex, holds to the same creed, and explicitly states her conviction,* that a woman of first-rate faculties would constitute only a third-rate man; citing the names of Mrs. Somerville, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Browning, as confirming her rule—"such rare exceptions that I can find (so she writes in 1848) no fifth to add to the catalogue." Nevertheless, if *that* is a first-rate novel of its *kind*, which holds a polished mirror up to London high life, and secures glittering and vivacious reflections of its giddy, madding crowds, and whiles away idle or heavy hours by witty sketches of men and manners, and shoots Folly as it flies with shafts of singular point, Mrs. Gore will take honours in the first class, with such others as Lister and Disraeli, Hook and Bulwer Lytton. We are far from ealling the fashionable novel a first-rate thing; the world, or a "pretty considerable" fraction of it, is very properly, and none too soon, growing weary of that department of

* Preface to Mrs. Armytage.

fiction. But taking it such as it is, we see in it a field, the cultivation of which *has* been attained by female art, in a degree almost, if not quite, equal to that realised by the masculine gender. In fact, it is because the fashionable novel is a comparatively trivial matter, requiring powers of an order quite inferior to those essential to a higher range of art—it is because it is so much more easy to sparkle on the surface than to stem and direct the under-current—that a woman can write a “Cecil” which shall rival a man’s “Pelham,” while she does not prove her ability to cope with the same man’s “Rienzi.” Both intellectually and morally, the fashionable novel occupies but humble rank. Of novels in general, the best which can be hoped is, according to Sir Walter Scott,* that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous sentiment and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this point—and we fear all fashionable novels must be so classed—they are, adds the greatest of novelists, “a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life, and the gratification of that half-love of literature which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement than for the least hope of deriving instruction from them.” Meanwhile, we may safely aver of Mrs. Gore’s expositions of frivolous high life, that it is almost impossible de donner à des sottises une tournure plus agréable. Whatever we may think of her many-sided satire and her one-sided Whiggism, there is no denying her facile mastery of the materials with which she works. Each change of fashion’s many-coloured life she knows and draws *con amore*—each aspect in the biography of its votaries, whether

In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs—
Such things as no rainbow hath colours to paint,

or at a subsequent epoch, when

Time hath reduced them to wrinkles and prayers,
And the Flirt finds a decent retreat in the Saint.†

The true fashionable novelist has been described as enjoying the serenity of a fly upon a new-made grave, or an or-molu Venus above a French clock, smiling unmoved at her own gilded toc, heedless of the whirling wheels and straining springs, and the ever-fleeting course of time below. We do not altogether confound Mrs. Gore with that school. She satirises, as well as depicts, the gay world. She shows it, and something more—she shows it up. She does not require us, as the true fashionable novelist does, to fall down and worship her image; nay, she bids us rap our knuckles on its brow, and mark the echo of sounding brass; or lay our hand on its side, and observe the absence of all pulsation, of all life. So keenly, indeed, does she see into and despise the weak points of the idol, that satire has become almost too habitual with her, and finds a quarry at every turn. It looks ungrateful in Diana’s silver shrine-makers to deride the goddess, seeing that ἐκ τρυφῆς τῆς ἐργασίας ἡ ἐντροπία ἀντὶς ἐστίν.

Denizens of fashionable and pseudo-fashionable life there are, whom none can sketch with happier *vraisemblance*. Such as ministers’ wives, who, while their husbands are inventing political combinations and specu-

* Life of Fielding.

† Thomas Moore.

lating upon European alliances, employ themselves in caballing with Madame Le Brun, the Talleyrand of modern *modistes*, concerning revolutions in caps and conspiracies against turbans that be. Or, showy *intrigantes* in white satin, those *prime donne* of society, who, whatever ministers shall reign, are always to be found in musk-scented correspondence with Downing-street. Or, drawing-room parasites, with the true toady capacity for the running-pattern conversation that forms so admirable an *arpeggio* accompaniment to the solos. Or, ladies in their ninth lustrum, who have renounced for ever the influence of the puppies, and betaken themselves for consolation to the tabbies, and are inspired with a new insight into the purposes of existence by cards—"universal panacea—cards that knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, boon Nature's kind restorer, balmy cards." Peers and *parvenus*, clubs and coteries, dowagers and chaperones, tuft-hunters and toadies; dandies who write taffeta verses in silken albums, and wash their poodles in milk of roses; dandies *couchant*—supercilious, silent, self-concentrated; dandies *rampant*—vehement, garrulous, and gorgeously impertinent; ineffable coxcombry in all its kaleidoscopic aspects, from that of the omnibus-box (*scil.*, opera, *not* "city, bank") down to that of Swan and Edgar's; these, and such as those, are Mrs. Gore's plastic creatures, her slaves of the lamp. She is expert in the *lingo* which they use, or affect. Mr. George Borrow is not a greater adept in gipsy slang, nor Judge Haliburton in the racy etymology of Brother Jonathan, nor Dickens in the idioms of Cockneyism, nor Lever in rollicking Hibernicisms, nor Marryat in marine stores of eloquence, nor Thackeray in the hand-book of snobbism, nor Kingsley in Christianised Carlylese, nor Anstey in the platitudes of debate, nor Hume in the "tattle" of the whole,—than is Mrs. Gore in the patavinity of peers and the *patois* of *parvenus*.

When she draws a character that we can like or respect, the interest we take in it is greater than such a character would elsewhere command, from the relief it affords to the tinkling cymbalry and crackling thorns and gilded gewgaws around. Being the only very human thing present, it is hailed as a bird (to use her own illustration) which alights upon the mast during a sea-voyage, and which the mariner notes with intense interest, however dingy its plumage or poor its voice. It is a mercy to meet with such a *rara avis*, making no pretensions to merciless wit, and unambitious of a repute for persiflage. Not that Mrs. Gore's wit, with all its levity, is devoid of wisdom. Wit she somewhere defines the *animus* of wisdom—legitimate offspring of an union between good sense and good spirits. But there is a weariness to the flesh in over-much commerce with the exercise and the victims of raillery; satire, however polished, becomes an edged tool with which we care not long to play—nor to see it glancing, and doing execution in the grasp of others. Three volumes of brightly sarcasm leave one in poor spirits—or perhaps a little angry at having spent so much time on hollow hearts that do *not* improve on acquaintance. The author is then in danger of being characterised in Grammont's words—*elle ennuit en voulant briller*. Jeffrey says that such a brilliant circle as that of Madame du Deffand probably will never exist again in the world, and adds, "nor are we very sorry for it." The company in which Mrs. Gore is most *chez lui*, is in kind, not degree, akin to that which graced the suppers at the convent of St. Joseph; not so

witty, it is almost equally heartless, and impresses us with uncomfortable, and perhaps sometimes unjust, conceptions of human nature in its patrician phases. By her own showing, Madame du Deffand could never love anything. Take them *en masse*, and Mrs. Gore's characters—those who have anything characteristic about them—seem to labour under the same impotency. The Parisian *réunions* must have been highly delightful to those who, as Jeffrey says, sought only for amusement; "but not only does amusement not constitute happiness, but also it cannot afford much pleasure to those who have not other sources of happiness." And thus even the amusement derivable from the society of "Mothers and Daughters," and the "Hamiltons," and their various concentric circles, soon palls on our taste, and the smile is exchanged for a sigh. There is much good in the world of fashion, according to the historian of "Bleak House," and there are many good and true people in it. "But the evil of it is, that it is a world wrapped up in too much jeweller's cotton and fine wool, and cannot hear the rushing of the larger worlds, and cannot see them as they circle round the sun. It is a deadened world, and its growth is sometimes unhealthy for want of air." Little profit is there, and not much pleasure, in assignations with that drawing-room divinity, affectation :

— who rules the vain, capricious throng,
Twines the soft limb, and tunes the lisping tongue,
Bids every hour the monstrous fashions veer,
And guides the toss, the simper, and the leer.*

But when we *do* parley with the species, it is as well to do so with a sprightly satirist as dragoman. And Mrs. Gore's style of interpretation is so piquant and amusing, that these "strangers and foreigners" become very passable for a time.

To give a *catalogue raisonné* of her writings on *bon ton* in all its branches, is more than we undertake. It would involve a larger expenditure of time and paper than we can just now afford; for we cannot, like her, write against time, upon ream after ream of foolscap. To enumerate her "entire works" would be a task proper for arithmetical recreationists. We will not attempt it, until we have gone through Baxter's three hundred and sixty-six quartos (that is, some allege, one for every day in the year, plus an extra one for leap year), or the integral series of books registered at last Leipzig fair.

Whoso admires "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman," will own to a like sympathy with "Cecil; or, the Adventures of a Coxcomb." A coxcomb of the first magnitude is the Hon. Cecil Danby. And notwithstanding the effeminate tendency inherent in the very constitution of coxcombry, there is reason to marvel how a female hand could have moulded so shrewd, dashing, and exquisite a *petit maître*. Byron complained of the specimens extant in his days :

We have no accomplish'd blackguards like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

Cecil is one who flourished in Byron's days, and who claims extensive acquaintance with the noble lord; but he deserves to be credited with the accomplishments, minus the blackguardisms, after which the poet

yearneth. He is, we fear, like Pelham and Devereux, and others of the same sublime category, at once too good and too bad to be true—too sensible and too ridiculous—too sagacious and too soft-brained. He will not let us despise or dislike him, but he forces us a great way towards both feelings. Such a character is a convenient agent for a clever writer's outlay of social wit and worldly wisdom. Cecil Danby is the satirist and eke the slave of the *beau monde*. He becomes dictator to the world of fashion—a coxcomb of genius—a sovereign who, when he meets Brummel at Calais, regards that dethroned exile much as Cromwell surveys the features of the decapitated king, in Delaroche's picture of Charles I. in his coffin. Cecil became a coxcomb for life by catching a glimpse of himself, at six months old, in the swing-glass of his mother's dressing-room: to infant instinct there was something irresistible in its splendid satin cockade; and from that apocalyptic hour it was discovered that Master Cecil "was always screaming, unless danced up and down by the head nurse within view of the reflection of his own fascinating little person." The rise and progress of his dandyism is detailed with edifying minuteness. What the moral of such a chronicle may be, it were hard to say; unless, as has been suggested in the case of Pelham,* to show that under the corsets of a dandy there sometimes beats a heart. Cecil, indeed, is eager to aver that there is no more sentiment in his composition than in a jar of Jamaica pickles; but he knows better. He would be simply intolerable were *that* true. Quite necessary to the cohesion of his frivolous particles, is the occasional substratum of sentiment involved in the stories of Emily Barnet, Franszetta, Helena, &c. Indispensable to the redemption of his character from sneering heartlessness, are his intervals of sober sadness, his parentheses of self-inquiry and self-condemnation. At such intervals, he beholds an aimless destiny unaccomplished—eternity flowing through his hand, like the limpid waters of a fountain through the unconscious, unenjoying lips of some marble Triton; the conclusion to which he tends is the melancholy definition of such biographies—youth a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret. The narrative of Cecil's adventures is very loosely constructed, and herein greatly inferior to Sir Bulwer Lytton's performance, which it rivals in wit and brilliance. It is a collection of sketches, the only unity of which consists in the puppyism of the narrator. This puppyism changes its aspects with the changes of life's seasons: it has its springy germination, its summer efflorescence, its autumnal ripeness, and its wintry decline; but in each avatar it is *alter et idem*. Mrs. Gore has relieved the almost oppressive artificial light of the book, by episodes of graver interest: the scene with old Barnet at Cintra, for instance, which conducts us to Emily's newly-dug grave—the Mignon-like picture of the Italian dancing-girl—and the death of little Arthur Danby, are effectively rendered. But these are mere "by the way" digressions; the staple is coxcombry, its smart sayings and misdoings. Every chapter bristles with points; every paragraph has its piquant tit-bit. In respect of elaborate cleverness, pungent antithesis, and sprightly badinage, "Cecil" is probably the most remarkable of its author's remarkable productions. In plot, as we have hinted, and in delineation of character, it is subordinate to many. Cecil alone interests us. Emily comes and goes like a shadow; more might have been made, and profitably, of her ingenuous nature—

when offended, a queen,—when pleased, a child. Lady Ormington is amusing; but beside such portraits as Pelham's lady-mother, and that admirable woman of the world, Lady Frances Sheringham, in Hook's "Parson's Daughter," she is insipid and unsuccessful. We expected more of her, for her first appearance told well; and we anticipated an instructive acquaintanceship with one into whose dressing-room we were admitted by stealth—there beholding, on her ladyship's table, blue veins settled up in one packet, and a rising blush corked up in a crystal phial, and a Pandora's box of eyebrows, eyelashes, lips, cheek, chin, ivory forehead, and a pearly row of teeth. "Her existence was all Watteau—all *à vignette*—all Pompadour—all powder-puff, all musk, all ambergris! Time need have had gold sand in his glass, and an agate handle to his scythe, to deal with such a life of trifling." Such the being who could be charming in company, when it was worth her while, but never played to empty benches; like the country manager who could not afford to give the snow-storm in his Christmas pantomime with white paper, when the audience was thin, she often "snowed brown," and was peevish and ungracious until further notice. Her husband, Lord Ormington, is of a class which no one can better describe than Mrs. Gore, but which she has described far better elsewhere: the sort of man one rarely sees out of England; reserved, without being contemplative; convivial, without being social; cold, unexpansive, undemonstrative; one who quarrelled with the Woods and Forests, because they would not mend the roads with the ruins of Fotheringay Castle,—and could perceive no irony in Hamlet's assignment of purpose to the ashes of imperial Caesar. Lady Harriet Vandeleur is well done, so far as she goes; an Irishwoman, with a *naïveté* bordering on effrontery—pretty, pouting, piquante; coquette, jilt, flirt, angel; restless and artificial; her *naïveté* calculated, her *impromptus faits à loisir*. Thérèse is not a bad illustration of the *spirituelle* and sigh-away *femme incomprise*, united to an Apollo Belvidere fed upon oil-cake, and weighing eighteen stone. And a due source of mirth is open in the history of the Frau Wilhelmina, with her carnivorous and other propensities. But it is on English subjects that Mrs. Gore best exhibits her skill.

The class of fiction to which "The Hamiltons" belongs, labours under the disadvantage of a promiscuous alliance of fact and fancy. Political life is the theme—the dates are accurately given—the Ministers and the Opposition have each their *rôle*; while, at the same time, historical accuracy is defied—the Duke of Wellington is not himself, Sir Robert Peel is neither here nor there, and all is confusion worse confounded. In "The Hamiltons" we have political portraits, belonging to the period of George IV.'s decease and the Reform Bill agitation; but the food on which we are invited to banquet is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The actors are neither quite historical nor quite ideal; there is a *quantum* of reality about them, but it is not a *quantum suff.* If political novels we are to have at all, it is more satisfactory to have them in a more definite shape—with at least two or three veritable cabinet ministers, masqued or not, as you please, but recognisable, and in keeping with the blue books and morning papers of twenty years since. One can enjoy, for instance, Plumer Ward's presentment of Canning (as Wentworth) in "De Vere," or our *novel* Chancellor of the Exchequer's

kit-kats, in "Coningsby," or the still less thinly veiled characters in "Wynville; or, Clubs and Coteries." But, to be implicated in such a game as fast and loose—not to find unity of character on the right hand or the left—to be tantalised by a chaotic jumble of elements, one paragraph taken from the *Annual Register*, and the next coined from the romancer's stock in trade—this has a spice of irritation in it. Some minds, however, may find nought to cavil at in this hybrid type; and those who do cavil, will own the dashing skill with which Mrs. Gore has ignored their possible objections, and delineated in her own witty, Whig-gish, wilful way, a picture of official life in 1830. The performers are many and amusing.

Lord Laxington, a privy councillor, with a jargon and technical dialect as inveterate as that of a horse-dealer; his arguments full of ministerial mysticism—his jokes all parliamentary—his notes of invitation formal as official documents—his anecdotes authenticated by dates; one who speaks as if before a committee, and scarcely knows how to leave the room without the ceremony of pairing off, or to hazard an opinion, lest he should be required to justify it to his party. His son, again, Augustus Hamilton, a heartless dandy, who quarrels with a grain of pepper too much in his soup—the Alcibiades of Brook-street—a pretender to the vacant throne of Brummeldom—who forbears to enter the Opera pit during one of Pasta's airs, lest he should distract the attention of the house—who has the nicknackery of life at his fingers' ends, and can spout *vertu* in the choicest cant of connoisseurship; a cold-blooded libertine, moreover, and assuming the pride of the serpent, when he is, in truth, the weakest of worms.

William Tottenham, another of the same order—lively and good-natured, so long as the sun shines and his hair keeps in curl, and his linen is starched to the sticking point; but whose wits will not suffice to pay his hairdresser's bill, and whose head and heart are alike bankrupt. Cadogan, the model of a "perfectly gentlemanlike man"—that is, by Mrs. Gore's interpretation, one who must not offend the public eye, ear, or conscience—neither violent in his politics, vehement in his affections, nor eccentric in his dress—one whose greatness consists in his mediocrity, and who, while following in meek subservience the dictates of society, affects unbounded independence. Bernard Forbes, sallow, saturnine, hard-featured, uncompromising, self-respecting, outspoken; in spite of his brown-holland complexion and quizzical coat, one of "those remarkable men who make up, with ninety-nine of mediocre capacity, the complement of every hundred of the human race:" dressing like a dustman, and tying his cravat as other men cord a portmanteau; but verifying the adage that it is often the fruit of roughest rind that is sweetest at the core. Claneustace—one of those characters, which "like certain minerals, remain soft during the process of formation, to harden at last into the sternest compactness."

And then for the women. Susan, whom everybody loves—so mild, so benevolent, so forbearing, so unpresuming; such a patient, devoted, much-wronged nature as Mr. Thackeray loves to depict amid crowds of selfish, hollow-hearted men; an innocent, so slow to believe in the existence of wickedness, that she trusts her happiness, her person, the purity of her mind, to the keeping of one who despises all things good and holy; and

in the development of whose career, Mrs. Gore has exercised that command of pathos which some critics deny her, as though she could only, at best, *faire badiner la tendresse*. Julia Hamilton pleases such censors better: a fashionable fribble, who plays an able game, both at the whist-table and with the hand of court cards dealt to her in the long rubber of human life; who cares not to cast her eyes on a single female face, except the four queens, which strengthen her hand at whist, and who never lays aside her secret mail-coat of egotism, either in the arms of her father or at the footstool of her Maker. Mrs. Cadogan is a revolting sketch: a beautiful woman, who, by wearing a smiling face when discontented, has learnt to wear an innocent one while sinning; and whose mind contracts at last, in quintessential malignity, into the poison-drop that inflicts destruction on others. That she is unnatural and improbable is our consolation; the part which she plays, however, in the fortunes of "The Hamiltons" gives scope to some very powerful writing—unlaboured, indeed, and unpretending, but realising more than one scene of tragic interest.

But the comedy of artificial life is Mrs. Gore's *forte*; and it is when reproducing, in her brilliant way, the soap-bubbles and sparkling fire-flies of the "upper ten thousand," that we feel her power; when she invites us to Mayfair or Baden, to gaze on her lifelike and highly-coloured "tableau," as Le Sage has it, "*des soins, des peines, des mouvements, que les pauvres mortels se donnent, pour remplir agréablement le petit espace entre leur naissance et leur mort.*" A Burtonshaw family—a gossiping Pen. Smith—a Sir Joseph Leighton, "one of those fussy men, who insist on having dots placed on all the *i's* of life, and crosses on its *t's*"—in hitting off folks of this calibre, with a few smart strokes of her everlasting gold pen, lies her supremacy.

The tragical story of the Duchess de Praslin has contributed an adventitious interest to the intrinsic merit of "Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination." The book was a favourite one with that ill-fated lady; and a volume of it being found on her bed, stained with her blood, and subsequently deposited in evidence at the trial, it acquired remarkable notoriety on the continent. At home it has enjoyed the applause of divers and distinguished readers—among them, a lord-chancellor—peers, like Lord Holland, without stint—wits, like Jekyll and Luttrell, of vast dinner-table influence—and novelists, like Beckford and Bulwer Lytton, of ungainsayable credit and renown. The tale runs upon the injurious effects produced upon the female character by an extension of the rights and privileges of the sex. Mrs. Armytage* is one who exercises over her children the utmost rigour of petty despotism—one whose love of domination had been allowed to progress into a ruling passion, by the indulgence of an inert and adoring husband—one, of whom her son affirms, that were he to fall in love with an angel, blest with a peerage in her own right and a million in the Five per Cents., *she* would be sure to raise objections. Her haughty temper breaks the heart of her daughter, the admirable Sophia, and bows her to an early grave; it

* And poor Mrs. Armytage, warning exaction,
Sits arm-chaired for ever, a dread petrification.

makes her son, Arthur, a miserable dependent, and his wife—the artless and winning Marian—a neglected alien; and it goes far towards raising between these two a cloud of suspicion and discord, charged with ruin to their mutual happiness. The ordeal of discipline through which that haughty spirit has to pass, ere it will bate one jot of its pretensions, is finely and feelingly portrayed. Several parts, indeed, of this novel are marked by more than ordinary pathos; especially the death-bed of Sophia, that mild, pure, most unselfish maiden, who had scarcely ever been parted an hour from her mother's side; “and though Mrs. Armytage's loftiness of spirit seemed to elevate her above all sympathy with the timid girl, as the giant oak above all consciousness of the fragrant violet blooming at its root, yet now that the flower was withered, the tree seemed desolate; for winter was around its leafless boughs.” A powerful hand is also visible in the description of the meeting and explanation between Arthur and Edgar Rainsford—and of Arthur's passionate revelation to his mother of her illegal tenure of Holywell—and of the disease-stricken and heart-sore woman's return home, to humble herself and die. There is a larger supply, too, of agreeable acquaintances than one often finds in Mrs. Gore's fictions: the Rotherhams, for instance; and excellent Dr. Grant; and part of the Maranham family; and Arthur, and Sophia, and Marian. Even Winsome Wyn becomes likeable, when transformed to Lord Wildingham—though we fancy he was not originally meant to be endured, nor is the process of amendment very naturally explained. The *vis comica* is well sustained in the person of honest Jack Baltimore—a man of cunning in the odds, expert at billiards, addicted to punch, knowing in horseflesh and the slang dictionary; and tolerable amusement is to be had out of the aspiring Yankee, Mister Leonidas Lomax, who makes his *entrée* as a never-say-die antagonist of “aristocratic usurpation,” speaking in aphorisms himself, and perpetually correcting the moods and tenses of other people, and proving his incapacity to take a pinch of snuff without connecting the measure with some precept of political economy; but who eventually subsides into a courtly, tuft-hunting sycophant—covers his republican nakedness with gay waistcoats and fine trinkets—and disports himself, padded, pinched, painted, with an Adonis wig and a pair of fixed spurs. Other pleasant sketches we have, in the persons of Dyke Robsey, M.P., “all for railways and radical reform,” and his cleery, vulgar, kind-hearted spouse; and Miss Avarilla, one of the weird sisters at the Grange, rigidly cold and formal, but ever in a solemn bustle and perplexity of business. The Grange mystery is an episode of indifferent interest.

But we must scramble to a conclusion, in a very immethodical fashion; for how, with stinted limits and an imperfect memory, can we find our way to a *finis*, along the highways and byways of Mrs. Gore's wide domains, unless in a manner sadly skipping and desultory? To run over the names, then, of some other of her host of novels—there are the “Reign of Terror” and the “Lettre de Cachet,” the earliest and, some think, the most graceful and attractive of her *opera omnia*. Her more recent and characteristic style found its first decided display in “Women as They Are”—a somewhat flippant picture of fashionable and *Lady's Magazine* existence. It appeared in 1830, and was followed next year

by the renowned and effervescent volumes devoted to "Mothers and Daughters"—of which the critical Phœbus of "Blue-Stocking Revels," who confessed he *sometimes* wished Mrs. Gore's three volumes were two, was fain to protest,

But not when she dwelt upon daughters or mothers ;
Oh, *then* the three made him quite long for three others.

Another year, and she produced "The Fair of May Fair," a series of a rather *fade* and *passé* aspect. After "Mrs. Armytage" there came (1838) "The Heir of Selwood"—a complicated story, which involves both reader and writer in a labyrinth that once or twice threatens a "fix"—illustrative of the wrongful acquisition of a noble estate, and the perplexities of a childless heroine, who adopts a strange infant as her own, and anon finds herself a mother *de facto* as well as *de jure*. In this tale Mrs. Gore is more restrained and serious than usual. Next came "The Cabinet Minister," represented by a Sir Robert Crewe—one of those official veterans whom she describes with such *gusto* ; the time being that of the Carlton House regency, and the theme one to which, in its salient points, she is marvellously *au fait*. The same year (1839) appeared "Preferment ; or, My Uncle the Earl"—full of satiric touches, and supported by one or two capital full-length figures. It has been said, that so faithful are her portraits, that it is by no means difficult for one moving in the same circles to detect the individuals from whom particular traits are drawn ; yet are they *not* portraits, nor, what is still more common, caricatures of well-known personages ; the peculiarities only are derived from distinct originals, and combined with general characteristics. "Her pages are a complete Rochefoucauld of English high life." But the satire is not crabbed, the irony is not morose, the ridicule is not snappish : for this we may take Apollo's word at the Feast of the Violets,

For her satire, he said, wasn't eyil, a bit ;
But as full of good heart as of spirits and wit.

In 1840 we had "The Dowager ; or, the New School' for Scandal," of which the name is its own interpreter, being a motley and high-coloured picture of the results of babbling and gossip, the prolific seeds sown by Mrs. Candours and Sir Benjamin Backbites. The dowager herself, Lady Delmaine, is one of our author's most felicitous characters ; but, with one or two exceptions, the others are pasteboard, and that of the flimsiest make ; and the story is rattled through with a careless rapidity, and overflow of colloquial levity, which makes us approve once again the criticism of the divinity already appealed to :

Only somewhat he found, now and then, which dilated
A little too much on the fashions it rated,
And heaps of "polite conversation" so true
That he, once, really wish'd the three volumes were two.

If we have wished it more than once, may Mrs. Gore and her tutelar god forgive us !

Her familiarity with Parisian life and manners found room for lively display in "Greville ; or, a Season in Paris," which was succeeded in 1842 by a novel, where the scene is laid in Russia, viz., "The Ambassador's Wife," spoilt by haste and recklessness of construction, but clever, piquant, and

pungent as ever. More pains she must have taken in working up the power and passion (for there are both in an eminent degree) of "The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City;" but those who chiefly appreciate her, pronounce it comparatively heavy reading. Scenes there are, however, of genuine comedy and humorous relief, such as scarcely any one else could have put on paper. There was some ground for a critic at this period (1843-4) affirming that, "within the last eight or nine years Mrs. Gore had distanced nearly all her contemporaries by a rapid succession of some of the most brilliant novels in our language."* Nor, excepting a brief interval, did she abate in literary energy. Emulation, if nothing else, must have sustained a spirit like hers: was not Mrs. Trollope still publishing her thousands, and Mr. James his ten thousands? Besides the consecrated form of three volumes, there were the magazines into which to pour the exuberance of her invention. In this shape she gave us "Blanks and Prizes," "Temptation and Atonement," "Abednego, the Money-Lender," "Surfaceism; or, the World and its Wife;" and innumerable stories, such as the "Burgher of St. Gall," the "Scrap-stall of Paris," the "Leper-House of Janval," the "Royalists of Peru," and other *historiettes* collected

From a' the airts the wind can blaw,

or a quick fancy cull flowers and fruitage. Recurring to the post-octavo triplets, we have yet to record the names of "Peers and Parvenus," in which she appears to strain a chord already enfeebled by undue tension; and "Sketches of English Character," illuminated by a running fire of witticisms, manufactured by the same accomplished patentee as "Cecil," and fizzing and crackling in every conceivable direction; and then the "Debutante; or, the London Season," another congenial subject for such a lecturer. These three last works all belong to one year, 1846. Her next, "Castles in the Air," betrayed increasing symptoms of over-work, and did little to strengthen, nothing to spread, her reputation. But it would take many a weightier load than such air-castles to sink the reputation she had secured; a score of such mediocrities would not much depreciate the insurance policy she had long since effected in the temple of Fame. In this glancing notice we have omitted several of her ablest, as well as her least-noticeable fictions; nor have we, as dealing simply with a female novelist, alluded to her productions in other walks of literature. If it happened that our printer's — ("bad word," as Young Tom Hall's biographer would put it, and as Ellis Bell would *not*†) were clamorous

* A New Spirit of the Age.

† Every reader of "Wuthering Heights" must have "made great eyes," as a German would say, at the frequency and matter-of-course *nonchalance* with which oaths are there spelt out, letter by letter, in the most solid style of cursing and swearing. Never was dish to set before a—trooper, more highly spiced and hotly peppered, in the manner which troopers proverbially relish. And Currer Bell espouses the cause of all this "cussin' and swearin'." In her preface to the above work, she says that undoubtedly a large class of readers will "suffer greatly" from Ellis Bell's habit of substituting the naughty word in *extenso* for the customary blank line. And adds: "I may as well say at once, that for this circumstance it is out of my power to apologise; deeming it, myself, a rational plan to write words at full length. The practice of hinting by single letters those expletives with which profane and violent persons are wont to garnish their discourse, strikes me as a proceeding which, however well meant, is weak and futile. I cannot tell what good it does—what feeling it spares—what horror it conceals." This is highly characteristic of the frank and free-hearted writer, whatever we may think of her

for more "copy," instead of being, as the ingenuous youth is, indignant at our excesses in longitude and latitude, we could gloriously fill up a sheet or two with a formal enumeration of the comedies, farces, feuilletons, and *opuscula miscellanea* of Mrs. Gore's authorship. Nor would the mere catalogue read amiss, or be wanting in interest, to those who gloat over the catalogues of Homer's ships, and Milton's proper names, and the levee and drawing-room statistics in four parallel columns of the *Times*. As a novelist, we take our leave of her, with a cordial sense of her singular talents and memorable industry—our general impression of her multifarious fictions being in accordance with the complimentary comment of Leigh Hunt :*

Then how much good reading! what fit, flowing words!

What enjoyment, whether midst houses or herds!

'Tis the thinking of men with the lightness of birds!

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XX.

HESTER'S MONEY HAS VANISHED—THE POLICE-OFFICE.

IT was not long before Hester awoke, and her first sensation was surprise at finding herself in the dark. She struck a light; and that surprise was increased when she perceived that her candle had not burnt down, but that some person had placed the extinguisher upon it. Julie was awakened by the movements of her sister, and had begun to dress herself in order to take her turn as sentinel. A slight scream from Hester betrayed that she had now discovered the fatal truth. The drawer of the bureau was open, and empty; the treasure—the hoarded hope of a father's freedom—all the money was gone!

Pitiable was the picture of consternation, anguish, and despair, which the girl presented. For the first few moments she was speechless, and could only by gestures make Julie aware of the terrible stroke which had befallen them. By degrees, however, she gained self-possession, and was enabled, amidst the whirl of her feelings, to act and think. She rushed to the door, but no one could have entered by that way, since it was locked on the inside. The window, with its cut pane, quickly told the tale; and as she threw open the sash, the ladder of ropes was seen still dangling from the iron bar, the thief in his hurry having neglected to take it away.

Hester's first suspicion fell on the gardener, but the old man seemed the very personification of honesty; and when she saw his little dog, that at one time had roused her by his bark, lying dead in the garden, the

taste. With her a blank is a sham, and all shams are to be put down—except on paper.

* Blue-stocking Revels, canto ii.

idea was instantly dismissed. But Julie now awoke the inmates of the house, and all was excitement and consternation. The gardener hurried through the fields, and down the lane ; but, as might be expected, nothing could be seen or learnt of the housebreaker.

Morning dawned. Unfortunately their neighbour, Mr. Kellerman, was absent from home, and therefore no advice or assistance could be obtained from that quarter. Julie proposed going to the Fleet Prison without delay ; but Hester, even now kindly considerate, overruled her sister. She was well assured that the poor prisoner, their father, could render them no aid, and anxious was she to spare him the knowledge of the bitter stroke, so long as any hope of recovering the stolen property existed. One mode of proceeding offered itself, and the most rational one it seemed to be—it was to apply to a magistrate, in order that efficient steps might be taken for the discovery and apprehension of the robber.

The master of the house in which they lived accompanied the sisters to the police-office, and they arrived at Bow-street before the magistrate had taken his accustomed place. Sad it was, under such circumstances, to be obliged to wait ; but rules of office are stubborn things—iron that refuses to bend : a magistrate will not sit before his time.

The court opened at last, and some uninteresting business having been gone through, Hester was permitted to make her statement.

Even in her distress, there was an air of superiority about the ruined gentleman's daughter which commanded respect. The ushers, clerks, and matter-of-fact functionaries of such a place, are not readily charmed, yet the beauty and grace of Hester had an evident effect upon them. She detailed, in a plain and straightforward manner, the circumstances of the robbery. The magistrate—not the one who had harshly treated her on a former occasion—appeared to take great interest in her case, the more especially when he learnt for what object the money had been accumulated.

"But, my dear young lady," he said, "had you taken the trouble to inquire respecting the bankers you name, you would have found they are among the richest in London. The letter, raising an alarm as to their stability, was evidently written by a party connected with the robbery. But I can feel for you ; timidity and suspicion are not always readily conquered ; the money was designed for a purpose so important, that, by a dutiful daughter like yourself, it must have been valued almost like life itself. But, no doubt, you are impatient ; you are anxious for a way to be pointed out whereby the lost property may be recovered. We will do what we can, and if our efforts prove vain, I shall very sincerely pity you. In the first place, have you preserved the numbers and dates of the notes ?"

Hester produced the list of which we have spoken, and it was passed to the magistrate.

"Bless me, all fives and tens, and one hundred sovereigns ! This is valuable booty ; the villain will pass the small notes easily in the country, and the stoppage of them at the Bank of England will, I fear, be of little use."

The countenance of Hester assumed an expression of anguish which a painter might have depicted, though words may not describe. But two

police constables now stepped forward, and one of them addressed the magistrate.

"Please your worship, Bateman and I think we can throw some light on this business, if your worship gives us leave now to speak."

"Speak on," said the magistrate.

"Last night, or rather this morning, for 'twas near four o'clock, I found a man lying across the pavement in Piccadilly; he seemed to be in a fit, so I raised him off the stones, and called assistance, when Bateman came up. Searching his pockets to find out his address, that we might carry him home, we discovered a bunch of skeleton-keys, a small crowbar, and other housebreaking implements; then, from another pocket we drew forth a heavy bag—it was full of money!"

Hester uttered a faint cry at the bare possibility that this might prove her lost treasure.

"A bag of money," said the magistrate; "go on."

"We carried the man to a surgeon's, who said the fit was a bad one, and brought on, he thought, by over-excitement of mind. I put a seal upon the bag, and gave it to the inspector; and he, your worship, has the money now in court."

"Very well; let the inspector produce it. If the sum is composed of bank notes, the numbers of which correspond with those marked on the sheet before me, of course the matter is decided that the property is the young lady's."

The inspector of police came forward, and at once placed the bag of money on the table. Oh! to have seen Hester's glistening eyes, her clasped hands, and to have heard her exclamation of rapture, might have touched the hardest, and warmed the coldest heart.

"That is mine!—ours!—I know it—thank Heaven! I am happy now!" And overwhelmed by the feelings of the moment, and scarcely conscious of what she did, Hester ardently embraced her sister, while tears filled her eyes.

Meantime, the money was turned out upon the table, and the magistrate's clerk began to count the sovereigns. They proved to be a hundred. The notes were unrolled, and their dates and numbers exactly agreed with Hester's account.

"Well," said the good magistrate, taking off his spectacles, with a happy and beaming look, "this is, indeed, a fortunate affair; and I congratulate the young lady most sincerely on the prompt and unexpected recovery of her lost property. But," he asked, "where is the criminal? Did he recover from the fit?"

"Yes, your worship," replied the inspector; "he is now quite well: we have him here locked up."

"Then bring him before the bench," said the magistrate.

There was a movement among the people, and a turning of heads in the direction that the prisoner was expected to come. Already the house-breaker seemed to be an object of morbid interest, and each one asked the other if it was known who he was. But the prisoner now appeared, and was led forward by the constables, and placed in the dock. Then an involuntary exclamation of wonder burst from the lips of many present, to whom the person of the unhappy man was well known.

"It is Mr. Pike!—Mr. Pike, the attorney!—impossible!" were the words echoed around.

Hester and Julie, too, were taken by surprise; for they had not conceived that their father's persecutor and Hartley's tool would have proceeded to such a length—committing at once an act of the lowest, vilest description, and yet of consummate daring. And how did Mr. Pike comport himself, with the eyes of all fixed upon him, and his guilt revealed so completely that no loophole was left him for escape?

There he stood, the black, relentless persecutor of the innocent, the panderer to the evil passions of an unnatural brother; his career having been pursued for years, long years—his one object the amassing of money. There he stood, the plotting, the cautious, the crafty; spreading snares for others, but caught in the snare himself at last. His hypocrisy would avail him nothing now; his hardihood could not face out the terrible and palpable truth: the wretched man knew it, and felt it.

Ay, he felt it, and therefore he shrank into himself; therefore his lean and withered limbs trembled, and his teeth chattered. In a word, his moral and physical courage had fled. A miserable object, he appeared, of fraud unmasked, and long-flourishing iniquity receiving retribution at last. He answered no word to the questions of the magistrate; in sullen silence he was removed from the police-office, and in sullen silence locked up. On the following day he was placed again at the bar, and examined; the depositions were taken against him, and no doubt of his guilt being entertained, Mr. Pike was fully committed to take his trial for housebreaking and robbery.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. PIKE IN NEWGATE.

THE money was safe, and the heart of Hester was full of happiness, yet she did not exult over a fallen enemy. That enemy was now in a prison—in Newgate—awaiting his trial.

From the serious nature of the crime with which he was charged, and other considerations, Mr. Pike was not lodged in one of the common wards, where it has been the custom to place three, six, and sometimes even twelve prisoners together. He was confined in a separate cell, with liberty to take air and exercise in the yard twice a day. The cell was not altogether cheerless, light being admitted through a grating about eight feet from the ground. There was a little iron bedstead, with a straw mattress, in the corner; he was allowed a wooden chair, with a small deal table, and, enjoying the privileges of prisoners before conviction, writing materials were supplied him.

That he deeply felt his degradation, may be supposed. He, the respectable gentleman—the upholder, by profession, of the laws of his country—the flourishing fundholder—to be confined in Newgate gaol! the fact was enough to cover him with shame, and fill his heart with indignation.

Mr. Pike sat on his wooden chair. He had been drawing up a defence which he intended to read at his trial; but, alas! he found all his skill and legal knowledge utterly fail him in making out a case so that an

acquittal might be expected, the evidence against him being so strong; so overwhelming. His lean arms were now folded on his narrow chest, and his great head drooped in profound meditation. In appearance, the man was much the same as when we described him in his little counting-house in St. Mary Axe. His white neckerchief, on which his prominent chin seemed always to take a pleasure in resting, was drawn tightly around his throat; his seedy black coat was buttoned up close, and carefully brushed; while leather straps drew straining down his shrunken pantaloons, to meet the upper rim of his long, well-polished shoes. His features, however, were thinner and paler, his large hooked nose standing out in more defined prominence, and his round, restless black eyes added to their natural lustre the almost ferocious glare which distinguishes those of a wild beast.

Solitude, it is said, prompts meditation, and loves to send memory back over the past, whether evil or good deeds have marked our course. Mr. Pike's contemplations at that moment were retrospective. He thought of all he had done—of his triumphs and his defeats; but he felt no repentance, no remorse.

"Blind, misjudging world!" he said, in his quiet reverie, "you know not what really is crime, or what is virtue. Each act I have committed may be defended on a sound, philosophical principle—the principle of expediency. Even my last deed, which men stupidly call robbery, and for which I am incarcerated in this vile dungeon, was only the obeying one of the grand instincts of our nature—self—self-aggrandisement; and no man is expected to fight against nature. I wished to lay up something for my old age; I would not starve. That girl's money was better in my hands than in Hartley's; for to him it would eventually have gone. Oh! yes, my mind is peaceful and happy in one sense, and my conscience is at rest. My agony is, that my miserable fellow-men have me now in their power; my agony is, that all my plans—my deeply-laid schemes—are of no more avail. And oh!" he cried, starting up, and grinding his teeth, "my worst agony is, that all I have saved—all for which I have racked my brains and starved my body—my annuity, my stock, my dear, dear guineas—everything must go. They will take away from the old man his hard earnings, the provision he designed for his declining years; they will call him a convict, and send him across the seas; they will not pity the old man—fools! monsters! murderers!—they will not!"

He sat upon his low iron bedstead, and began to draw a skull-cap over his misshapen head, and to take off his shoes.

"I'll go to bed. I'll sleep. I'll forget all the business until the trial comes on. But then those dreams, those horrid dreams! No, I cannot lie down; I can battle with the fiends better awake."

Suddenly Mr. Pike began to smile, and to pace up and down with a quick and cheerful step.

"Well, well, bear up, my heart! Come what may, I shall not die. Thanks to the change in our laws, I shall not swing on a gibbet. This is something. No grave yet; no blotting out of the light; no worm; no grave—ha, ha! This, I say, is something. The most they can prove is burglary, and what they ignorantly call theft; and the severest sentence they can pass is transportation. But for how long? Seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years? The last would be for life; for I am

getting old, and my mind and body are not what they were. For life! Oh! misery. But cheer up; I shall not die. No grave yet; no darkness; no foul worm beneath. Yes, yes, I shall live; I shall live."

His hands were clasped, and his eyes were raised to the ceiling of his cell; yet these gestures were not expressions of an inward thankfulness to Heaven for life prolonged; they merely denoted the exultation of the coward who feared to die. But again one black and withering thought oppressed him. His smiles vanished, and his haggard features worked with rage, while he shook his clenched hand, as if uttering maledictions against some imaginary enemies.

"They'll do it; the law gives them the power. A convict's property is forfeited to the state. Oh! that curses could slay! Then every wretch who dared to touch one penny of that money should fall blasted, dead in the attempt. It is mine," he cried, furiously; "they shall not take it from me. Have I not earned it?—gathered it little by little?—debarred myself of all which others indulge in? 'Tis fifteen thousand pounds. Fifteen thousand! Think of that. In one day I might have converted it all into guineas, and hid the amount somewhere in the ground. Then, when I returned from banishment, I might have found it, recovered it, enjoyed it again. But it is too late now. Woe is me! They won't let me go to the Bank and sell it out. They'll seize it; the vultures will seize it. But they shall not; I'll move earth and heaven ere they shall take my property. Rather than they should have it, I would die, and it should be placed in my coffin. Yes, my head should be laid upon a bag of gold, and my feet be buried in sovereigns. This would soothe my spirit—I know it would. But, alas! these are idle dreams. I shall lose my money. I am undone, and my heart is broken!"

With an air of abandonment he flung himself into his chair. His lean body was bent double as he rocked himself to and fro; and in his agony the miser wept.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. PIKE IS VISITED IN PRISON BY HIS OLD PATRON.

THE door of the cell was opened, and one of the gaolers of the prison entered.

"Here's your counsel come to see you, Mr. Pike," said the man. "This is the first time, I believe," he added, addressing the stranger. "How long do you want, sir?"

"A half an hour, perhaps, will be sufficient."

The gaoler retired, closing the door after him. In no other capacity than that of legal adviser would Mr. Hartley have been allowed this private interview with Pike; but since the former was known to be a barrister, however little he practised, the liberty had been very easily obtained. Hartley now stood before the prisoner, but remained for several minutes without speaking, and all that Pike did was to raise his eyes imploringly, and fix them on him who had been so long his employer and patron.

"You are come to do something for me—come to save me," said the attorney.

"You are past that," observed Hartley; "I will not buoy you up—there is no hope for you."

Mr. Pike groaned.

"I thought your last game was to be your best—it has proved your worst, for you have disappointed me, and ruined yourself."

"Don't upbraid me; the calamity no human foresight could guard against. I had succeeded in my enterprise, as you know, when that bodily ailment struck me down. I lost my senses before I had time to dispose of the money, or throw away the implements I had used. The fit passed, and I found myself in custody, discovered—ruined! Mr. Hartley, I have sold myself for you."

"Not at all; you have been liberally rewarded for everything you have done. Pike, I believe we understand each other. I well know, if you imagine it may benefit yourself, you will not scruple to betray me."

"Why, Mr. Hartley," said Pike, looking obliquely at him, "you have been my master as it were, my abettor, my inciter, through all the business; and I have thought, that were I to tell this to the jury, it might go far to soften the rigour of the punishment which might be awarded me."

"Miserable man!" exclaimed Hartley; "but I expected this of you. It is not enough that the power I once possessed over the fortunes of my enemy has passed from my hands, but the vile tool I used is turned into a dagger to stab me."

"Ay," said Pike, with a grin of malicious pleasure; "and I can tell them of something more. I don't see why I should be transported, and you escape. I'll tell them that Flemming, the hunchback, met——"

"Liar! and slanderer!" interrupted Hartley.

"Thy victims lie in a pauper's grave!" said Pike.

"Do you wish to die yourself? Hush! or the turnkey beyond that door may hear your foul but dangerous language."

"Strive then to save me."

"I cannot do it; but this I will do, and to make the proposal I came here to-day. You will be found guilty; there is no help for that—transported, perhaps, for fourteen years. Whatever money you possess, as a matter of course, must be forfeited."

"Ha!" cried Pike, clenching his hand.

"Listen to me—accuse me not—mention not my name in connexion with your own, and I swear that, on your return, all you have lost shall be made good to you from my private property."

Mr. Pike mused, his long chin resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the wall of his cell. He shook his head, and counted on his fingers: at length he spoke without looking at Hartley.

"It won't do—fourteen years—a long time it is to one who is growing old; besides, the sentence may be for life, and of what use then will your money be? On the other hand, if I prove to the jury that you have set me on, that you are the principal, and I only the agent, I calculate it will make a great difference as regards the severity of my sentence—perhaps I may get off with seven years. It won't do, I say—I can't listen to you."

"Be reasonable; think again; mine is the best plan."

"No," said Pike, firmly; "you shall not get off. The truth is, I think I shall be transported for life, unless you are shown to be my

prompter and abettor: I can't help accusing you—I must do it; so that's settled."

Hartley was acquainted with the character of the man so well that he despaired of moving him; and he knew Pike would not lift his little finger to save the life of a fellow-being, if nothing personally was to be got by the action. He felt in his heart the truth of the other's reasoning, and believed, under any circumstances, that Pike would be transported for life; consequently, the promise of making over to him property on his presumed return, would, however urged, possess no weight in influencing his conduct. In a word, Hartley was now assured that Pike would betray their connexion, and bring him to shame.

An idea crossed his mind: might it not be possible to remove the evidence, and silence the man's tongue for ever, for he had that concealed about him which would enable him to effect the deed? What then?—should he improve his position? no; for an ignominious death on the gallows would be the inevitable consequence.

On all sides he saw himself hemmed in: here, certain accusation; there, if he sought to prevent that accusation, a doom of shame; while the gratification he had received from carrying out his revengeful projects was at an end, and the triumphant countenance of his enemy rose like a mocking vision upon his waking dreams. Half his life had been wasted in the morbid indulgence of one dark and demoniacal passion—the offspring of an unhappy, disappointed love. He had fed, as it were, on the poison of revenge: the pains, trials, and sorrows of his enemy had formed the only source of happiness he had known, and, with fostering care, he had spread his persecutions over a wide space of years. His heart was now not the seat of remorse, but of cankering wretchedness—of gloom deeper than that of a Cain—of a weariness, a loathing of mankind and the world, which words may not describe.

Anger or excitement was no longer betrayed by Hartley: his manner settled into a deep, imperturbable calm; and he now addressed the man who had been his tool and accomplice.

"Hear me; you will be banished to a distant land; you will be made to work in chains; every farthing of your property is lost for ever. You will be a wretched being—a blot on the earth—a loathed thing of shame for men to wag their heads at. Will you escape all this?—I know a way."

Mr. Pike sprang up breathlessly, hope and joy beaming in his countenance.

"A way? Then tell me, dear Mr. Hartley; show me this way, and I will not accuse you—I will bless you!"

"There is a passage in one of the Greek writers which teaches—'when the ills of life counterbalance the good, when misery is stronger than happiness, then it is the part of wisdom—to die!'"

"To die?" repeated Pike, staring on Hartley—"to die? I don't understand you. That's not the way you mean, is it?"

"Yes; are you reluctant to leave a world which has no more good to offer?"

"Rather," said Pike, turning pale; "I think I would rather not leave it—at least not just yet."

"Do you fear to sleep in the earth instead of in your bed?"

"Don't talk so, dear Mr. Hartley—I don't like to hear you talk like

this. I tell you, I would rather not die—a great deal rather not. Sleep in the earth?—’tis horrible to think of.”

“This is the only method, then, I can recommend, if you wish to escape the evils which surround you.”

“Thank you; I would rather be excused following your advice,” answered Mr. Pike. “Under any circumstances, I am resolved to live.”

“Poor coward!” said Hartley, musingly; “governed by the instinct that governs the unreasoning brute—clinging to life for life’s sake. Pitiable man, live and be wretched! I envy thee not. Betray me—say what thou wilt—it will be the same to me now.”

Hartley turned away, and searched for something beneath his vest. He again approached Pike, and the latter perceived that he held in his hand a small pistol. The attorney, who only thought of himself, started back in terror.

“What! you don’t mean to murder me, Mr. Hartley? In pity, forbear! Think of the consequences to yourself. I don’t wish to die, I say—I will live—I *must* live!”

“Fear not, timorous idiot! live, for I can wish thee no deeper curse than the life thou dost cling to. Here,” he said, looking at the pistol, and speaking to himself rather than his companion, “this little thing will give me all I now covet—oblivion and peace. It will solve the grand secret. It will send me, perhaps, to join company with Cato, Brutus, and all who, to escape defeat and the ills of life, dared to cut the thread of their own destiny, rather than to wait patiently for the dividing shears of the dark Sisters. Welcome—welcome the future, whatever it be!”

Mr. Pike, paralysed by terror, remained in the corner of the cell. He could not call the gaoler—he could not utter a word; his limbs shook, his teeth chattered, and his eyes were rivetted on Hartley. But he who meditated suicide appeared suddenly to alter his determination, and returned the pistol to his pocket, muttering to himself, “Not here—not here; I would not be carried forth from a prison.” One silent, contemptuous look he cast at the unhappy attorney, and moved to the door of the cell; he passed out, and Pike, much to his relief and satisfaction, found himself alone.

That evening, when all was calm and quiet in the Temple, and the lawyers had closed their offices—when the dews were lightly falling on the shrubs and flowers in the Temple Gardens, and the first stars were shedding down their silver threads of light on the old hall, the playing fountain, and the church where the dust of centuries is laid—the report of a pistol was heard. It proceeded from chambers in the King’s Bench-walk, and a porter, hastening up the stairs, found Hartley on the floor. The ball had entered a vital part, but as the porter raised the bleeding man, he still breathed.

“Tell people I committed this act—pahaw! you need not fetch a surgeon, it is of no use. Somerset——” he gasped, endeavouring to raise his hand, “my enemy—it is your turn to triumph now; so moves round the wheel of inevitable fate!”

He sank back; his fierce and malignant eye grew dim; and the unhappy Hartley—the man whose nature disappointed love had changed almost into a demon’s—the brooding recluse—the incarnation of a revengeful spirit—had ceased to breathe.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE'S "NORTHERN WORTHIES."*

POOR Hartley should have lived to see this fair edition of his works—now comprising seven delightful post-octavos.

"I own," he once said or sung—

I own I like to see my works in print;

The page looks knowing, though there's nothing in't.

To have read his own poems, essays, marginalia, and "Biographia Borealis" (that "gentle book with a blustering title," as Southey called it), in so compact and tasteful a series—thanks to Mr. Moxon's tact in publishing "form and pressure"—would have cheered that child-like, gracious heart of his, and made him go on his lonely way rejoicing. Living, he was comparatively unrecognised; deceased, he is honoured with many honours—as a light of the age, though not, perhaps, a burning and shining one—as a power of the age, though the potency was cribbed and confined by sorrowful conditions. His brother's manly and affectionate memoir, at once so discreet and candid in its "deliverances," has awakened in every feeling heart a true sympathy with Professor Wilson's exclamation: "Dear Hartley! Yes, ever dear to me!" And his own writings are so fully stored with attractive personal traits, and testify to so kindly and genial a nature, that we incline to appropriate Landor's benison on the departed Elia, that "cordial old man," and say, in spite of hyper-orthodoxy:

What wisdom in thy levity, what truth

In every utterance of that guileless soul!

Few are the spirits of the glorified

I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven.

Is it objected that this is being to Hartley's faults more than a little blind, and to his virtues very, very kind? So be it. A "gentle" reader will not press the objection; and others, ungentle ones, we are not careful to answer in this matter. Enough to quote to them the canon—possibly to their thinking a vulgar error—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*: and as Hartley Coleridge is not the man to be dismissed with a *nil*, let them not grudge the *bonum* we bestow, nor cavil at our interpretation of the rule *nisi*.

In the year 1832, Hartley entered into an engagement, his brother tells us, with a printer and publisher at Leeds, to furnish matter for a provincial biography, to be entitled "The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire," which, however, only proceeded as far as the third number. But as each life was complete in itself, and had an interest independent of mere local associations, the portion which had appeared was reprinted under the title of "Biographia Borealis." After a lapse of twenty years the same work re-appears, enriched with annotations by the author's father and brother. Hartley's intellect was, like his father's, prone to fragmentary, excursive, discursive moods; and there are those, we doubt not, who are disturbed by the influence of this peripatetic philosophy in a biogra-

* Lives of Northern Worthies. By Hartley Coleridge. Edited by his Brother. A New Edition, with the Corrections of the Author, and the Marginal Observations of S. T. Coleridge: 3 vols. Moxon, 1852.

pher. Whether narrative in general does not suffer from such vagrancy—whether the stream loses depth, force, and clearness, by such perpetual meanderings, we shall not stay to inquire. We can only record our aspiration, uttered fresh from the perusal of the lives before us, *O si sic omnes!* It is easy to forgive a writer his serpentine intricacies, when every involution and convolution is so full of suggestiveness, and when to deny him the right he assumes, would be to denude the maypole of its wreathing garlands, or to convert Hogarth's line of beauty into a mathematical right line. Mr. Derwent Coleridge properly characterises these "biographies" as biographical essays—vehicles of remark and discussion, everywhere distinguished by keen observation, genial humour, and right feeling; often lawlessly digressive, yet never felt as an interruption, nor pursued to weariness; serious wisdom and varied knowledge, conveyed in the most delightful form. Not expecting much documentary research or critical examination, our part is to welcome the appearance of the author, behind the occasionally withdrawn veil of conventional reserve, like old Fuller or Montaigne, speaking in his own person—sometimes in a sportive, often in a familiar vein—with a freedom unmarked by affectation or mannerism, the spontaneous issue of the biographer's mind, varied by the varying mood. For "the style of the work passes through every variety of tone; but the transition is always easy, because it is always natural. Sometimes it is grave and solemn; shortly after, playful and careless; then dogmatic and sententious. It is sometimes highly poetical, or rather poetry itself, *pede soluto*; but it is never forced." Such, in fact, as Hartley is in those right pleasant essays of his, which we used to admire in *Blackwood*, long, long ago, without knowing who owned them—and Hartley had a finger in the "Noctes" themselves—such he is in the "Lives of Northern Worthies." A little more attention to method is about the only differential.

His own estimate of this, his "largest, if not his highest literary achievement," appears to have been extremely moderate. He considered it overpraised. Remembering the difficulties which attended its publication, and comparing it with his own ideal standard of excellence, such a judgment was natural.

"How," he asks, in a letter to a friend, "in the haste with which the work is to be got out, is it possible to hunt out for original facts, or to collect original documents, even if they were always accessible, which is far from being the case?" In another place he states, that he had to write eight, nine, and ten hours a day, to keep up with the press. Of course, from the necessity of the case, some portions of the work are mere compilation.

Not the least notable feature of this work is its large-hearted toleration—the liberality and catholicity with which it appraises the widely differing subjects of which it treats. The biographer's duty is, as Hartley observes in the introductory essay, to endeavour to place himself at the exact point, in relation to general objects, in which his subject was placed, and to see things as *he* saw them—not, indeed, neglecting to avail himself of the vantage-ground which time or circumstances may have given him to correct what was delusive in the partial aspect, but never forgetting, while he exposes the error, to explain its cause. In presenting the several "Worthies" to whom these volumes are devoted—

characters in every profession, of all parties, and many religious denominations—the author states his rule to have been, to make each speak for himself in his own words, or by his own actions, as to political or religious matters of opinion; taking care, as far as possible, to represent the opinions that men or sects have actually held, in the light in which they have been held by their professors—not in the distorted perspective of their adversaries. Not that he engages to withhold his own sentiments; but he declines to judge, much less condemn, the sentiments of others. And to this wise rule, on the whole, he wisely and consistently adheres.

For that Romanist must be hyper-papistically disposed who cannot relish the memoir of Bishop Fisher, herein honoured as a martyr, if not to the truth that is recorded in the authentic "Book of Heaven," yet to that copy of it which he thought authentic, which was written on his heart in the antique characters of authoritative age. And that Manchester schoolman must have suffered a desperate warp in the woof of his mind, who cannot enjoy the history of Richard Arkwright, the penny barber, who came to be a knight-bachelor, and died worth double the revenue of a German principality—a man prominent among those who have, in Wordsworth's language,

An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed, almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter.

And that *littérateur* must have narrowed sympathies, who cannot extract profit and pleasure from the life of William Roscoe—celebrated as biographer and historian, but yet more estimable as "a grey-headed friend of freedom"—and one who, after the disappointment of a hundred hopes, after a hundred vicissitudes of good and ill, never despaired of human nature; or that of Congreve, or Mason, or Bentley, especially the last. And that patriot must come of a windy, empty sort, who cannot exult in the portraiture of Andrew Marvell, "a patriot of the old Roman build, and a poet of no vulgar strain," whose mind, like the street and the wall of Jerusalem, was built in troublous times, yet pronounced by Burnet the "liveliest droll of the age," and whose writings made the Merry Monarch forgive the Patriot for the sake of the Humorist. And that Quaker must be straitened in his own bowels, who can read without edification and creature-comfort the sketch of Dr. John Fothergill. Of the Society of Friends, indeed, Hartley Coleridge writes with an interest and tenderness akin to that of Elia himself, who loved to sit among the Silent Ones in deepest peace, which some outwelling tears would rather confirm than disturb.

We do not propose to give extracts from a work which has been before the public so many years past, and which long since secured the first-fruits of a sure though slow renown, and of which Wordsworth thought so highly, that he recommended Mr. Moxon to omit no opportunity of obtaining an interest in the copyright, saying, "it was full of matter," and that he "doubted not it would live." But there is one feature in the present edition to which we must call attention—the marginal notes, namely, by the venerable "Head of the Family." These are comparatively few and far between, but they are highly characteristic, and some-

times not a little curious. The well-known habit of jotting down annotations on the margin of the books he read, has made Samuel Taylor Coleridge's admirers anxious to see specimens: and here we are gratified with a sprinkling. That habit has been alluded to by various writers, in terms calculated to excite considerable expectations. De Quincey, for instance, says, "Coleridge often spoiled a book; but, in the course of doing this, he enriched that book with so many and so valuable notes, tossing about him with such lavish profusion, from such a cornucopia of discursive reading, and such a fusing intellect, commentaries so many-angled and so many-coloured, that I have envied many a man whose luck has placed him in the way of such injuries; and that man must have been a churl (though, God knows! too often this churl *has* existed) who could have found in his heart to complain."* And Charles Lamb—to cite one other witness of experience—counsels those who have books to lend, and the heart to lend them, to "let it be to such a one as S. T. C.; he will return them with usury, enriched with annotations tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—in *matter* sometimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerly hand—legible in my Daniel, in old Burton, in Sir Thomas Browne, &c. I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library against S. T. C.† Such testimony makes the mouth water with anticipation. But it must be confessed that not in *matter*, still less in *quantity*, do the present marginalia correspond to such a note of preparation. However, the reader shall judge of the quality by one or two excerpts from the scanty sum-total.

The following strictures on Hartley's manner, refer to certain remarks upon allegorical and pastoral poetry, in the biography of Lord Fairfax:

"It is this petulant *ipse dixit* smartness and dogmatism, in which, as in a certain mannerism—a sudden jerkiness in the mood, and unexpectedness of phrase—something between wit and oddity, but with the latter predominant, the peculiarity certain, the felicity doubtful—he has caught Southey's manner (the only things which he might not profitably have taken from his maternal aunt's husband), that annoy and mortify me in Hartley's writings."

Again: in the life of William Congreve, the old dramatist, Heywood, being characterised *en passant* as "the prose Shakspeare," we find the old gentleman again taking his son to task:

"This note has less of Hartley's tact and discrimination than, from such a subject, I should have expected. [Quite the "governor."] Surely a prose Shakspeare is not only an over-load for old Heywood, but something not very unlike a square circle." [Coleridge all over.]

Hartley's castigation of Dr. Johnson, for his "uncharitable piece of special pleading" against the memory of Congreve, is applauded as follows:

"Very sensible. I could wish to have preserved a lively and spirited conclusion of one of my courses of lectures, on the *sycophancy* and cynic assentation of Dr. Johnson, both as a critic and a moralist, and most strongly as a critico-moral biographer, to the plebeian envy of the patrician mediocres and the reading public."

Hartley, having laughed at Congreve's thought of confining a novel to

* Lake Reminiscences.

† Essays of Elia ("The Two Races of Men").

the unities," in the hope to gain a laurel by applying the French rules to a species of composition never before made amenable to them, and having compared this thought to the making tea or brewing small beer in chemical nomenclature, is thus rebuked for his doctrine in general and his illustration in particular :

"A most infelicitous illustration! And why *might* not a novel, and a very good one in its kind, be written on such a plan? I am sure that the 'Pilgrim,' 'Beggar's Bush,' and several others of B. and F.'s dramas, might be turned into very interesting novels. Had Congreve said that a good novel must be so written, then, indeed, H. might have slapped him."

Our next extract is given mainly to introduce a specimen of the reverend editor's notes upon the notes of his revered sire. Hartley takes occasion to deprecate the once-honoured custom of prefacing plays, &c., with the commendatory verses of obliging friends—observing that "the pride or modesty of a modern writer would revolt" at the practice of printing these panegyrics in the vestibule of his own book. To this his father thus demurs :

"But why—supposing the verses worth reading for themselves? Would not H. be sorry to miss Barrow's and Marvel's poetic prefaces to the 'Paradise Lost?' I fear that the jealousy and, still more, the *unbrotherhood* of modern authors have more to do with it than either pride or modesty."

Mr. Derwent Coleridge, with excellent taste, annexes the following comment on this somewhat splenetic commentary :

"If there be any bitterness in this remark, it is that of a wounded spirit. Alas! there have been misadventures and misunderstandings enough among literary men in every age to make this too natural an expression of feeling on the part of any one of the number in the decline of life. It is an old complaint—

και πτωχος πτωχῳ φθονει, και 'αυδος 'αυδῳ—

but surely it was not *specialty* true, as applied to the contemporaries of S. T. Coleridge. *Pace tanti viri dixerim*. The fashion of commendatory verses had gone by, whether for the reason given in the text, or because among a few good sets there have always been many bad ones, *not* worth reading, except, perhaps, in after times as literary memorials, or because such praise, like hospitality to a rich neighbour, had lost its value by seeming to invite a return in kind; but there was no want of brotherhood among the poets of that time. It was shown in other ways. Southey brought out his first pieces in conjunction with Lovell; Coleridge himself with Lloyd and Lamb, and afterwards with Wordsworth, whose 'Orphic Song' he heralded—though long before it appeared—by what we may, if we please, call a copy of commendatory verses—and what verses! His memory, however late, has received a full requital. What a monument of brotherhood is the 'Prelude!'

"Again, what Mason did for Gray, Moore has done for Byron, and Talfourd for Lamb, leaving in each case a record of the warmest friendship. He, too, who threw the 'Adonais' on the grave of Keats, would not have grudged to usher in the 'Hyperion' with a similar tribute; and much more might be said to the same effect both of the living and the dead."

We may take this opportunity of saying, that Mr. Derwent Coleridge's annotations in general are candid in judgment, as well as tender to the memory of both his distinguished relatives. The care which he has bestowed on this edition of his brother's writings, does honour to his heart and head. They deserved the pains.

Again, upon Galen's maxim, that "much music marreth men's manners" (an unmusically alliterative sentence, by the way), S. T. C. remarks :

"Throughout my whole life, since the period of reflection, I have found the truth of this observation. Music is the twilight between sense and sensuality. For its demoralising effect, when it is a mastering passion, see 'A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor.'"

We should like to see an examination *in extenso* of this doctrine, by the lively authoress of "Letters from the Baltic," impugning as it does the soundness of the opposite view, which she has so eloquently advocated in the pages of the *Quarterly*. In fact, most of S. T. C.'s foot-notes may serve as stumbling-blocks to those polemically disposed; or, to change the figure, as key-notes for the variations and voluntaries of others. This, however, is characteristic of whatever he put on paper, or scattered to the crumb-gatherers of table-talk, and is the *τεκμήριον* of his independence of thought, his energetic reason, and shaping mind. And it is this which assigns a peculiar value to the study of his works—as provoking reflection and stimulating to inquiry. Whatever the absolute worth of his suggestions *in se*, they thus assume a relative significance of deep practical result in the mental activity of which they are the exciting cause.

One more illustration, and we conclude. Hartley's censure of the parliamentary agents who opened Charles the First's letters to his wife, is thus disposed of by S. T. C. :

"The parliament had acted *ab initio* on their convictions of the king's bad faith, and of the utter insincerity of his promises and professions. What stronger presumption can we have of the certainty of the evidences which they had previously obtained, and by the year-after-year accumulation of which their suspicions had been converted into convictions? And was Henrietta an ordinary wife? Was Charles to her as Charles of Sweden to his spouse? The Swede's queen was only the man's wife, but Henrietta was notoriously Charles's queen—or, rather, the he-queen's she-king—a *commander* in the war, meddling with and influencing all his councils. I hold the parliament fully justified in the publication of the letters—much more the historian."

We take leave of the "Northern Worthies," with a stanch faith in Wordsworth's prediction that they will live, and with confirmed respect and affection for the winning character of the biographer. The memoirs amply attest his originality and subtlety of thought, his radiant *bonhomie*, his wealth of illustration, his critical acumen, his philosophic reflectiveness, and his poetical instinct. Not that we think any one of them, however, equal to his "Life of Massinger;" but *that* is a piece of biography which, as a delightful amalgam of gossip and dissertation, condensed information and discursive reasoning, graceful scholarship and sagacious knowledge of life, we hold to be almost unique among our *belles lettres*.

THE BARON'S REVENGE.

II.

NOTWITHSTANDING her grief at having to part from him she loved so well, Mary returned home with her heart lighter than it had been for many a day before; for no sorrow or privation is so galling to the young and pure mind as the sting of a wounded conscience. As she entered the house, the old servant Betsy met her.

"Oh, Miss Mary!" she said, "wherever have 'ee been? Who have 'ee been with? Missus is in a wisht way sure 'nough about 'ee. She was a little way out to walk in the wood just now, and she fancied she seed 'ee parting wi' a strange man. I don't think she'll say nothing to 'ee about it, but don't 'ee never do so no more. Don't 'ee, my dear Miss Mary. I know you don't mean no harm, but no good can come of they things unbeknown to your mother. My dear Miss Mary, don't 'ee never do it no more!"

Without a word, Mary broke from the old servant, and ran quite frightened to her room. Of all the things which could happen, that which she had dreaded most was that her mother should of herself discover what had taken place, and know that she had concealed it from her; and this had now occurred! After a while she summoned resolution to go to her chamber.

Mrs. Atherton, with the signs of recent tears on her pale face, was seated at the window, looking sorrowfully out at the fast fading light of the western sky. She called Mary to her, clasped her to her bosom, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"Leave me now, my dear," she said; "I have something to tell you presently, but not yet. Come to me again in an hour from this time."

Grieved and agitated, Mary withdrew. She did not doubt that her mother's sorrow was caused by what she had seen in the wood, but, from her manner, she thought that she had something besides to speak of; and as the heavy, weary hour was creeping on, she tormented herself by all sorts of painful fancies as to what it could be. One idea, however, gave her pleasure; she had now put an end to the wrong she had been doing. And, oh! how devoted, she thought, she would evermore be to her dear mother! How, by every little kindness and attention, she would strive to make up for what had passed! Again she would be ever at her side, and would pick her flowers as she had used to do when she was a little girl. Again she would be all to her that she had been—ay, more than she had ever been before. And the tears gushed from her eyes, through the very yearning of her heart.

When the hour had passed, she again went to her mother's room. She found her still seated at the window, in the same position, with her cheek resting on her hand, and her sad eyes gazing up into the sky. There was no candle lit, and the room would have been quite dark, but for the bright evening star, which shed its soft light full upon Mrs. Atherton's upturned face. She bade Mary sit at her side, and then gently taking her hand, she said:

"It is a long time, Mary, since I have told you a story: I am now

going to relate to you a most painful one. It grieves me to have to cause one pang of pain or sorrow to your young heart; but you are now nearly eighteen, and it is time you should know what I am going to tell you. Besides, I am not without hope that it may tend to check, by showing you the fearful consequences of the same failing in my own character, the fault, into which your kind and gentle disposition leads you, of yielding too readily, and even in opposition to what you know to be right, to the opinions and wishes of others. You have often kindly endeavoured to draw from me, my dear Mary, the history of my early life, and of your poor father's death; but, unwilling to give you unnecessary pain, I have hitherto refrained from speaking of it. You shall now hear it.

"My father, as you know, was a gentleman of good family and moderate fortune, residing in the neighbourhood of one of our university towns. I was an only child, and my mother died in giving me birth. I had the most affectionate and indulgent of fathers; but, instead of being wilful and capricious, as children in those circumstances often are, I grew up rather erring, like you, in the opposite direction.

"I was about your age when my father formed an acquaintance with the Baron von Wolin, a young German nobleman, who was then a student at the neighbouring university, whither he had come, partly to receive his education, partly to be out of the way of some family troubles which might have endangered his safety in his own country. My father, who had spent much of his early life in Germany, was enabled, after first making his acquaintance, to render him some slight service, and at length prevailed upon him to visit at our house—I say, *prevailed* on him, for with no one else had he ever exchanged the kindnesses, nay, scarcely the common civilities of life. With none of his fellow-students did he mix on terms of friendship or companionship, and though many had at first made advances to him, yet the haughtiness and coldness with which they were met had soon caused them to give up all attempts to make his acquaintance, which had, indeed, only been called forth by politeness, and the desire to be kind to a foreigner and stranger, and which his dark, gloomy disposition would have effectually prevented being made for his own sake. And yet there appeared to be something noble about him. In person he was tall, dignified, and commanding; his figure was perfect; and his face also would have been eminently handsome, had not its expression been an unpleasing one; but when he was enraged, his very features seemed to be changed, and assumed a look that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

"Being possessed of a most commanding intellect and studious habits, his talents, had he chosen to exert them, must have placed him at the head of the university; but he seemed to direct them almost entirely to the study of the German school of metaphysics and philosophy. In these, and in the wild fantastic imaginings of the German poets, his whole soul seemed to be wrapped up. For the ordinary routine of his college duties he showed no inclination, though he always kept a high place, apparently almost without effort. His gloomy temper, and mysterious studies and habits, not only repelled his equals, but affected also the minds of the lower orders, who looked upon the baron with fear and awe; the

merry laugh would be abruptly stopped, and the cheerful conversation hushed at his approach; the very children would pause in their sports, and draw back out of the way until the 'dark man' had passed.

"But I knew of these things rather by hearsay than from what I saw myself; for at our house he would, in a great measure, throw off his reserve, and show a desire to please, which those who knew him would have thought impossible. His voice was deep and sweet, and when he chose to throw open the rich stores of his imagination and memory, his hearers would feel as if entranced. But his conversation seldom left a pleasing impression on the mind; and the night that followed an evening spent with him was often disturbed by strange and startling dreams of spirits and demons, which not unfrequently took the face and form of the young baron himself. Towards me, in particular, his desire to please was most conspicuous; and before long, I saw that he loved me. Perhaps, at first, with natural girlish vanity, I felt pleased at having gained the heart of one so cold and haughty to all else; but, if so, my pleasurable feelings were of short duration, for the love of the young baron was a thing rather to be feared than desired. That love I knew, I felt, I could never return; but yet I did not say so. And here the natural fault of my disposition began its work of mischief. Had I openly and candidly told him, in the first stages of his passion, that it could not be returned, I should have perhaps raised one of his wild, ungovernable bursts of fury; but, doubtless, it would have ended there, and all would have been well. This, however, I feared to do. I dreaded his anger, and though this feeling might have been conquered, I was still more influenced by my repugnance to give him the pain of thinking that the only being in the world on whom he had placed his affections had coldly repelled them. True, he did not openly confess his love, but it was apparent in every look, every word, and every tone. I could not plead the excuse of ignorance.

"Matters were in this state when my poor father embarked nearly the whole of his property in some speculation. It failed. The shock overthrew his already impaired constitution, and he died, leaving me almost penniless. After the first burst of grief, I consulted with an aunt, my only living relative, and it was agreed that the house should be sold, and that I should go and reside with her.

"On the evening before I was to leave the old place, I was walking alone in the garden, taking a last look at the dear trees and flowers, and the little arbour that had been made on purpose for me, and thinking how they were soon to pass into the hands of strangers, when, on turning suddenly the corner of a path, I met the baron. I would have shunned him if possible, but it was too late. He came towards me, and I saw that his lips were compressed, and his face very pale. He seized my hand, and his touch felt cold as ice. Without a word in reply to the trifling observations I made, he led me to the arbour, where, seating himself at my side, he made, for the first time, his avowal of love. As he began, he spoke almost timidly, and I felt his hand tremble; but when I told him, as gently and kindly as possible, what I knew to be true and imperative—that I could never be his—then his hand became firm, the blood rushed furiously into his cheek, and he poured forth such a torrent of vows, entreaties, nay, almost menaces, that, frightened at his vehemence, I, as usual, partly gave way; and he wrung from me a solemn, though reluctant

promise, that for twelve months, during which, he said, he was compelled to return to his own country, I would neither marry, nor become engaged to any other. If, on his return at the expiration of that time, I still remained proof against his entreaties, he gave his word that he would trouble me no more.

"He left me, and already I half repented of my promise, for I saw that by my weakness I had only caused him additional pain, by allowing him to cherish a hope which could never be realised. For myself, I felt no sorrow at having promised to remain unengaged till his return. I had no preference, nor desire to form any; and of that part of the affair I scarcely thought. But what will not one short year effect! The baron returned to his own country, I went to live with my aunt; and there, Mary, I met with your father, Edward Atherton.

"He was cheerful, good-tempered, frank, and warm-hearted—a perfect contrast to the gloomy, revengeful young baron. He was on a visit at my aunt's house, and we were thrown almost constantly into each other's society. We rode, walked, read, and sang together. I soon perceived that Edward's sentiments towards me were stronger than those of common friendship; and I, on my part, felt that I also could know what it was to love. I don't think that he ever actually declared his affection for me, for he was aware of the circumstances in which I was placed; but we each of us knew what the other felt. Without ever being put into words, it was understood well: Edward was my accepted lover; and, if I did not exactly forget my promise to the baron, I endeavoured, whenever it occurred to my mind, to dismiss it for some more pleasing thought, or tried to stifle the reproaches of conscience with the flimsy excuse that, because I had not verbally betrothed myself, I was not really engaged.

"The twelve months had nearly expired, when Edward obtained an appointment at Naples, for which he had applied. It was imperative that he should leave England on the 1st of June at the very latest. Edward, though well born, was poor: the situation was too good not to be accepted; and he urged me to become his wife at once, and accompany him. I reminded him of my promise, and said that nothing must induce me to break it. He argued that I had done so already, in becoming virtually engaged to him; and that it were far better the baron should come back to find that I was gone, than to hear from my own lips that I loved another. A stronger argument still was, that Edward would most probably not return to England for many years, and I might never see him again. My aunt was referred to, and joined her opinion to his entreaties; yet I believe I should have resisted all, had not Edward firmly declared, that if I would not accompany him, he would give up his appointment rather than leave me. I could not bear the thought of marring his prospects, and—— But why seek to excuse or palliate my conduct? My love was enlisted on the side of my weakness, and I gave way; I broke my solemn promise, and consented to become Edward Atherton's wife. I only stipulated that the marriage should not take place until the last minute; that it should be delayed until the day before we sailed, which would only just leave us time to get on board, and which happened to be the very one on which my agreement with the baron would expire.

"The time came around, not, amidst all my happiness, without bringing

me many a pang of sorrow and self-reproach, and we were married in the old country church near my aunt's residence. The ceremony was over, and I was leaving the church, hanging on my husband's arm, in all the bashful yet happy flutter of a young bride, when a dark figure arose from one of the seats, stepped into the aisle, and confronted us. It was he, the deceived, the dreaded one! He did not speak, but, with folded arms, stood motionless, looking fixedly at me. Never before had I seen him wear such an expression. No fire flashed from his eyes; they wore rather a cold, stony look—a look expressive of sullen, immovable hate, compared to which the most furious glance of rage had been mild and merciful. A smile, too—the first I had ever seen there—was on his lip. But, oh, Mary! such a smile!

"I hastened past him with tottering steps. The carriage stood outside the church door. 'Tell them to drive on quickly,' I said, as my husband took his seat by my side. The postilions cracked their whips, and we were whirled away. 'Faster!' I cried, 'faster!' And gates, trees, and hedges, flew past us like the wind. But still I cried 'Faster! faster!' until I sank, half fainting, into my husband's arms.

"We reached the port whence we were to sail, and went on board directly. I had told Edward what had been the cause of my agitation and terror: he made light of it, and endeavoured to laugh it off; but, notwithstanding his attempts at concealment, I saw that he was not unmoved at what had occurred. Perhaps he, too, felt some self-reproach at having induced me to break my plighted word.

"We sailed immediately, and arrived safely and speedily at Naples, where we took a house, in one of the most pleasant parts of the city. My husband entered upon his duties, and as months passed by without our hearing anything of the baron, we almost ceased to think of him. We were very, very happy together, and every hour and every minute our love seemed to increase. Edward's time was not much occupied, and scarcely did a day pass but we rode together amongst the lovely scenery in the neighbourhood, or sailed over the clear blue waters of the bay. Twelve happy months, the brightest of my life, had passed, when you, my dear Mary, were born; and soon after, your father fell ill—I believe not very dangerously, though, to my anxious fears, it seemed so at the time. Day and night I was at his side. I poured out his medicine for him, I read to him, I soothed his pain, I watched every faint sign of returning health. Until then, Mary, I had never fully known how dearly I loved him. The very grief and anxiety his sickness had caused me at first, was almost repaid by the pleasure of tending his wants and of knowing that I was necessary to him, and by the thankful happiness I felt at seeing him regain his health and strength, and at walking forth with him from the close sick room into the fresh breeze and the warm sun. We never prize a thing so much as when we have feared that we were about to lose it. Your birth too, Mary, was a new tie, which seemed to bind still more closely, if that were possible, the affections of us who had before been all in all to each other.

"One evening—it was the first time after your father's illness—we set out on one of our old pleasant excursions on the water. Never had I seen the pure, cloudless sky of Italy look so beautiful as it did then. We extended our cruise further than we had intended, and the moon was shining

high in the heavens as we turned our boat homeward. It was a glorious night; no sound broke the stillness except the faint dip and splash of the oars, the distant hum of the city, or the cry of the seamen, as they hoisted more sail on some nearly-becalmed vessel. I had you, a sleeping baby, wrapped up in a shawl on my lap, and Edward's arm was around me, as we sat, in the stern of the boat, talking over our hopes and prospects, and conjuring up bright visions of the future. The greater the happiness we enjoy, Mary, the more we hope to be happier. We thought not of fear, for we were young and sanguine. We spoke of you, our child, and I turned back the shawl, that we might peep at your little innocent face, looking so heavenly in the clear moonlight; and I recollect that one of the hardy, weatherbeaten boatmen, seeing the action, told us, almost with tears in his eyes, that he had a little girl at home, about the same age, but that it was a weak, puny little thing, and he thought it would not live; and I remember how your father drew his arm more closely about me, and how sorry I felt for the sick child's mother, and yet how glad that I was not so afflicted, for you were well, and healthy, and strong. I remember this; for every trifling incident that took place, almost every word that was spoken on that fearful night—forgotten, perhaps, five minutes afterwards—is now firmly, indelibly fixed on my mind. But why do I linger on these trifles? It is because I shrink from relating the terrible event that followed. But, sooner or later, it must be told.

"We reached the shore, went home, and shortly retired to rest; you lay in the same bed with us, nestled under my arm. Your father was soon sound asleep, and you, poor little one, had been so for hours before; yet, somehow or other, I could not sleep, but lay tossing about in the bed, heated and restless; or if I did fall into a doze, it was only to start up, in a few minutes, from some bad dream, which had seemed to last for hours. It was odd that this should have been the case, for before going to bed my thoughts had been all of hope and happiness; but so it was. About one in the morning—I know that was the time, for I remember hearing the clock strike while I was thinking of it—about one, I suddenly recollected that some medicine which Edward was still in the habit of taking, and which he often used in the night, had been left down stairs in the library. Fearing lest he might awake and find it wanting, I determined to go for it; so, stealing quietly out of bed, without disturbing him, I wrapped a cloak around me, and groped my way in the dark out of the room and down stairs to fetch it. I did not strike a light, lest the noise and glare might awaken Edward; and I thought I knew exactly where to put my hand upon the bottle. I am not naturally nervous—at least, I was not before that night—but I believe every one feels a strange sensation when wandering alone about a dark house at midnight; perhaps, too, the horrible things I had dreamt had left a gloomy superstitious tinge on my mind. At all events, I paused on the stairs, irresolute, and half inclined to return. Would to God I had! But, ashamed of this weakness, I conquered my irresolution, if not my fears, and went on. Trembling and starting at every little sound I heard, or fancied I heard, I felt my way into the room, and to the shelf where the bottle had been left; but did not find it so easily as I had expected, and it must have been full five minutes before I was able to put my hand upon it. Having, at last, got it, I went back to the stairs, and began

to ascend them, in the groping, cautious way of a person who is in the dark and afraid. I had got nearly half-way up, feeling my way by the rail at the side, when I was suddenly startled at hearing the stairs above me creak. I knew I could not have caused the sound, for I had been motionless at the time. I stood, scarcely daring to breathe, and great drops of perspiration came forth upon my brow. I listened intently, but heard nothing more; and, persuading myself that my fears had been playing with my imagination, summoned courage to go on. Again I stretched out my hand to grasp the rail, but, instead of meeting the hard wood, it touched something soft, damp, and clammy. I thought it was a man's hand. With the first impulse of terror, I rushed back to the library, ran in, and locked and barred the door. I put my ear to the keyhole, but could hear nothing. I must have stayed in the room nearly half an hour, trembling and half dead with terror. I would have given the world for a light, but knew there were neither matches nor candle in the room.

"At length my terror and suspense became unbearable; my nervousness was dreadful: I was continually fancying there were people in the room; I thought I heard them moving cautiously about; I even fancied I could hear some one breathing close to me, so close that, by stretching out my hand, I might touch him. I could stand it no longer; so I opened the door quietly, stepped out, and, unlike my last attempt, placed my hand over my eyes, and ran up-stairs as fast as possible. I reached the bedroom safely, and, without any obstruction, went in, fastened the door after me, and crept into bed. All was quiet: you, poor little one, were sleeping soundly and gently as when I left you: your father had changed his position, but he, too, was lying quite still. I lay down, congratulating myself on not having disturbed him; and now, finding myself once more safe in bed, my fears all vanished. I soon persuaded myself that I had been the dupe of my imagination: the man's hand had, I thought, no doubt been something which had been left hanging over the stair-rail—what, I did not then know, but determined to find out in the morning. I even began to laugh within myself at my own timidity, and to think what a nice ghost-story there would be for Edward the next day. I fell into a doze, and slept for, I should think, an hour. When I awoke, your father was still lying in the same posture: it was not an easy position, and I thought he could not be comfortable. I listened for his breathing, thinking he might have the nightmare, but could not hear him at all. Half frightened, I sat up in bed, and called him by his name, but he did not speak. I called louder—still no answer. I shook him, but he awoke not; and on drawing back my hand, I felt that it was wet; the bed-clothes, too, I now perceived for the first time, were also quite wet. Alarmed and terrified, I sprung out of bed, and struck a light. I brought it to the bedside, and there—Oh, Mary! what a sight was that which met my gaze!—there lay your poor father, *murdered*, with the purple gore ~~was~~ rising slowly up from three separate stabs in his breast. The bed-clothes were saturated with it, my own hands and night-dress were covered, and you, poor little innocent, sleeping, calm and unconscious, were soaked with your father's blood. He must have

died almost immediately; but his arm was stretched out towards my place in the bed. Yes, even in that moment of agony and death, his thought was of me! Oh, Mary! I have felt *that* more than all. He sought for me, and I—I was not at his side! The dagger still remained in his bosom, to which was affixed a paper, bearing a name written in pencil, and scarcely legible from the blood with which it was stained. That name—that fearful name—was “Carl von Wolin.” Mary, the dagger and the paper I still keep. I must have seen all this almost at a glance, yet it seems to me as if I stood for minutes, mute and motionless, gazing on the dreadful sight, before, with one piercing shriek, I fell senseless to the floor.

“From that time all is blank on my mind, except that I have a dreamy, indistinct recollection of the pale, frightened servants, as they thronged about the bed, and of my struggling as they bore me away. After this I remember nothing that passed for weeks, during which I was delirious from a brain-fever, save that I am conscious of having had, throughout my illness, but two ideas—my dead husband, and my living child. They said I could not live; but I felt that, for your sake, I could not die. They told me afterwards, that all through my illness I would not suffer you to be taken from me; that I kept you in bed at my side, night and day; and that if I but missed you for an instant, I made the house re-echo with my screams. A friend of ours, an English lady, to whom we can never be sufficiently grateful, had me taken to her residence, where the kindness and attention that were shown me were extreme. When I got better, she pressed me much to stay some time with her; but I would not hear of it. I was afraid—afraid for you. I feared that dreadful man would not be satisfied with the murder of the husband, but that he would seek also the life of the child; for I knew that it was to wreak his vengeance on me that he had killed Edward. It was my weakness, my want of moral courage in not keeping my promise to the baron, which was the cause of the death of him I loved so dearly. As soon as ever I was able to get out, we left Naples, took ship for England, under an assumed name, that we might leave no clue by which we could be followed, and landed at Fowey. I did not make my arrival known, even to my aunt; but happening to hear of a house in this secluded valley, I took it, hoping that here, at least, we might be safe. But my nerves had been terribly shattered by the shock they had sustained, and I feared an assassin almost in every bush and tree. For a long time, my terror for you was continual; but as years passed, and left us unmolested, I became more reassured and confident of security. If I have seemed to you too particular, too fidgety—if you have ever thought me unkind for keeping you shut up here without amusements, and with no friends or companions of your own age (and perhaps I have been wrong and foolish to do so), at least you now know the reason, and your kind heart, I am sure, will pity and forgive me.”

Mrs. Atherton ceased. Mary did not attempt any words of consolation, but she arose, pressed her soft cheek against her mother's, and threw her arms around her neck. Mrs. Atherton's bosom heaved; she looked up, and saw Mary's pale face, and her soft loving eyes watching hers, wet with the dew of pity. She gave one convulsive sob, and lay-

ing her head on her daughter's bosom, burst into a flood of tears, fast-flowing, gentle, and refreshing—the first of that kind which she had shed for many a long year. Mary left her no more for the evening, and that night mother and daughter occupied the same bed.

There was a long and sore conflict in Mary's mind the next day, whether or not she should keep her appointment with her lover. The dreadful story she had heard, had, of course, affected her most deeply, and the thought of going on such an errand so soon after was shocking to her. That very story, she perceived, her mother had been principally induced to tell from having seen her with a stranger in the wood. And should she disregard her anxious fears, her tender solicitude? Should she, whose whole soul, whose every thought, ought to be concentrated on the desire to lay the balm of consolation on her mother's stricken heart, and to repay by every tender care the sorrows and anxieties she had endured—should she leave her, and at such a time especially, to seek one, a comparative stranger, to whom her mother was unknown, who had never heard the terrible story of her father's death, and to whom that story would have been of no interest, even if he had heard it, except, perhaps, through his love for her. She thought she could not do so. But, on the other hand, he did indeed love her—she was certain of that—and she knew that she dearly loved him. She would have given anything now that she had not promised to meet him again, but she had given her promise, and she felt it would be very wrong to break it. Besides, he would not know her reason for not coming, and could not but think her false, deceitful, and cold-hearted. She fancied, if their positions were reversed, if she were waiting for him, to say one last word of kindness, to take one last parting look, and he were not to come, how bitterly she would feel it! Yes, she would go. But then, her mother! To do so, she must deceive her; unless, indeed, she were to tell her the whole truth. Oh, no! she could not do so now; and that, too, would be a betrayal of her lover's confidence. How, then, should she act? She didn't know. Never had Mary spent so unhappy a day. Fifty times did she make up her mind, and as often changed it. The evening drew on, and still she was uncertain. The appointed time arrived; the sun had set for an hour; it was more than a mile to the place of meeting, yet she was not gone. She was almost sorry for it. She pictured to herself Frederick waiting impatiently for her. She fancied his disappointment, his feelings of certainty that she would come changing into doubt; and the suspicions of the reality of her love, which he had expressed at their last interview, getting at each moment stronger. She wished she had gone, but it was too late now; she wouldn't think any more about it. Yet, she didn't know; by making haste, she might—yes, she would try. And Mary threw on her bonnet and shawl, and hastened forth.

It was a bleak, chilly autumn evening; the wind moaned and howled, as it swept in sudden gusts through the valley, stripping the dead leaves from the trees, or sweeping them up from the ground in whirling clouds: the scud was flying fast overhead, and some stray drops of rain were falling; but Mary hurried on, now running until nearly out of breath, then walking, and then running on again; for she thought she would be as quick as ever she could; she would not even stay a minute

when there, but would only speak one last word of kindness, make one last vow of constancy, and fly back to her mother's side again.

But, notwithstanding all her haste, it was nearly two hours after sunset when she reached the place of meeting. She found her lover pacing up and down with quick, impatient steps.

"Mary," he said, as he advanced to meet her, "I feared you were not coming; and yet I thought you would not break your promise."

"It was because I would not break my promise," replied Mary, "that I came; but I am almost afraid I have done wrong. I have heard such a fearful tale; but I cannot stay to speak of that now. I fear I ought not to have come at all. Farewell, Frederick, farewell! until we can meet again, openly and happily."

"Stay, Mary, stay!" he cried, seizing her hand; "why this haste? I had hoped that you would have revoked your cruel determination of driving me from your presence—a thing unvalued and uncared for; that your love had not been all feigned or vanished, but that some slight feeling of it might be lurking in your heart. But I see I was wrong."

"You cannot doubt my love," replied Mary. "Say what you will, in your inmost heart I am sure you cannot. But, firm as my determination was when I last saw you, I have heard that since which has made it still stronger."

"What," asked her lover eagerly—"what have you heard?"

"My mother told me last night," said Mary, "the story of her early life, and of my father's death. Oh, Frederick!" she continued, shuddering, "such a dreadful tale! My poor father was murdered—murdered in his bed by one who—Oh! I cannot bear to speak of it. And I, who ought to be at my mother's side, mingling my tears with hers—who ought to lay open to her every feeling of my heart—am deceiving her, am here with—Frederick!—dear Frederick, let me go! Indeed, indeed, I must not stay longer."

"She has told you, then!" he said, in quick, low tones, and tightening his grasp on her hand. "And does she feel it? Is she bowed down with grief? Is she heartbroken? Is she despairing?"

"She was at first," said Mary; "but in time she became more resigned. Now, again, she fears for me: in me her whole heart, her whole soul—all her thoughts, hopes, and fears, are bound up. And thus, thus do I repay her affection! Oh, bid me farewell; indeed I must go."

"Then, for her sake, you banish me from your presence?"

"I must, I must. It is bitter to part, but what can I do?"

"And your love for me is as nothing, when placed in the scale with that which you feel for her?"

"Oh, say not so. The feeling is so different: I love my mother dearly, dearly; but you——" And maidenly scruples giving way, she threw herself into her lover's arms, and laid her head upon his shoulder, while he pressed one hot, burning kiss upon her cheek.

Mary withdrew herself, blushing, from his embrace, and once more bade him farewell; but he again detained her, and placing his hand over his eyes, stood motionless, and without speaking. She tried to throw off his grasp, but he held her as if his fingers were of iron. She could see

the muscles of his face working, and when at length he removed his hand from before it, she was startled at seeing how it was altered.

"Mary!" he said, and his voice sounded hollow—"Mary, hear me. You say you love me, and I would fain believe it; but you speak of others—you think of others. You have other ties—whether of affection, duty, or gratitude, it matters not—but you have other ties, which seem to you stronger than those which bind you to me. Now, hear how differently I feel towards you. From the moment I yield myself up to love you, I give up the thought, the passion, the object, I have had for nearly twenty years. I say, *the* object, for I have had but one, and that one the most engrossing that the human heart can know. This one object has been ever in my mind; of it alone I have thought, of it alone I have dreamt, for it alone I have lived. This for you I am ready to resign, and you can never know how great the sacrifice. Mary, can you give up nothing in return?"

"Then why not go to my mother?" said Mary, trembling and agitated. "Go to her, get her consent, and I will be yours."

"I have told you already," he said, impatiently, "that cannot be. Mary!" he cried, throwing himself at her feet, "you see before you one who had believed his heart steeled against every human passion save one: most of all against love. That heart you, who should have been the last being on earth to do so, have won. You say you love both your mother and me, now then choose between us; I can bear no rival, not even her. Make your election. Either drive me away, never to see me more, or fly with me and be mine—wholly mine; there is no alternative. Love!" he continued, "if you hesitate, you know it not. Call your feelings for me fancy, liking, attachment—what you will; but call them not by the devoted, passionate name of love. Love cannot be cool and calculating; it knows not to distinguish between proper and improper—right and wrong; it acknowledges no lord but him in whom it is centred; it confesses no code of laws but his will. If you felt it as I have felt it, you would forget mother, friends, the world itself, and be mine, and mine wholly, in heart, body, and soul."

Mary felt alarmed at her lover's manner, and the purity of her mind was shocked at the sentiments he avowed. She withdrew her hand from his, and said, almost coldly,

"Frederick, you forget yourself and me. Your language but confirms me in my resolution: we must part, until we can meet again under different circumstances, and in a very different spirit."

Frederick started to his feet.

"Beware," he cried, "how you thwart me! One chance more I give you; is it for your mother's sake that you take this course?"

"Partly."

"Then know that in no possible way could you so surely bring anguish and desolation on her head. Mark me! By one word I have it in my power to crush both her and you to the dust. Obey my wishes, and that word shall never be spoken. Deny me, and all the grief and sorrow she ever knew, were it ten times as much, will have been as nothing to that which she shall endure."

"You have the power to crush us!" cried Mary. "Oh, Frederick,

Frederick! what can you mean? You cannot know—you cannot be—— O God! what horrible thought crosses my brain? No, it is but a foolish fancy. I am weak and nervous. You could not mean what you said. Oh, Frederick! say it was but a jest—say you were not in earnest.”

“I was in earnest. I have the power, and if you thwart me, I will use it. And now, once more: do you still reject my love?”

“I do not reject it, Frederick; I never did reject it.”

“Will you fly with me?”

“Never.”

“Then you still hold fast your determination?”

“I do.”

“Firmly?”

“Firmly.”

“Then take the consequences. See you this hand? Look at it; regard it well. It was dyed in your father's blood! Yes, girl, shrink from me—tremble: I am Carl von Wolin, your mother's rejected suitor—your father's *murderer*! Nay, fly not yet; hear me. I hated all else: I loved your mother—loved her with a passion that your cold, even, ‘innocent’ disposition cannot comprehend. She spurned me, deceived me, despised me; treated me as a thing without feeling—unworthy of notice; as a child to be soothed with vain promises in one minute, and to be forgotten or laughed at in the next. She married another. I vowed revenge. I could have slain her husband at the church-door; but I waited. I waited for her heart to cling yet more closely to him—waited for a child to be born; through husband and child I meant to take my revenge upon her. I followed her to Naples, and there my dagger drank the heart's blood of my rival—my *successful* rival. You, then a baby, were sleeping at his side; my hand was raised to slay you—but again I waited. I traced you from Naples, and I followed you hither. Afterwards I came hither frequently. I hovered about—I watched your mother's love for you growing and strengthening. When the time seemed ripe for my plans, I took up my abode in the neighbourhood. I dogged you in your walks. One evening I followed you to the rock, by the river's side; prepared my dagger and advanced—it was to kill you. You started, and fell into the water; I would not be robbed of my vengeance, and I saved your life. Then, as you turned your eyes, full of gratitude, on me, did I for the first time conceive the plan of a sweeter, a deeper revenge. I wooed you; I tried, to win your love. What a means of vengeance, I thought, would then be in my power! Had I failed, you should have died by my hand; but I succeeded—at least, I hoped so. At first, all my vows and protestations were false—feigned and false, all of them; I thought but of vengeance. But at last I—yes I—Oh! I could spurn myself for it—I, the murderer of the father, the more than murderer of the mother, loved the daughter! I, whose whole thought was of vengeance, loved the instrument by which that vengeance was to be wreaked. I urged, entreated you to fly with me. Had you consented, you should never have heard this; I might have felt the curse, but you should not have known it. But you refused me; you preferred your mother's happiness to mine. And now—go to her; go and see whether that happiness will be increased

when you tell her that you have had a lover in her former suitor—in her husband's murderer; that his lips have pressed your cheek—that his arm has encircled your waist—that you have returned his love—or rather that you have fancied you have returned it. And now fly, haste, loiter not, lest the burning fire, within prompt me, even yet, while it is in my power, to gratify at once the passions both of love and of revenge."

He ceased; but Mary moved not. With the first words he had spoken, she had seen it all: a thousand corroborative circumstances flashed across her mind like an electric shock; and, with a faint moan, she fell back against a tree that stood behind. Her lips became livid, her face white as that of a corpse, and her eyes fixed and glassy. She had no power to stir, yet she had not lost her consciousness; she heard every word, every syllable, plainly, distinctly. It was the reeling of the brain. Suddenly, she started up with a shriek.

"Oh, Frederick, Frederick!" she cried, "save me, save me! Where is that fearful man? Give me your arm; help me—support me. I feel ill, ill. There is a load, a weight, here on my brain. I don't know what it is—I have been dreaming, I think. What is the matter with your hand? It is red. Have you hurt it? Shall I bind it for you? Let me think—what was that about a hand? Something, I know. O God! I recollect it all now! It is blood, blood, blood—my father's blood! Hence, villain, murderer—hence! I hate you—I loathe you! Mother, mother—help, help! Let me go—let me go, I say!" And, breaking from him, she ran off through the wood, which re-echoed with her screams. But she ran not far; blind and giddy she saw nothing before her, her forehead struck against the bough of a tree, and she was hurled violently to the ground.

III.

NIGHT was drawing on apace, and Mrs. Atherton walked about the house, restless and uneasy at her daughter's absence. Mary had not made known her intention of going out; and every room was looked into, every nook in the garden searched for her, but she was nowhere to be found. Vague, undefined apprehensions lay like a weight of lead on the mother's heart. She tried to persuade herself that Mary had walked to one of the other cottages in the valley, and had been detained there by the rain, which had now begun to pour down fast: but it would not do; dark forebodings of evil were on her mind, and would not be removed. A hundred times did she go to the door, and strain her eyes, to look through the gloom for the missing one; but in vain. The rain ceased, and yet she came not: the fear that something might have, was changed into the certainty that something had, happened; she must else have been home by this time. The suspense became horrible—unendurable. The old servant, Betsy, was despatched to the nearest cottages for help. Men came with torches and lanterns; they dispersed themselves about the woods; they sought her all the night through. Morning came; but still no trace had been discovered. They dragged the pools and the river; they searched every house for miles around—amongst the rest, the stranger's: that was deserted and empty, and nowhere was any clue found.

Days—weeks—a month passed away, and nothing was heard of the

lost girl; and what a change did that short time work on the mother! After the first few days she scarcely ever spoke, she refused nearly all sustenance, and it almost seemed that she never slept. Seldom could she be prevailed on to lie for a minute in bed; but, day and night, she sat almost constantly at the window, silent, pale, and still, as a thing of marble, except for a little while once every morning and evening, when she would wander forth alone into the wood, searching, searching,—yet without hope.

About four or five weeks after Mary's disappearance, as the mother sat one night, as usual, at the window, gazing out upon the darkness, something white and spectral-looking glided by. She started up and opened the door; it stood upon the step—she clasped it in her arms—it was Mary! She brought her to the light: no eye but a mother's could have known her. The once soft and blooming cheek was white and hollow; the golden hair was loose and dishevelled; the stare of madness was in the eye. She bowed down her head; a shudder passed over her frame, as in a thrilling whisper she pronounced the words, "Carl von Wolin!" and she was laid, apparently dying, on the bed. She revived, but it was only for a short time. In the lucid intervals which sometimes occurred between the ravings of her delirium, she told her mother all that had taken place up to the time when the dreadful truth had been made known to her. After that, she knew no more of what had happened until the moment when she had found herself in her mother's arms, though she had a vague recollection of having suffered a severe illness in some dark place, with an old woman attending her. In a week after she reached home she was dead; and very soon afterwards her mother slept with her in the same grave.—The Baron's Revenge was complete!

"Nobody was ever able to tell rightly," said the woman from whom I heard the sad tale, "what became of the poor thing in the time she was wanting; but a few years back, some boys were picking hurts (whortleberries) in the wood; and in among the bushes, about half-way up that hill there, they found the entrance to a cave. They told people of it, and some men went in with lights, and found the skeleton of a man, with a rusty, queer-looking piece of iron, something like a knife, lying by its side. I don't know how it may be, but people said it was the Baron's skeleton."

* A PACKE OF SPANISH LYES.*

THE attempt made by Philip II. of Spain to invade this country, and to dethrone Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1588, by means of what was termed, though most falsely, the "Invincible Armada," was one of those great historical events by which the destiny of nations has been determined. The world, indeed, is perpetually oscillating between great events, which, like to the appearance of comets at long-recurring periods, are, in some cases, antecedently calculable, though not always, nor often so. Yet, after they have come into the region of actual experience and observation, mankind agree to look back upon their arrival as to an era upon which their fortunes hinged, and by which their glory or ignominy was consummated: Had this formidable equipment of Philip succeeded, had the crown of England been united to that of Spain, had the manners and religion of the Peninsula been introduced into this island, had Britain shrunk from an empire into an appendage, the effect upon all the nations of the earth—upon their prosperity and industry, upon their science and philosophy, upon their poetry and virtue, upon their liberty and religion—would have been most calamitous and destructive. On the other hand, that Philip made the attempt, that he utterly failed, that Elizabeth laughed at the wreck and ruin of his Armada, must not be regarded as unproductive in result. The buoyant spirit of the English rose higher than ever, experienced a new force within, exerted a fresh impetus on the world without, felt itself invigorated and quickened, and welled forth more abundant streams of blessings to mankind at large.

The preparations for this armament were of the most gigantic dimensions. Though a fact well known to all readers of history, it may be well to exhibit, in a summary manner, their extent, and to show their comparative relation to the defensive preparations made in England. The Spanish force consisted of 130 vessels, with an aggregate of 57,868 tons, and carrying 2630 brass cannon, of all sorts, in which number were included 72 galleons and galleasses of a monstrous size, like to floating castles, and containing 30,000 troops and seamen. Some accounts give the number of ships considerably above this. The Duke of Parma, in Flanders, with an army of 30,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, and the Duc de Guise, in Normandy, with 12,000 Frenchmen, were also ready, as opportunity offered, to aid the Armada in its invasion of England. For three years had the King of Spain been making the necessary arrangements for the expedition, during which time, by various pretexts and professions of amity, he had endeavoured to lull the suspicions of the English queen. But Elizabeth, unsurpassed in penetration by any monarch of her time, failed not to obtain adequate information respecting his preparations, and clearly to apprehend their ultimate object. On the contrary, she brought into play the full energy of her powerful mind to counterwork the malignant designs of her enemies. Her fleet was got into complete readiness, consisting of 181 ships, manned with 17,472 men, and carrying 31,985

* A pamphlet, written in England in the year 1588, in refutation of one issued in Spain, consisting of a number of singular letters, endeavouring to prove to the Spanish nation the successful issue of the invincible Armada of that same year.

tons burden, which, it will be seen, was not much more than one-half the tonnage of the Armada. The whole nation, too, was roused to resist the invaders. All classes felt the danger of the moment, and were determined to defend their native soil to the very utmost. Two armies were gathered together; one under the Earl of Hunsden, of 45,362 men, besides the band of pensioners, with 36 cannon, for the protection of the queen; the other under the Earl of Leicester, of 18,449 men, for driving back the enemy whenever they should attempt to land. In addition to these forces, there were 10,000 at coast-towns and southern parts, and many others throughout the country, in different degrees of equipment. The "official lists, printed in Murdin, show, that in the whole kingdom, 101,040 were called out, regimented, and armed, in England and Wales; of which 87,196 were infantry, and of these 48,127 were trained, but the rest only armed. These were exclusive of the forces upon the borders, and those of Yorkshire reserved to answer the service northward, and sundry of the Welsh shires not certified." The Dutch likewise, in a certain fashion, rendered their assistance. Stow says, "The Hollanders came roundly in with threescore sail, brave ships of war, fierce, and full of spleen; not so much for England's aid, as in just occasion of their own defence."

Our purpose is not to describe the progress of the Armada, and its eventual destruction. We have another object in view, which is, to point out the means which the Spanish court took to sustain its shattered fortunes. Immediately upon the ruin of its prodigious fleet, an attempt was made to palm a lie upon the Spanish people, by assuring them of its complete success. Some of the means adopted were of a most singular order. Amongst the chief of them was the following: A pamphlet was published at Seville, containing a great accumulation of false statements, in letters received from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, from the postmaster of Logrono, from Rouen, from the chief postmaster of Bordeaux, and in accounts from divers other sources. In the same year, 1588—that of the attempted invasion—it was deemed necessary to issue a reply in this country to the concatenation of lies here so abundantly strung together. It is difficult to understand the motive for this; inasmuch as the people of England, by their deliverance and security, must have perceived their sheer absurdity and falsity. Each letter and statement receives its answer, which is couched in phraseology the most laconic and pithy, reminding us of a pitched battle, in which blow succeeds blow in uninterrupted succession. The manuscript was originally published in black letter, by the deputies of the renowned Christopher Barker, "printer to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie," and bears date 1588.* We propose selecting a number of specimens from the Spanish and English accounts, which will be found interesting, not only for their great curiosity of false assertion and quaint rejoinder, but also for the insight they furnish into the actual relation between the opposing armaments, in the heat of the fray and afterwards.

The writer of the reply heads each account given by his adversary with "A Packe of Spanish Lyes," and his own, with "A Condemnation of the Spanish Lyes." The "Packe" opens with "The true relation

* A modernised English version of this pamphlet occurs in the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. iii., p. 385.

of the success of the Catholic army against their enemies, by letters of the postmaster of Logrono, of the fourth of September, and by letters from Rouen of the one-and-thirtieth of August, and by letters from Paris of the king's ambassador there; wherein he declareth the imprisonment of Francis Drake and other great nobles of England, and how the queen is in the field with an army, and of a certain mutiny which was amongst the queen's army, with the success of the said Catholic army since they entered in the Groyne till they came on the coast of England." To which answer is made: "It is well known to all the world how false all this relation is, and either falsely coloured by the letters remembered, or else both the postmaster of Logrono and the writers from Rouen ought to be waged as intelligencers for the devil, the father of lies, whom they have herein truly served; and if they so continue in maintenance thereof against the known truth, their damnation is certain, and hell is open for them." "It is so false that there was any mutiny in the queen's army, that she herself was there, with the greatest honour, love, and applause received, that could be imagined for a lady and a queen. She rode round about her army, and passed through every part thereof, to their inestimable comfort; she lodged, and did eat in the camp, as quietly as ever she did in her own chamber. In the army was never any fray or discord; exercise of arms was daily used, and showed before her, to her great honour; yea, and with an universal extolling of God's name every day, morning and evening, in loud prayers and psalms; and the like song, in her own hearing, against all tyranny, by invasion, of God's enemies; and this every man may judge to be far from any colour of mutiny."

The next "Packe," in order of time, professes to be "Advice from London, which the Ambassadors of our Sovereign Lord the King, resident in Paris, had from thence." This letter of the 26th of August affirms, "that the queen's admiral-general was arrived in the river of London with twenty-five ships only, without his admiral's ship, which was taken by our admiral, Saint John; and it is well known in England, that to hide the loss of their admiral's ship, they say he put himself in a smaller ship, the better to follow our army; and it is known for certainty that he saved himself in a boat when he lost his ship; that Drake, for certainty, is taken or slain." It asserts, likewise, "that the queen commanded, upon pain of death, that nobody should speak of her fleet . . . and that the Catholics (meaning those living in England), understanding that all their fleet was dispersed, moved a certain mutiny, which forced the queen to go herself into the field; and for certain it is known, that there is not brought into England neither ship nor boat of ours, more than the ship of Don Pedro Valdez; and that our fleet was gone into Scotland, and arrived in a haven called Trapena Euxaten." The sturdy Englishman indignantly rushes to the charge. "Here followeth the mountain of lies. It is reason, that if there were liars in London, they should send them to Mendoza; for so *mendacia* are of more price with him than true reports, and so was he accustomed, when he was ambassador in England, to buy more lies, because he liked them better than truths. If one should make a section or anatomy of this mountain and body of lies, there is no piece nor joint to be found sound." "The admiral-ship, which was called the *Ark Royal*, was safely brought home by the lord-admiral of England, Lord Howard; he never changed her. She is, thanked be God, safe with

other the queen's royal ships. She is able, with the lord-admiral, to match in fight with the Duke of Medina, or any prince of Christendom, in any ship that the King of Spain hath. This is not spoken for ostentation ; but God's favour is assured to England, in the justice of the quarrel against any invader." "The last line is a lie, with like error as the former ; for there is no haven in Scotland called *Trapena Euxaten*. This *Mendoza* was very curious to forge a strange name, as it appeareth he had read of some such in Peru or in New Spain."

The age of Elizabeth may well be looked back upon with wistfulness by such as hold in abomination the sentimentality of thought and vapidness of expression employed in the present day, when they behold such vigour and raciness in the language of their ancestors nearly three centuries ago. As civilisation advances, thought becomes polished and refined ; but unfortunately, it too often acquires a tendency, in unequally balanced minds, to languishing feebleness and attenuation. As men depart further from a primitive condition, in that degree do they less frequently speak the spontaneous utterances of the soul, and substitute for them factitious and artificial imaginings.

In the reply given to the following letter from *Diego Peres*, chief postmaster of *Logrono*, of the 2nd of September, 1588, the English writer, in a most happy and forcible manner, succinctly describes the spoliation of the Armada before Calais and on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. "The news of England is confirmed here by a letter of the governor of Rouen. He writeth, he hath in his power the chief pilot of Captain Drake ; and that he knoweth that all the English army remained overthrown, having sunk two-and-twenty ships, and taken forty, and imprisoned Francis Drake, having given them chase almost as high as *Abspurge*, and slain many by the sword ; and likewise saith, that there was found in Captain Drake's ship a piece of ordnance of five-and-twenty feet long, which discharged a shot of a hundred-weight at once, made on purpose, with one only shot, to sink our Spanish admiral ; and it pleased God, although she was somewhat battered, yet was she repaired again, and overthrew the English army." To which the answer is : "The governor of Rouen is accounted a worthy nobleman, and therefore he shall do well to make this report of him to be known for a lie ; for so surely he knoweth it to be, that there was never either a chief pilot or the value of a boy of Captain Drake's taken, and brought to him as a prisoner. The governors of Boulogne and Calais can inform the governor of Rouen how false a report it was, 'that the English remained overthrown before Calais.' The English army fought with the Spanish, chased the Spanish as a brace of greyhounds would a herd of deer. The Spaniards' ships were beaten, spoiled, burnt, sunk—some in the main seas before Dunkirk, some before Flushing, and the rest chased away ; so as they fled continually before the English navy in their best order for strength, without daring to abide any fight. Yea, some one of the English ships fought with three of their galleasses ; the Spaniards never attempting to board any English, but as many of them as could sail away fled with all their sails, and were followed by the English, until they were chased out of all the English seas, and forced them to run a violent course about Scotland, and so to Ireland, where a great number of their ships are drowned, their men taken, and many killed by the savage people for their spoil. And the English navy,

upon good consideration, left them, when they saw them so hastily to fly desperately into the northern dangerous seas, where the English navy did very certainly know that there would be no safety for them to follow the Spanish. Why durst any report that twenty-two English ships were sunk, and forty were taken, when in truth there was not any one of the English ships sunk or taken? A strange disposition to forge such great lies, whereof there was no ground nor colour. If any one or two of the English had been sunk, a liar might have put the number of twenty for two, and excuse the lie by error of figuring; but, of none in number, no number can be made, but by falsehood. The governor of Rouen, being a man of great honour and virtue, ought to revenge this shameful lie made upon him; for Lucian never did, in all his lies, use more impudency than these Spanish liars do report of him." "If Drake's ship were taken, if there was such a piece of ordinance of such a length, in what port is that ship? in whose possession is that piece? Drake is returned with honour; his ship, called the Revenge, is in harbour, ready for a revenge by a new service; no ship lost, no ordinance missing. The foolish liar maketh mention of Abspurge, in Scotland. In all Scotland is no such place. In Germany is a country called Habsburg, but any wager may be laid that none of the Spanish came ever thither. Every line, or every sentence, containeth a lie."

It seems strange that such energetic language should be required, as it could not fail to be soon known that the Armada was broken up and ruined; but the barefaced obstinacy and impudence of this Spanish assertor in maintaining the most arrant falsehoods demanded a like doggedness in their stern repudiation. Indeed, he meets with more than his match. Again, alluding still more directly to the action off Calais, a fit rejoinder immediately appends the following:—"Copy of a letter that Pedro de Alva did write from Rouen, the first of September of the same year." in which "it is holden for certain that they (the Spanish) have fought with the English, and broken their heads, having sunk many of their ships, and taken others; and the rest, which they say were twenty-seven ships, returned, very much battered, to the river of London, which are all those that could escape." To these fables, the advocate for truth chafingly replies, that "of all other places, none could make a truer report than Calais, where the governor and all the inhabitants saw the Spanish army mightily beaten by the English; and it was affirmed by men there of great judgment, that never was seen, by any man living, such a battery, so great for number, so furious, and of so long continuance, as the English made against the Spanish. Calais saw the Spanish army first driven from their anchors with fire; they saw the greatest galliasse of the Spanish, whereof was commander that worthy nobleman, Moncada, spoiled, and himself slain in the galliasse by the English. Calais did see the next day that the English navy fought and did beat the Spanish Armada from eight of the clock in the morning until four in the afternoon without any ceasing. Calais saw the Spanish hoist up all their sails as fast as wind could drive, and the English to follow and pursue them; and yet Calais saw a sufficient navy of England left before Dunkirk able to master all the shipping that the Duke of Parma had provided."

When disaster had attended the *invincible* Armada from the time of

its first setting out to its final and complete breaking up, it is extraordinary that such absurd falsehoods as are found in these letters should have been coined for the temporary illusion of the Spanish public. The government of that country must have felt itself greatly humiliated by the destruction of its fleet, to have been compelled to resort to such deceitful, not to say despicable, artifices. These fictions are dressed in various forms. Another "Packe of Spanish Lyes" professes to give a "relation of that which hath passed till this day, the fifth of September, 1588, till three of the clock in the afternoon, known by the relations and advice come to his majesty from the happy fleet, whereof is general the Duke of Medina, in the conquest of England," in which it is stated, that in the first fight and encounter, "there was sunk three galliasses and four mighty galleons of the Queen's." The last "Packe" in the list coolly produces the following piece of intelligence, very satisfactory, no doubt, to the Spanish nation—if true :

"Out of England was advice given, that on the thirteenth arrived fifteen of the queen's ships; and they said that the galleon, Saint Martin, wherein my lord the duke is (whom God preserve), had encountered with Drake, and had grappled his ship and captured his person, and other noble Englishmen, and taken other fifteen ships, beside others that were distressed; and the duke with his fleet followed his way to Scotland, because the wind was not come about."

This strange collection of fables and deceits closes with the ludicrous remark that, "with these news his majesty resteth very much contented, and causeth them to be sent to the empress, by the hands of Francisco Ydiaquez, his secretary of state." The stout-hearted Briton, rejoicing at the complete overthrow of the once-terrible Armada, and at the triumph of his own countrymen, yet full of wrath at the presumption and apparent gladness of his adversary, thus replies, and, like the Spaniard, sums up the case, but with a very different conclusion :

"This that is said of the duke's grappling with Drake's ship, and taking of him captive, and many other noblemen of England, is like all the rest of the lies. The duke, after he went from Calais towards Scotland, never came near to offer fight with any English ship, never turned back to the English that followed him, but fled away as wind and sail could serve him. If he had this fortune thus falsely reported, it is sure that he would have brought both Drake and some of the noblemen home with him into Spain, to have been presented to the king, and not have gone home to his own house without sight of the king. But, in truth, there was not one nobleman or gentleman of any mark, that went to the sea, that was either slain or taken; all are living, and are as willing, by God's favour, to adventure their lives, as ever they were, against any of the queen's enemies, when she shall command them." In reference to the contentment of the king upon the above news, he says: "And where this news did much content the king, it is likely that if he thought them true, he was glad thereof; for so had his majesty cause. But he is thought too wise to have thought that after he understood that the duke and all his army had fled from the coast of Flanders and England, that ever they were like to have any victory of the English. No, contrariwise, the king and all his wise counsellors had cause to lament the dangers whereunto of necessity his Armada should fall, by passing the

dangerous coasts, islands, and monstrous rocks of Scotland and Ireland; of more danger to his navy to pass, than to have passed from Lisbon to the Moluccas, and home again." He then winds up the whole (adding two or three aptly-chosen texts of Scripture, such as, "Wherefore, cast off lying, and speak every man the truth unto his neighbour, for we are members one of another"), by jeeringly alluding to the probability of the bearer of such outrageous intelligence to the empress receiving a reward from her. "It is to be thought that if the empress gave the secretary, Ydiaquez, any reward for the news, as it is likely she did, she may justly require it again from him, and give him charge not to bring her majesty, nor the king, his master, any such notorious lies hereafter; for if he use it often, he is unworthy to be secretary to so great a king."

The pompous title given to the Armada by Pope Sixtus V., who bestowed upon it his special blessing, that of "the great, noble, and invincible army and terror of Europe," proved to be singularly unmerited. Its ignominious overthrow reminds us of the explosion of artillery when attended by the destruction only of those who had furnished the lighted match. While gleaning a history of this great event, in the antiquated documents from which our quotations have been taken, this remarkable international controversy imparts to the mind a freshness and relish in the consideration of an already deeply-interesting subject.

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.*

RUGGED in aspect and austere in climate, Scotland, notwithstanding its general character for industry, integrity, and morality, is celebrated for its Criminal Trials. The hostility of races, the feuds of clans, and mountain and castle seclusion, have been among the chief sources of crime; but in such a country, superstition also begat witchcraft; spectral and dream testimony has not been disregarded; and even piety has been made to assume—as is too frequently the case—the form of deadly religious persecution.

Mr. John Hill Burton, in collecting his records of these dark proceedings, has not told his tales well. With the exception of one or two instances, everything is fragmentary; events are reasoned about, not narrated; strange incidents and mysterious causes are alluded to, never unfolded; and even when an attempt is made at relating one of these many eventful histories, the narrative never assumes either an animated, a picturesque, or a dramatic character. Looking, however, to Mr. Burton's proneness to argument and generalisation rather than to narrative, he brings out some things—as the hostility of races—in a very clear and distinct light.

The proceedings against the Clan Gregor, for example, fill up a goodly portion of the first volume; and Mr. Burton justly remarks upon these predatory habits of a clan, handed down from father to son for generations, that if one were desired to point out upon the map—on no surer ground than the mere physical character of the country—that spot which must have been the main battle-field between the Celtic races

* Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland. By John Hill Burton. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

living among the mountains, and the people of Saxon origin, who tilled the plain, he would naturally point to the mass of broken mountains clustering about Loch Lomond and Loch Catrine, which strike from the great mountain ranges of the north right ~~into~~ the most fertile plains and valleys of the south. In the "good" old times, when the predatory Celt kept as naturally to mountain fastnesses, and the industrious Saxon to fertile lowlands, as the buffalo to the prairie and the tiger to the jungle, the Trossachs were all the more valuable to the untamed freebooters of the Clan Gregor, from their vicinity to a rich cultivated country. The earliest notice of habits which have since been so familiarised to the English reader by the potent pen of the Magician of the North, occurs, according to Mr. Burton, in 1533, when Patrick MacCoule Kere Macgregor was charged with his two brothers, "in company with sundry rebels of the Clan Gregor," with stealing forty cows from the Earl of Monteith. But it would appear that they were always engaged in such pursuits; and that, divested of all romance and savage incidents, the origin and main source of this long-continued and fierce conflict with the law was the vulgar but all-powerful one—the desire of food and other useful plunder. The remedy sought by government against these depredations and outrages, which consisted in strengthening the hands of the injured parties, and of all who hated the Macgregors, and hounding them on to vengeance, was rather calculated to increase than to diminish the evil.

The ravages of the Macgregors attained a climax in an event which figures in Scottish history as the Battle of Glenfruin; or, the Raid of the Lennox. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, had also one of the Macgregors, Laird of Glenstrae, executed, and measures were even taken, but in vain, to suppress the name altogether. One of the predecessors of Rob Roy, as a leader of this brigand clan, was Patrick Macgregor, better known in prose and rhyme as Gilroy, or Gilderoy. This hero of highway romance was gibbeted, and his head and hand were affixed on the east or netherbow port of Edinburgh. Patrick Roy Macgregor, who also underwent the last penalty of the law, was another notorious robber, murderer, and arson. Of Rob Roy, the hero of Scott's magnificent romance, it appears that little can be said in a narrative drawing its materials from criminal trials. Rob Roy, in fact, was not so much a criminal as a seamp; and his misdeeds, instead of the burnings, sieges, abductions, and murders, which blacken the memory of his predecessors, are associated with dishonoured bills, fraudulent bankruptcy, and swindled cattle-dealers. The ancient spirit, however, revived in his sons—the abduction of Jane Key, the young heiress of Aberfoyle, imparting quite a romantic halo over that epoch of the Gregors. It was not, indeed, until the year 1775, that the opprobrium thrown on the name of Macgregor was removed by an act of the British parliament. "Since that day, the once dreaded name has been sounded with respect at drawing-room doors, in levees, in bank-parlours, and on the hustings." It is also but fair to add, that the turbulence of the Clan Gregor was, under the rule of the Presbyterians and of Cromwell, made to assume a political character, and was interpreted as loyalty to the house of Stuart. Some Celtic apologists also go so far as to hold that the Macgregors were a pure and persecuted race, whose outrages were but the recalcitrations of high-minded men against calculating oppression.

The Darien expedition, like the discoveries of Columbus and the first Arctic voyages, were stimulated chiefly by the search for gold. This expedition terminated in disgrace and discomfiture, which it was attempted to repair by piracy; and hence the trial of Captain Green, which Mr. Burton has related at length, without its possessing any very remarkable interest. The burning of Frendraught, the principal residence of the Crichtons, in Aberdeenshire, in order to consume the rival guests of the Gordon clan, is a more characteristic Scottish feudal story; but this tragedy, round which many of the traditions of the north centre, has been told in rhyme as well as prose, and Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* gives it to the reader exactly as the peasant would repeat it to the curious listener.

It is difficult to detect, in the Scottish criminal records, any trace of prophetic dreams, the second-sight, or the other superstitions which were rife in Scotland, and might be deemed peculiarly valuable as instruments for the revelation of crime. Their absence, Mr. Burton hints, must be attributed to that reluctance which the spiritual world has ever shown to appear before a jury. It is indeed unfortunate that when any of these instances are so specific that one could trace them into the criminal records, they are still always referred to distant places. Thus, "Mr. Rory Macleod, son to the deceased Mr. Norman Macleod, some time minister of Kilmuir," when he gives such an instance of the second-sight as must have necessarily connected itself with judicial proceedings, carries it across the Atlantic, though, in other instances of second-sight, his own family is fertile enough.

He tells us how, in the year 1745, Jonathan Easton, of Newport, in Rhode Island, left his housekeeper in charge of a store of rum. There was an Indian girl who wanted some of the liquor; and being refused, she murdered the housekeeper, and threw her into a draw-well. After his return home, as Mr. Easton was in bed, he saw an apparition, between sleep and awake, informing him the Indian girl had murdered his servant, and thrown her into the draw-well, of which he did not at first take any notice; but the scene being thrice repeated, he considered there might be something in it; whereupon he called one of the town-council, and both going to the well, found the body of the girl, and thereupon seized the Indian maid, who immediately confessed the murder, for which she was executed.

Among the multitudinous superstitions, Mr. Burton tells us, which the historian Wodrow (the author of "*Treatise on Second-Sight*") preserved in his private memorandum-book, there are some which, if they were seriously believed, should have found their way into the records of a court of justiciary. For instance, there is the following account of the foreshadowing of a murder. The seer is supposed to be enjoying the hospitalities of a country mansion:

At supper-time, there being some other stranger at table, the gentleman of the house entertained him very kindly. They were all very cheery, till, in a little time, that gentleman who was the guest began to be very pensive, which was observed in his countenance and by his silence; so that the whole company turned all upon him, and challenged him why he was turned so grave and sullen, being so good company before. He answered, nothing ailed him, and began to force himself to a feigned cheerfulness, but found, at last, it would not do. So, rising from the table, and touching another stranger gentleman in the company, in order to speak with him aside, they went both to the door, and he addresses him thus: "Oh, sir, I cannot conceal any longer the reason of my present discomposure, which is this. I see a dirk sticking in the breast of the

gentleman of this house, and I am persuaded he will be murdered ane way or other this night, except means be taken to prevent it.

All necessary precautions were taken to avoid the catastrophe; but the man was foredoomed. His fate made him step out of the house in the middle of the night, and a tinker, or gipsy, who owed him an old grudge, and had long lain in wait for his life, stabbed him.

Most of Wodrow's supernatural events, like the miracles of the *Vitæ Sanctorum*, are friendly to his own Church, and very prejudicial to its opponents. Some of the incidents are also extremely picturesque. The following account of the fate of an apostate will remind the reader of the story of Alp, in Byron's "*Siege of Corinth*."

It's said, that some days before his death, as he was walking in the links, about the twilight, at a pretty distance from the town, he espyed, as it wer, a woman all in white, standing not farr from him, who immediately disappeared; and he, coming up presently to the place, saw nae person there, though the links be very plain; only, casting his eye on the place where shee stood, he saw two words drawn, or written, as it had been with a staff, upon the sand, "sentenced and condemned!" upon which he came home pensive and melancholy, and in a little sickens and dyes. What to make of this, or what truth is in it, I cannot tell; only I had it from a minister, who lives nigh to Montrose.—Wodrow's "*Analecta*," i., 101-102.

Though such things were believed by learned divines and the community in general, Mr. Burton says he only remembers one instance in which a prophetic dream appears in connexion with a criminal trial; and that occurred so lately as the year 1831.

In that year a young Highlander was tried and executed for the robbery and murder of a pedlar in the wilds of Assynt, in Ross-shire. A certain Kenneth Fraser, a village tailor, pointed out the place where the plunder was hidden, and stoutly maintained that it had been revealed to him in a dream. Like that of Sergeant Davies (the best story in the work, but too long for excerpt), the revelation was in Gaelic—a favourite language in the spiritual world. The testimony is given thus: "I was at home when I had the dream, in the month of February. It was said to me in my sleep, by a voice like a man's, that the pack was lying in such a place. I got a sight of the place, just as if I had been awake. I never saw the place before. The voice said, in Gaelic, 'The pack of the merchant is lying in a cairn of stones, in a hole near their house.' The voice did not name the Macleods; but he got a sight of the ground, fronting the south, with the sun shining on it, and a burn running beneath Macleod's house."

The jury did not, in this case, reject satisfactory evidence of the crime because it was mixed up with this silly story. The clergyman of the parish thought fit to "improve" the whole story into a "voice from the borders of eternity," in which, not content with a solemn commentary on the tailor's dream, he adds to the marvellous history by relating an equally prophetic one which visited the murderer. When in custody for his crime, he dreamed that he was in a strange burial-ground, where he saw his father digging a grave, with a coffin beside it. The father bade him lie down in it; but, appearing to take compassion on him, released him, saying, "Well, Hugh, go for this time, until about a year after this; but in much about a year, remember, your coffin will meet you." The account we have of the fulfilment is this: "Macleod imagined that this dream foretold his acquittal at the circuit at Inverness, and he left Dornoch in high expectations. Strange to say, at that circuit his trial was postponed for want of a sufficient number of jurors; and when the next circuit came, it was again adjourned for want of a material witness, and a whole twelvemonth and some days elapsed before he was condemned to death."

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. HALL being busy arranging her domestic affairs in the kitchen—making mince for Christmas pies, if the truth must be known—and “Sivin-and-four” never showing to callers, company callers at least, our friend the colonel had ample time for making a mental inventory of the furniture of their drawing-room while shut up in it alone, which he did, commencing with the old, well-indented high-backed chairs, with black horse-hair seats, which he valued at four-and-sixpence each, going on to the old red merino damask curtains, which he felt a difficulty in putting a price upon, not being able to guess the quantity in the baggy hangings, though he fixed thirty shillings as the value of the round, eagle-topped mirror, and thought the brass fender and fire-irons might fetch five-and-twenty shillings at a sale.

“(Bad word) it,” said he to himself, “what a screwdrivin’, skinfintin’, usurious appearance everything has in this house; one could almost fancy the walls and crannies filled with coin, and the very ceilin’ swaggin’ with the weight of iron chests. What a nasty shabby rug too,” continued he, kicking at the corner of a much-worn drab worsted-worked rug, with a green cat lapping out of a pink saucer in the middle, considered a perfect triumph of the art at the time it was done. “The carpet, too, ’s uncommon meau—a reg’lar Scot I do believe,” continued he, stooping to examine it, adding, as he eyed the grey drugget above, “I wonder whether it’s covered to keep it clean or to hido the frays?”

While the colonel was in the act of turning the drugget back with his foot to examine, Mrs. Hall—who had now done by an old blue shot-silk dress with white spots what the colonel suspected she had done by her carpet, namely, covered the stains and spots in front with a gaudily flower-worked brown silk apron, and the deficiencies of the waist with a black woollen polka jacket with a grey border—noiselessly entered the room and stood behind him.

“Ah! my dear Mrs. Brown—I mean, Mrs. Buss—that’s to say, Mrs. Hall—I’m so glad to see ye,” exclaimed he, seizing her by her warm, puffy hand—“I’m so glad to see ye you can’t think; lookin’ so well, too—I declare it does one good to see such a buxom body as you. I’d just dropt a sixpence,” continued he, looking at the disordered drugget; “but, however, never mind; let the girl have it—let the girl have it; she’ll find it when she sweeps the room.”

“Oh, but we’ll find it, colonel,” replied Mrs. Hall, preparing to search for it.

“Couldn’t think of such a thing!—couldn’t, by Jove!” exclaimed he, raising her up, and backing her towards a roomy arm-chair, into which the lady now subsided.

“Well, mum,” said the colonel, settling himself into another at her side, “I’m sorry to hear my young friend Joe—no, not Joe——”

“Tumms,” interposed Mrs. Hall.

“Ah! true,” responded the colonel—“Thomas. I was thinking of

that ugly lad of Tucker's; his name's Joe—Joseph, at least—Joseph Tucker, not Tommy Tucker, as I tell him it ought to be—haw, haw, haw. Well, mum," repeated he, "I'm sorry to hear my young friend Thomas has had a fall out a huntin', very sorry indeed to hear of it, so is Mrs. Blunt and my daughter; couldn't sleep, none of us, for thinkin' of it; and they have sent me down with their kindest compliments, and all that sort of thing, to inquire how he is."

"Thank'e, colonel, thank'e," replied Mrs. Hall, smoothing the fine apron over the side of the seedy gown next the great man. "Tummus is—is—very well, I thank you, colonel," replied she; "was rather a little fatigued last night, but—but——"

While all this was going on, Tom, who had been startled with the clamorous knocking at the street door, with infinite labour, for he was both stiff and sore, had managed to lift his legs into his trousers, and excusing his downy chin its usual beard-growing scrape, had made a hasty toilette, in order to catch the colonel before his departure. He now came hobbling, and holding on by the bannister, down stairs.

"My dear Hall, how are you?" exclaimed the colonel, rising from his chair with a desperate effort, like a cow in a lair, as our young friend now opened the door and came shuffling into the room. "My dear Hall, how are you?" repeated the colonel, advancing, and getting him by both hands, and looking earnestly in his face.

"Why, I'm—I'm rather stiff—sore, that's to say," replied Tom, wriggling and rubbing himself.

"Don't wonder at it!" exclaimed the colonel at the top of his voice—"don't wonder at it; enough to make any man stiff and sore; you had a desp'rate day—desp'rate day, indeed. Angelena came home all trashed and draggled to death. I was very angry with her for perseverin'. Women have no business tearin' across country; very well to go and see the hounds throw off, but they should stop as soon as they find—at all events, they should never think of followin' when they drop into a quick thing—a burst, in fact. Besides, as I told her, she was ridin' your horse, and had no business to take the shine out of her in that way. Indeed, if the mare hadn't been the very best bit of horseflesh that ever was foaled, she never could have got to the end, for Angelena's no horse-woman, poor thing—not a bit of one. Her mother tells her she has only one fault—that of having far too much money; but I tell her she has another—that of being a very indifferent horsewoman—haw, haw, haw—he, he, he—ho, ho, ho; however," continued he, checking his risible faculties, "I'm deuced glad to see you all safe and sound; falls are nasty things, very nasty things—fall one ever so softly. And how did your horse please you?" asked the colonel.

"Nastiest beast I ever rode in my life," replied Tom, who, though he had not ridden a great many, could still find fault; "nastiest beast I ever rode in my life," repeated he, thinking of the way the brute threw up its head to the danger of Tom's ivories and the detriment of his features.

"What, was he fractious or violent, or what?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, everything that he oughtn't to be," replied Tom; "he bored, and he pulled, and he fumed, and he fretted, and he rushed at his fences, and would go his own way; altogether, I think I never saw such an animal."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the colonel, with well-feigned astonishment; "you surprise me."

"He surprised me, I can tell you," replied Tom, "for I understood he was a perfect hunter—a horse that I had nothin' to do but sit still on."

"What a pity!" ejaculated Mrs. Hall, who feared that her son had been done.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," observed the colonel, after a pause—"very sorry for it—very sorry indeed. Not that I have anything to reproach myself with in the matter, for if you remember, I by no means encouraged you to think of this horse; but Fibbey will be sorry to hear of it, for he gave himself a good deal of trouble about it, and flattered himself he had mounted you unexceptionally—most unexceptionally; indeed, I heard him tell old Quittor, the vet., that he thought if he could buy you such another, you'd be the best mounted man in the country."

"Indeed!" shuddered Tom, at the thought.

"Fact, I assure you," replied the colonel, with a jerk of his bull-head; "and Fibbey's reckoned one of the best judges of horse-flesh in her Majesty's service. There's no man whose judgment I'd sooner buy a horse on as his."

"Perhaps there's a difference between a soldierin' horse and a huntin' horse," observed Mrs. Hall.

"Mum, this *was* a huntin' horse," replied the colonel; "considered one of the best huntin' horses in the Royal Hunt—that's the Queen's."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Hall, smoothing out her apron again.

"Captain Smallbere's horse was the horse for you," observed the colonel, in the coolest manner possible; just as if the captain's horse and the one Tom bought were really different animals, instead of being one and the same—the same, at least, except in as far as clipping and squaring the tail made any difference. "I always thought Captain Smallbere's horse was the horse for you," repeated the colonel, scrutinising his expectant son-in-law's vacant countenance, to try if he could scan whether he had any inkling of the deception that had been practised upon him.

"He couldn't have suited me worse," replied Tom, lifting one fat leg with difficulty on to the other, adding, "I declare I feel just as if I had been possed in a washin'-tub."

"I dare say you do," replied the colonel; "just as if you'd been kicked all round about the town."

"Precisely so," said Tom, feeling his fat back.

"But that's not all attributable to the horse," observed the colonel; "all people are more or less stiff after the first day's huntin'."

"Are they?" said Tom, thinking he might perhaps get over it.

"It's severe exercise," observed the colonel—"very severe exercise."

"I'm sure I can't think what pleasure there is in such work," observed Mrs. Hall.

"Oh, why, mum, it's a British amusement," replied the colonel; "it's a manly sport too, and brings people acquainted that would otherwise be strangers. There's no better introduction for a young man of figur' and fortin', like your son, than at the cover-side."

"But if he breaks his neck?" exclaimed Mrs. Hall.

"Oh, mum, there's no fear of that—none at all," replied Colonel Blunt. "He's made an unlucky hit at first, but that's what almost

everybody does; few people get themselves suited at first; but the world's very wide, mum, and men with money need never be dismounted—need never ride unsuitable horses."

"Tummus gave a great deal for this quadruped," sighed Mrs. Hall.

"Did he?" replied the colonel, pretending not to know—"did he? Major Fibs never said what he gave, but I presume he would never think of puttin' your son on a cheap 'un. However, though he don't suit Thomas, he may suit some one else, and he's a horse that will be easily disposed of."

"Mr. Woodcock has offered to change with me," observed Tom, "for one of his."

"Mr. Woodcock—Jemmy Woodcock," replied the colonel; "very nice, gentleman—deep dog, for all he wears a shallow hat—have nothin' to do with him."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"Biggest rogue goin'," replied the colonel; "would cheat his own father."

"Shockin' man!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall.

"Horrid feller," assented the colonel; "have nothin' to do with him."

"He wasn't a bad-like horse," observed Tom, who was rather taken with the animal.

"What, a ginger chestnut?" asked the colonel.

"No; a bay," replied Tom.

"A bay," repeated the colonel; "a bay. Ah, he *has* got a bay, I believe, now; swapped away the chestnut for it."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Tom.

"Old as the hills," replied the colonel; "teeth as long as my arm," striking out his right fin as a spoke.

"Lor, what a curious animal!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall. "It must be very ugly."

"Why no, he's not an ugly beast," replied the colonel; "but he's *passé*—done his work—had his day, you know."

"Well, but he'll be steady," observed Tom.

"Steady enough, I dare say," replied the colonel—"too steady, p'raps; for he'd knock up at the end of five minnits. No; take my advice—or, rather, Sam Slick's advice—my young friend: never buy a crack horse; they've always done too much."

The discussion was here interrupted by the appearance of Sarah with a couple of bulbous-shaped decanters on a fine plated tray, garnished at intervals with biscuits, plain and currant cakes, and saucers of almonds and raisins—being as close an imitation of the tray the colonel set before old Hall the day he called at the barracks as Mrs. Hall's memory and resources enabled her to extemporise.

And now, while our fat friend is helping himself to the port and sherry, and doing the honours of the table in relief of his stiff son-in-law, we will take a peep at the banker as he sits in his "little den."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THOUGH little addicted to morning callers, and in a general way not at all likely to make an exception in favour of the colonel, the man of

money was yet so "aggravated" at the imposition attempted to be practised upon him by the colonel with regard to his money in the funds, coupled with the unceremonious, not to say impertinent, way he had spoken of him and his wife as "old people," that the spirit moved Hall to go up stairs and give the colonel battle on the spot, "then and there," as he said.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and four's fifteen—I've half a mind to slip up-stairs and see what that great man-mountain's about," said he to himself. "Sivin and four's elivin, and eight is nineteen—I think I could sound him without lettin' out I know it's all my eye about his wealth. Sivin and four's elivin, and twenty-five is thirty-six—he must be a very bad man, tellin' such wholesale falsehoods in hopes of entrappin' our Tummus into marryin' his darter. Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-five is fifty-six—it's very fortunate Tummus has a father to keep him right, or there's no sayin' what such a bad old buffer might get him to do. Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine's a 'undr'd and ten—I really should like to put the old man to the blush. Sivin and four's elivin, and a 'undr'd and four is a 'undr'd and fifteen—wonder if soldiers ever blush. In one's own house one couldn't get far wrong takin' the bull by the horns. Not like the barracks, where he might call out the drummers and fiddlers, and give one a trimmin'; but in one's own house there can't be much fear. Sivin and four's elivin, and a 'undr'd and ninety is two 'undr'd and one—I'll risk it, at all events."

So saying, he put the London banker's note saying Ferret the broker did not find any stock in Colonel Blunt's name, into his desk, and halloaing to Trueboy, the cashier, that he was going up-stairs for a few "minnits," if anybody wanted him, he disappeared through an almost invisible door in the dingy-coloured wall.

"Ah, here's little Podgy himself!" exclaimed the colonel, setting down the decanter, after helping himself to a second bumper of sherry, as our friend, having noiselessly opened the old-fashioned black door, now stood with it in his hand surveying the scene. "Come in, old boy, come in," continued the colonel, in the most patronising way, extending a red-ended fin for the banker to shake.

"Your servant, colonel," replied the man of figures, with a stiff bow, shying the fist, as he made for a seat beside his wife.

"Yours," replied the colonel, ducking his bull-head, and drinking off his wine.

"Well, Tummus, my dear, how are you after your hunt?" asked the fond father, surveying his fat son.

"Middlin'," replied Tom, shuffling about on his seat.

"Hard work, huntin'," observed the father. "Can't think what pleasure people can see in such work," observed the banker—"tearin' across fields, now that there are such good roads in all directions. I'm sure my highway-rate comes to near tenpence in the pund, and one ought to have somethin' for that."

"Why, as to the matter of huntin'," observed the colonel, as he took another turn at the decanter, "your good lady and I were just talkin' the matter over, and I say that it's all very well and proper in moderation—taken medicinally, as I may say, to cure bile, indigestion, and so forth.

Nay, as a provocative to appetite, it has some sterlin' recommendations. Moreover, as I was tellin' your wife, it's a good introduction for a young man, and will get him to houses that he mightn't otherwise visit at; and wearin' a red coat has its attractions."

"Well, but it's *dangerous*," observed old Hall, with a stamp of his heel.

"That depends upon how you take it," replied the colonel, "and what sort of horses you ride. If you ride rips, you are pretty sure to come to grief; if you ride good uns, you'll most likely go scot-free all your life, just as old Heartycheer has done. So, with your permission, we'll drink 'The Chase,'" continued he, tossing off his glass, and replenishing it plentifully, as before.

The trio then sat silent for a time, the colonel considering what excuse he could frame for taking another glass, old Hall thinking how he should lead up to the question of the Consols.

The spirit moved the colonel to speak first.

"Well, and how's your bank?" asked he, turning short upon his host.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-one is fifty-two—what an impittant question," mused our friend. "Middlin', thank'e, colonel," replied the man of wealth, rubbing his finger-nails together.

"What! you're not goin' smash, are yo'?" exclaimed the colonel.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and fifty-nine is seventy—what a cool hand," thought our friend, fixing his watery grey eyes intently on his interrogator. "No, not smash," replied our friend, now filing away with his forefinger on his chin; "not *smash*!" repeated he, with an emphasis; "but there's a redundancy of money, and not much employment for it."

"Hand a little of it here, then," said the colonel, holding out his great red fist.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and twenty-five is thirty-six, and forty is fifty-six—I think I'll get an openin' now," mused Hall.

"Oh, *you* don't want money, colonel," replied the banker, in a tone of irony—"you don't want money, colonel."

"Don't I?" rejoined our friend; "you just give me the run of your safe, or whatever you call your money-box, and see whether or no."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine is a 'undr'd and ten—the man's forgettin' himself," thought Mr. Hall; "I'll pin him to the pint."

"Well, but the dividends are a comin' due, and you'll soon be in full feather again," observed he.

"Dividends! rot the dividends! What have I to do with dividends, think'e?" asked the colonel.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and a 'undr'd and sivity's a 'undr'd and eighty-one—wot an unconscionable old scoundrel it must be," mused Hall, staring intently in the colonel's great apple face. "Sivin and four's elivin, and three 'undr'd and forty-one is three 'undr'd and fifty-two—the old rascal told me as plain as he could speak that he was in the funds; I'll put it to him point blank. Well, but," said Hall, placing a hand on each knee, and speaking slowly and deliberately, as he stared the colonel full in the face, "I thought you told me you were in the funds?"

"Funds, did I?" replied the colonel, now suddenly recollecting himself; "funds?" repeated he, hesitating, and looking redder than usual.

"Funds, yes!" repeated Hall; "that day at the barracks, you remember."

"Oh, ar—true," replied the colonel, with an air of sudden enlightenment—"oh, ar—true, the day we were talkin' about settlements, and so on. And so I am," resumed the colonel, confidently; "in the Consols, at least. We always, not bein' up to snuff in your money-changin' phraseology, call them Consols, not funds—*Consols*, or consolations—haw, haw, haw—he, he, he—ho, ho, ho," the colonel attempting to carry his former confusion off with a laugh.

Old Hall, however, was not to be done that way.

"Well, then, you *are* in the funds?" observed he, reverting to the point.

"Funds, yes—Consols, that's to say—Three per Cents., in fact; not your Bank Stock, or Long Annuities, or Short Annuities, or Spanish Passives, or rubbish of that sort—*Consols*," repeated he, with an emphasis on the word.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and nine is twenty—now I havo you," mused Hall. "Well, then, that comes to what I said at first," resumed the banker; "the dividends are due next month, and you'll be full of cash."

"No doubt," rejoined the colonel, "no doubt; flush—very flush," continued he, slapping his thigh.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine's a 'und'r'd and ten—now I'll pin you," mused Hall, looking at his wife, with a sparkle in his eye that as good as said, "See how I'll work him."

"We can receive your dividends for you here," observed the banker, "which may save you trouble."

"Can you?" exclaimed the colonel, rather taken aback at the trap into which he had fallen. "Can you?" repeated he; "you're very kind—very good; it may be an accommodation, 'specially if you don't nip too much off for your trouble."

"Oh, no," replied the banker; "we'll do it at the usual figur—rather under than over."

"Ah, well, that's kind of you," observed the colonel—"that's kind of you;" adding, "you're not such a Jew as you look."

"There'll be the power-of-attorney, in course," observed the banker, in an off-hand sort of way.

"Will there?" mused the colonel, thinking it would require a very strong one to raise his stock.

"Shall I order one, then?" asked the banker.

"Why, yes; I think you may," drawled the colonel, thoughtfully, chuckling at the idea.

"We should require to know the exact amount," observed the banker; "p'raps you could furnish that information as you go through the bank."

"I dare say I could," said the colonel; "let me see, as the blind man said—twenty thousand bought in thirty-two—no, thirty-three,—Scraper's mortgage paid off in thirty-nine—ten thousand bought in forty somethin', I forget the year—and——"

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-two is fifty-three, and ninety's a

'undr'd and forty-three—I really wish I mayn't have been a-doin' the man injustice," mused Hall, as the colonel proceeded with his narration.

The pleasing delusion was, however, speedily dispelled by the colonel exclaiming:

"But how will it be? you see the stock don't stand in my name."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and a 'undr'd and three is a 'undr'd and fourteen—now he's a-goin' to jib," mused Hall; "and fourteen's a 'undr'd and twenty-eight—told me as plain as he could speak that the money was in his own name—and twenty-four's a 'undr'd and fifty-two—don't believe he has anything of the sort—a reg'lar take in—hasn't a rap, I dare say."

"I thought you said the stock was in your own name?" responded the now bristling banker.

"Did I?" replied the colonel, in a careless tone—"did I? then I must have made a mistake; hang it, you're such a matter-of-fact fellow—one doesn't expect to be sworn to the accuracy of every particlular word one utters. If a man says he has fifty or sixty thousand pounds, he means to say he has the use of it. It doesn't mean that he has it in his trunk, or in his cupboard; or that he can go and kick it about the country—make ducks and drakes on't, as they say."

"In course not," replied Hall—"in course not; only when a man—a gent I mean," added he, correcting himself—"talks on matters o' business with men o' business, men o' business must keep gents right; nothin' more," added he, apologetically.

"Well, true enough," rejoined the colonel, now pretending to be pacified—"true enough; only one doesn't like to be always talkin' by book—always ridin' the high stool of 'rithmetic. I'm not one of your learned exemplifications of polite humanity. I'm not a man to send to a literary and philosophical society to illustrate a problem on the globes. I don't expect Packinton to send me to negotiate a commercial treaty with the King of the Cannibal Islands, or any other great potentate; but for a question, involving high honourable feelin', combined with military etiquette and the tactics of Addiscombe, with the flourish of the Eglinton tournament, though I say it who shouldn't, there's no man more honourably, more creditably recognised than Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt, of her Majesty's Regiment of Heavysteed Dragoons;" the colonel bowing and striking out his right fin as he finished.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-sivin is fifty-eight—that's all balderdash," mused Hall. "I very much doubt his havin' anything of the sort. However, I'll at him again," continued he, trying to catch the now wine-watching eye of the colonel.

"Well, but if we can be of any service in gettin' your money down here after it's received in London, we shall be very happy," continued the pertinacious banker.

"Thank'e," said the colonel—"thank'e; p'r'aps we may trouble you that way. Only it passes through so many hands before we get it, that I don't know it will be much better for yours."

"In Chancery, p'r'aps?" suggested old Hall.

"No, not Chancery," replied the colonel, making another attack on the bottle—"not Chancery, but devilish tight tied up for all that. If my

whole regiment had it in the centre, with field-pieces at each side, it couldn't be safer. Don't know how many lawyers there are for trustees ; and they make work for themselves, and each other, in the most marvellous way. Take my advice, my young friend," continued he, addressing our Tom, "and never have a lawyer for a trustee."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-three is fifty-four—that really looks as if the man has money," mused old Hall, again wavering in his opinion. "Sivin and four's elivin, and sivin is eighteen—I'll take another ventur'."

"It'll be Mrs. Blunt's money, p'r'aps," observed Hall, "as it's so tight tied up?"

"Mrs. Blunt's money it is," rejoined the colonel, confidently—"Mrs. Blunt's money it is. She has it for life, and when she damps off, it goes to my daughter."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and nine's twenty—that's more like the thing," mused Hall.

"But you'll have a life interest, too, I s'pose?" observed the banker.

"No I haven't," replied the colonel, with an air of indifference ; "no I haven't," repeated he ; "goes to my daughter at once."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and twenty's thirty-one—that's all in favour of her husband," thought Hall. "Sivin and four's elivin, and seventeen's twenty-eight—been a runaway match, p'r'aps," thought he.

"Mrs. Blunt was an heiress, I presume?" observed Hall, addressing the colonel.

"Heiress—great heiress," assented the colonel, casting a sheep's eye at the decanter. "Another glass," thought he, "will just leave this old screw a pint for his dinner." So saying, he proceeded to help himself. "Mrs. Blunt married me for my looks," said he, as he sipped away at its contents. "I believe I may say, without vanity, that I was one of the handsomest men in the army. Mrs. Blunt took a fancy to me, and I tell her I loved her for what she had ; and if she'd had twice as much, I'd have loved her twice as well"—the colonel haw, haw, hawing—he, he, heing—ho, ho, hoing—amid exclamations of,

"Oh, fie, colonel ! I wouldn't have thought that of you!" from Mrs. Hall.

"Well, but, however, I must be off," continued the colonel, not liking the cross-examination to which he had been subjected. "I've paid you a longish mornin' visit, but your company's so agreeable (disagreeable, he thought) that there's no tearin' oneself away"—casting an anxious eye at the sherry, which he would fain have finished. "I like you Fleecy-boroughites ; there's a deal more warmth and cheerability about you than there is about your fine, languishin', die-away duchesses, who really seem as if life was a bore to them, and who, if they ask you to dine, give you nothin' to eat, and send the footmen to sweep you out with the coffee things, just as you think you are goin' to get somethin' to drink. But the best friends must part," continued the colonel, setting down his glass, and hoisting himself up with an effort ; "I've a deal to do—must go and inspect our corn. That Mister Peter Sieve of yours, I fear he's what they call a rogue in grain ; he's sent in a lot of forage that would disgrace a poultry-yard. Quartermaster Diddle says he never saw such stuff—never," muttered the colonel to himself, "unless it was accom-

panied by a fat turkey, a haunch of mutton, or somethin' of that sort, to make it pass—the proper appendages, in short.”

“Well, mum, I must bid you good mornin’,” continued he, advancing and seizing Mrs. Hall's greasy retiring hand; “I must bid you good mornin’, mum,” shaking it severely.

“Good mornin’ to you, sir,” continued he, turning short round on Hall, waiting to see whether he would be more affable than he was on his entry.

But Hall was not a hand-shaking sort of man at all, at least not without due consideration, which the colonel's movements did not allow time for; so with a “Your servant, colonel,” and an awkward thrust out behind, old Hall saw him pass on to his son.

“And now,” continued he, addressing our Tom, slipping a little three-cornered highly musked *billet-doux* into his hand, as he turned his broad back on the old people—“I'm very glad, indeed, to see you all safe and sound; we really had a very uncomfortable, anxious night on your account—fearin' all sorts of unpleasantnesses, not to say bedevilments. However, I'll tell them you are all right; and,” added he, dropping his voice, “if you feel any little inconvenience from the saddle, diachylon plaster's the best thing; get a whole sheet for a shillin' at Rhubarb and Surfeit's, round the market-place corner.” So saying, the colonel struck out his right fin, and, getting under weigh, hobbled off on his heels, making the old passage and rickety staircase creak with his weight as he descended. Tom, having accompanied his father-in-law to the second landing, where he transferred him to Sarah the maid, now stood eagerly imbibing the contents of the note. The exact words are immaterial; suffice it to say that Tom speedily regained his bedroom, where, having hastily revised his toilette, he set off for Mr. Ruddle, the portrait painter's.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RUDDE was a great artist, at least in his own estimation. He didn't begin life as an artist, unless, indeed, modelling ornaments for confectioners' cakes can be viewed in that light. However, he didn't stay long with the confectioner—one Mr. Queencake, of Basinghall-street, who having a daughter, Alicia, on whom Ruddle cast a favourable eye, which the master-man resented as a piece of unpardonable impudence, he picked a hole with poor Ruddle about a pan of preserves, and presently got rid of him. Ruddle, being surfeited with sweets—though not of the “sweet” he wanted—hung about town for some time; but Queencake, being more than a match for him, shifted his daughter from London to Gravesend, and from Gravesend to Margate, and from Margate to Herne Bay, and from Herne Bay back to Basinghall-street, till poor Ruddle's finances were exhausted in following her. He then gave up the pursuit, being partly reconciled, perhaps, to his loss by meeting a very elegant young creature, half Dutch, half English, aboard a twopenny steamer.

This was in the heigh-day of railway times, when everybody with a “touch of larnin’,” as the country-people call it, could get employment either as secretaries or directors, or in surveying or pretending to survey lines, laying down plans, drawing prospectuses, checking estimates, conferring with engineers, down to folding, sealing, and delivering letters, and

Ruddle carried on a very brisk trade for a time. He was a director of several imaginary lines, and having married his new *inamorata* on the strength of his prospects, he set her up a very pretty pea-green and straw-coloured cab phaeton, with a buttony boy to pick up her bag. He adorned himself with rings and brooches, and presented himself with a substantial large tasseled cane. The crash, however, soon after came, and boy, and cab phaeton, and cane, were all swept away, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Ruddle high and dry on the strand. We meant to be allegorical there, but he really was left in the Strand, that being the locality in which he had established his quarters. He then tried his hand at confectionary, and set up a shop in Mayfair, relying upon Mrs. Ruddle's charms for attracting attention. Here, to a certain extent, he was right; though whether it was that the charms were so powerful as to take away appetite, or the cakes were so bad as not to be eatable, certain it is that the profits were so small as not to be appreciable, and when the landlord, Mr. Grinder, walked in for his rent, Captain Mainchance walked off the charmer, leaving poor Ruddle to put up the shutters. He was, however, now free again, and felt so equal to anything, that he didn't know what to turn his hand to. At length he came to Fleecyborough, where he had an uncle, one Mr. Stencil, a painter and glazier, with whom, having an unlimited run of the paint-pot, he soon began to vary the monotony of door and window priming and painting, by producing sundry surprising horses and other animals, that drew amazing custom to the public houses at which they were put up.

The natives commended, nay, were astonished at his performances, and Stencil's back shop became the *rendezvous* of all the critics and connoisseurs of Fleecyborough, who assembled of an evening to glorify Ruddle's performance, and stimulate him to deeds of immortality. We don't know what wasn't predicted of him, and Ruddle, notwithstanding the humiliations to which he had been subjected, being a most thoroughly self-sufficient dog, inhaled their adulation with the air of a professor.

There being nothing in the shape of a man but what is available to some woman or another, Jacky Ruddle, as they called him, was soon besieged by the most *exigente* of the fair, which greatly contributed to his self-complacency; and as, first, Miss Catchaside, and then Miss Balsam, and next Miss Fairfield, followed by the buxom widow, Mrs. Winnington, respectively besieged him, driving the recollection of the frail fair one out of his mind, he began to reduce the impressions they respectively created to canvas, which greatly increased his reputation, and soon caused him to give up sign-painting altogether. The ladies then came trooping to have their portraits painted—some in silk, some in satin; some in wreaths, some in turbans; some with fans, some with bouquets in their hands; but all smiling, and looking very "what-do-you-think-of-me-ish." Good, strong, bold, hard-featured, tea-boardy, stiff-ringleted things they were, with just that provoking degree of resemblance that enables a spectator to say, "Ah, I suppose that's meant for Miss Nightingale;" or, "That's not unlike Mrs. Crossfinch." His men, however, were worse, for they generally looked as if they were drunk, and going to be sick. Still, as this was not apparent until they were finished, Ruddle always acquired great credit as they proceeded; and as the roughly-chalked outline gradually advanced into coat, waistcoat, and cravat, with a face

above, the fame of the progressing and outstripping-all-other pictures increased. It was not until they were finished and hung up that their defects became fully apparent. Still Ruddle was not dear in his charges—two pound ten for kit-kats, and five pounds for full-lengths, with miniatures on card or ivory at “from one pound and upwards,” as he ambiguously worded it. Sooner, however, than lose a sitter, Ruddle would take payment in kind—paint a tailor for a coat, an innkeeper for a dozen or two of wine, a butcher for his quarter’s bill, and so on; a moderation that was all the more commendable, inasmuch as he was without opposition.

The reader will now have the kindness to consider Ruddle as having discarded his painter’s apron, and taken a first floor in Angel-court, with the privilege of displaying a gilt case full of specimens in Market-street, one of the most frequented thoroughfares in the good town of Fleecy-borough. They will also have the kindness to consider us arrived at the period of time when our friend Tom goes to be “pinted,” in accordance with the oft-repeated recommendation, not to say injunctions, of Angelena.

Ruddle was dividing his time between the fat shoulders of Miss Rumbolde, who had been sitting for her portrait preparatory to her marriage with Mr. Muffins, the baker, and a plate of boiled beef and peas-pudding from Tossell’s eating-house hard by, when the laboured ascent of our Tom on the uncarpeted staircase caused Ruddle to pause and listen to the sound.

“That’s a strange foot,” said Ruddle, dashing his long light air off a moderately high forehead, and taking a hasty glance at himself in a cracked looking-glass, behind a red screen, as he pulled a dirty dickey above a blue and white-striped Joinville.

“Rap, tap, tap,” went Tom at the door.

“Come in!” cried Ruddle, whipping the half-finished plate of beef on to a chair behind the screen, and buckling his loose jean blouse about his waist.

Tom did as desired, and Ruddle, having drawn his red-slippered feet into the first position, dropped him a most reverent salam as he entered.

“Your humble servant, Mr. Hall,” said he, repeating the movement.

“Yours,” replied Tom, in an off-hand sort of way.

“I’ve come,” said Tom, looking at the various finished and progressing portraits and artistic lumber scattered around—“I’ve come to see about being painted.”

“If you please, sir,” replied Ruddle, handing Tom a roomy rush-bottomed chair.

“Thank’e, I’d rather stand,” replied Tom, who wasn’t at all comfortable after his walk, or rather limp.

“A full-length will you, sir?” said Ruddle, jumping to a conclusion.

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” replied Tom; “I mean to say, I’ll stand while I talk.”

“If you please, sir,” said Ruddle, again bowing very low.

“Well, how do you think I should be taken?” asked Tom.

“Taken,” said Ruddle, stroking his imperial’d chin, and scrutinising Tom’s fat, vacant face with a laughing blue eye. “Taken,” repeated he; adding, “you have a commanding presence, sir; yes, sir, a very com-

manding presence. Excuse me for saying of it, but if you hadn't been a rich man, sir, you'd have been anything you turn'd your attention to—a general, a judge, a rear-admiral, an extraordinary master in the High Court of Chancery, anything, in short. Never saw so finely-developed a head—quite a study for the classic authors.”

“*Hem!*” mused Hall, who was not at all averse to compliments.

“It'll do me good to paint such a gent as you, sir,” continued Ruddle; “yes, sir, it will do me good, sir,” repeated he, wondering how much he could charge our hero. This consideration brought him back to the question how he would be taken. “You are in my Lord Lavender's Hussars, if I mistake not?” observed the polite confectioner; “I suppose you will be taken in your uniform, with your horse—your charger—by your side?”

“W—h—y, I don't know,” drawled Tom, thinking of Angelena's injunctions—“I don't know; I was thinking of my hunting-dress—how would that do?”

“Very becoming, sir,” observed Ruddle—“very becoming; scarlet looks well on canvas. Of course, you'd have a favourite horse introduced?” added Ruddle, wishing to make the picture as full as possible.

“How would it do to paint me jumping a gate?” asked Tom.

“Very fine attitude,” replied Ruddle; “very—on a white horse, *à la* Abraham Cooper, R.A.; respectable artist Abraham—done some goodish things. Or, you might have a hunting-scene altogether, with hounds and horses all grouped in the centre—such as Grant's meet of the Queen's stag-hounds on Ascot 'cath; respectable artist Grant—done some passable things. Landseer's not without merit. Indeed, there are some of the London gents who, in particular departments, are not altogether to be despised; the worst of them is, they are not general artists—not universal geniuses. Lee can paint a river, Pickersgill a portrait, Landseer a Scotch terrier, and so on; but they are not men-of-all-work; put them down here, and they'd be lost, totally lost. No; they may do well enough in London, but they wouldn't succeed in the country. It's only real merit that can get on here. I've no doubt they'd make me President of the Academy if I would go to London, but I won't. Would send them a pictor, p'r'aps, if they'd hang it in a proper place; and why shouldn't it be a pictor of you, sir? And that reminds me, sir, of the pint we were discussing, sir—how you should be taken. I really think, sir, a fullish subject, sir, would be the most satisfactory memorial—the most nationally interesting; of course, you would be the centre-piece—the Lord Chesterfield of the picture; and you might have all your sporting chums around you, one asking you how you are, another admiring your horse, a third offering you a pinch of snuff, a fourth a cigar, a fifth a sugar-plum, and so on; or, you might be on foot, like Count D'Orsay in Grant's pictor, resting on your whip-stick, with a liberal allowance of turned-back wristband; or we might have you going full chivy after the fox, or——”

“How would it do to have me jumping a gate?” interrupted Tom.

“Nothing could be better,” replied Ruddle—“nothing could be better, or more natural.”

“It wouldn't be absolutely necessary for me to be jumping a gate in order for you to paint me that way, would it?” asked Tom, who had no idea of doing anything of the sort.

"Oh, by no means," replied Mr. Ruddle—"by no means; imagination, sir—inspiration, will do all that," tapping his forehead with his forefinger."

"Well, then," said Tom, who, like his father, always wanted an estimate, "what do you think you could do it for?"

"Do it for—do it for," repeated Ruddle, in an off-hand sort of way—"do it for," continued he, looking up at the dirty ceiling; "oh, sir, we shall not quarrel about that, sir—we shall not quarrel about that, sir."

"Well, but I should like to know," replied Tom, who knew that that sort of answer generally led to a wrangle—"I should like to know—to have an idea, at least. I don't mean to tie you to a shillin' or two; but still I should like an idea, you know."

"Oh, why," said Ruddle, "I could either take it at so much per head or so much per dozen, if you chose a full picture; but the fact is, I don't look so much to the matter of emolument as to the credit and renown of painting such a gent as yourself," the obsequious pastry-cook bowing as he spoke. "Now, if you want a grand national work," continued he, again taking up the running, as our friend Tom stood mute, "a real, stunning, superlative pictor, that will grace the walls of the Royal Academy, and engrave after, I would say, by all manner of means, have a full one—either a military piece, with your regiment under arms, or marchin' with their colours flying and band playing, bringin' all the pretty gals to the winders,—or a hound-piece—huntin'-piece, as they call them, with yourself and all the swells of the hunt countin' the dogs, or lookin' at the fox before they set him off; or you might have it, as I said before, all goin' helter-skelter, in a devil-take-the-hindermost sort of way, over hedges, ditches, rails, gates, whatever comes in the way, yourself on a white barb, say, going what they call like a brick; or you might just have a single figure—yourself on a favourite horse, speakin' to your servant, or adjustin' your stirrup; or, again, you might be in the private individual style—quite plain and genteel—brown coat and a red velvet vest, with a gold curb-chain to your watch, like this portrait of Mr. Simpkinson, the gent who's a-makin' love to Miss Tiler," continued Ruddle, pulling out a kit-kat of a very stiffly-curved gentleman, whose unfinished dress was assuming those colours; "or you might be in bottle-green, with a black satin weskit, or an embroidered weskit, or any sort of weskit. In fact, I feel, sir, that I could produce a great work, sir—a very great work," continued Ruddle, eyeing Tom intently—"a work that would adorn the walls of the Royal Academy, and transmit our names to a grateful posterity. I feel that I could take the shine out of all those conceited A.'s and R.A.'s, who think there's nobody like them. I feel, sir, that in painting you, sir, I could combine the expression of Raphael with the fire of Michael Angelo and the warmth of Titian, and put Reynolds and Lawrence and all of the moderns to the blush," friend Ruddle fairly blowing himself with the sublimity of this last effort, and now standing balancing the portrait of Mr. Simpkinson on one corner, as if he was going to spin it.

"Well," said Tom, as the delicacy of Simpkinson's position recalled the peculiarities of his own and the injunctions of Angelena, "I think I'll be taken on horseback, leapin' a gate."

"A full pictor, that's to say," rejoined Mr. Ruddle, making a last effort to get a good order—"a full pictor, yourself leadin', the rest followin'?"

"No, just myself," replied Tom, not seeing the fun of immortalising Woodcock, head-and-shoulders Brown, or any of the Fleecyborough worthies who might desire it—"no, just myself," repeated he, firmly.

"I'm afraid it would hardly make what I call an historical subject," replied Ruddle, staring intently in Tom's face, "without some adjuncts—horses or dogs, or somethin' to show you are huntin'."

"Well, but my red coat will show that," replied Tom.

"True," assented Ruddle, biting his lips; "practically speakin', it will; but, artistically speakin', it will not. You see, you may be what they call larkin'—cuttin' across country for fun; there should be a few hounds or somethin' introduced to show the real nature of your profession, your occupation or calling."

"Well," replied Tom, after a pause, "as far as a couple of hounds or so go, I wouldn't mind, but I can't stand—I mean to say, I don't want a full pictur; the fact is," continued he, dropping his voice, "it's for a lady."

"*I twig*," replied Ruddle, with a wink of his eye.

"You'll not mention it, of course," observed Hall.

"Mum's the word with me," rejoined Ruddle, sealing his lips with his forefinger.

"You must do your best," observed Tom.

"I'll surpass myself, if possible," asserted Ruddle. "I'll throw Lawrence and Reynolds, and Watson Gordon and Grant, and all the incompetents, far, far in the shade;" Ruddle holding up his dirty right hand, as if they were all flying before him.

"And what will it be?" again asked Tom.

"Oh—why, sir—if it's for a lady, sir, the lady, sir, shall set the price, sir."

"*Hem!*" mused Hall, wondering how that would cut.

"I'm a *blu*' a gent on those terms already," observed Ruddle, diving behind the red screen and producing a portrait of little Jug—Jug in full-dress uniform, a richly gold-laced coat, with kerseymere shorts, and white silk stockings.

That was a sickener for Tom. There was no mistaking the little pig-eyed, spindle-shanked cornet, any more than there was who he was getting "pinted" for.

"This is the gent—the right honourable gent—that's a courtin' the great heiress at the barracks," observed Ruddle, dusting Jug over with a dirty bandana, and biting his lips as he suddenly recollected to have heard that young Mr. Hall was doing the same.

Tom glanced an angry glance at his detested rival, and telling Ruddle he would call again to arrange a sitting, rolled off down stairs, shaking his head and muttering something about "Cat's-paw," "Not stand it," "Too old to be done," and so on.

Having purchased a sheet of diachylon plaster—as a first step, we presume, towards a sitting—he returned home, when his thoughts were suddenly diverted by the receipt of a smart sealed note, headed with an embossed hare-hunt, inviting him to partake of the pleasures of a puss-hunt with the well-known Major Guineafowle's harriers—a character to whom we shall have great pleasure in introducing such of our readers as are not already acquainted, next month.

DOWN THE ROAD; OR, SOME PASSAGES FROM A PIKE-MAN'S DIARY.

BY ISHMAEL COPPERS.

PIKING aint wot it was; far from it. The inwention of steam has done a deal of harm to many a bisnccss, but there's few as has suffered more onaccountably than them as is in the Pike line.

Only look at Kenninton-gate! See wot that used to be in the Epsum week! Double tolls safe on the Darby day, nine cases out o' ten. Who went and thawt wot they did with their tickits once they wos on the coorse? Them as didn't lose 'em most likely give 'em away; leastways that's my beleef, for werry few cum back to my hands on sitch occasions.

Wot if there was a few skrimmages with them as was hedstrong! Money's not to be got in this world athout some little trouble, and wot signifies the butt-end of a wipp now and then if your hodd's a hard'un? As to chaff, the Pikeman as can't stand that ought for to shut up at once. The sooner he removes to private lodgings the better.

Well, wot's the upshot now? Why, most on 'em takes the rail. If they loses their tickits, who proffits by it? Why, the Company—as they calls 'em—we don't. If they fites and brakes hedds, who gits pade for it? Taint us,—it's the Pleecc. All our priwilidges is invaded, and Steam's wots bin and dun it! Cuss steam, say I,—'cept when it cums out of the spout of a kittle and sumbody's redly to stand a quorten of summot.

Not that I need to care about the Epsum Rode now; I've bin moved a good wile. Still one haves feelins, and mine's they as I've exprest.

You'll say, praps, the contrack aint nun of yours, and you've no call to grumble so long as you gits your weekly 'lowance. I aint goin to argefy that queston, wich there may be two sides to every bargain, but wot I goes upon is this. Where's the life and sperrit as made a Pike-man's day a plesant one? Where's the gigs and the drags and the tandums, and them as driv 'em, gone to? Hosses is amost a drug now, and in regard to postboys I haven't seen but one this six months, and he wasn't hisself; he'd no more napp on his wite hat than there is on my bar; all the bloo was faded right out of his jackit, and if it hadn't bin that he couldn't help it, he wouldn't even have looked like a postboy.

These here is stunnin reflexions at my time o' life,—for I'm turned of sixty,—and it don't seem to me as if matters was likely to mend. Here have I kept a Pike, man and boy, this three-and-forty year, and, tho I say it, praps there aint a man round Lunnon as has counted more hedds or took more tolls than me, nor seen more of wot people calls "Life."

This here brings me to my pint. My ies aint been shut all this time —'cept when I was asleep,—and a Pikeman's sleep don't go for much at sum of the gates as I've been on: when you're used to it, there's a good deal to be seen in the dark. Piking aint such a lonely ockepeation as sum people supposes,—when the rode's lively. A Pikeman mayn't tawk much, but like the munkeys and parrits, he thinks the more;—there's sum things he can see with half an i, and a many more as he guessees at;

he's always a storin his mind with fax, or persocoin' conundums, and wenever he's obligated by roomatiz to quit his perfession, why the weakly noospapers is open to him for a livvin. It's my beleef that the Edditer of *Bell's Life*—him as arnsers corryspondents—got all his nollidge by keepin a Pike.

Fokes says that if a man wants to know the time o' day, he ought to travvle: that's all gammon. In course I don't object to travvlin, becos if there warnt no travvlers, there wouldn't be no gates; but I arks any candied indeviddle, who has sitch oppertoounities as a Pikeman of observin of human nater and studdyin his fellow creturs? Show me a sharper cove than a Pikeman arter he's kept a gate for a few years nigh Lunnon. Aint his fackleties always on the stretch,—aint he always a havvin it tried on him, wot with Smashers as wants to pay with bad money, and wot with Bilks as wants to drive through without payin at all? Who, I wishes for to know, has a larger sercle of acquaintance? Why, when I kept the Gate at Hide-Park corner, afore it was pulled down to make way for stattoos and lampposts, there warnt a nob in town wich his feeters I wasn't femillier with,—from the Dook who lived oppersit to the Leg as turnd into Tattersell's evry Mundy and Thersdy regler, and wot was more, they was as femillier with mine. If I'd a had my picter painted in those days, and sent to the Ryal Acaddey, there wouldn't have been no call to rite my name under it, like it was over my door: "That's Ishmel," says one,— "There's Coppers," says another; there wouldn't have been two minds about it. Tawk of popularity, I should like to know who was poplar if I warnt?

But it's of no good thinkin of the past arter that fashun. We all has our elowations and decessins. I've seed the Dook's winders broke by chaps as hoorayed theirselves horse only a week afore, if they only caught a glimse of the immortle Hearo a cummin up Constitooshun Hill; I've seed Sir Francis pelted by the werry men as drawd his triumphin car along Pickydilly; and I've seed Lord Broom live to turn up his nose at the rode to Hammersmith, wich it was his pride in the days of Quean Carryline.

There's other gates as might inspire me with similiar idcers: the Mash at Lambeth for one, the bar at Tyburn for another,—but where's the use? If I was to cry my ies out, it wouldn't bring 'em back agin, and as cryin aint in my line, I shant try to. I haves my temper, like most Pikemen, but nobody can say they ever seed me snivvle. Bad langwidg may rile, but it don't rase the warters.

But there is sumthin in the Past besides personal wisissitudes to think on, and as I often stands a roominatin, with my pipe in my mouth and my hands in the pockits of my apern, countin the haypence wich they used to be shillins, quite mecannicle, old times and old adwenters cums back to mind in a manner that may be cauled quite wivvid. I fancies it all over agin, and if anyboddy liked to listen praps they'd hear sumthin curus. But peeple don't go to Pikes for information, it's railway stashuns wot is perferred now-a-days. It was only yesterday mornin as a feller stuk a red poster right agin my own door with "Readin for the Rail" upon it in black letters as long as my arm. "Cuss your impudence," says I; and then I begun thinkin wether I couldn't do a little in that way myself, that's to say "Down the Road," wich it mite be agreable to the public.

I've took a deal of their money for my employers, and taint too late praps to try and git a little for myself. Pen, ink, and paper is cheap enuff, wich that's the reason there's so many awthers. "So," says I, con-tinnerin of my sillykey, "I'll just rite down a few of my rockaleckshuns out of my dairy; sum of the Lunnen booksellers wich is always a crayvin arter novvlety may be glad of 'em;"—and this here's the upshot :

About five-and-twenty year ago, more or less—for I don't keep a reglar Tally, like Barren Trunk, but jogs things down in my memory accordin as they makes an impression—well about that time I kept a gate on the western side of Lunnon, wich I don't mind sayin it was at one end of Kensinton. That it was five-and-twenty year ago I have no manner of dowt, for Mr. Peer was then a dfin the Suthanton Telly-graft—a wite coach wich he hossed it hisself as fur as Bagshot, and a pretty team he went in and out of town with—there warnt no better to be seen. Mr. Peer was about the last of wot I calls the bang-up stile of coachmen—folks says "slap-up" now, wich I think it low, leastways wulgur—and when he set there on his box drest in a green cote, wite hatt, short cords and tops, a bloo hankercher round his neck and a pink in his button-hole, a handlin the ribbins as if they was cobwabs—he touched 'em so lightly—if he warnt the pieter of a coachman, a perfect bo idle, why I never seed one. He was a small-made man, but Herkels hisself couldn't have got him off that there box if he hadn't a mind to come down. Hosses mite run away now and then—it's in their nater so to do—but there was never no axidents happened with Jim Peer, his sinners was made of cast iern, he'd a i like a nawk and was as cool as the inside of a pewter pot—so that runnin away made no difference to him. "As much of this as you pleases," says Jim to his team when they made a start, "and when you've done on your accout, praps you'll be good enuff to begin on mine." And then it was he used the wipp—never on no other occasions. I've heerd him arsk a gent sumtimes "How much wippeord do I ware out in a yere, do you suppose, Sir?" "You means wipps?" the gent would reply. "Just so," says Jim, "how many wipps?" "Well," says the gent, "let me see—maybe a matter of five pound a year." "My wippmaker's bill," says Mr. Peer, giving a gentle flurrish with his rite elber at the same time—"my wippmaker's bill, from Crismas was a twelmonth to last Lady Day, was only nine and six, and that was in lashes, nuthin beside!" It would have done anybody good to see how the gents used to stare when Mr. Peer said this.

But I'm afeerd I'm a ramblin with my rummynissenses; I must keep my hosses hedds strate, or we shant git down the rode. Where was I? Oh, I reckalects—at the Kensinton Pike. Well, wot I'm goin to mention happened about the end of autumn in the year that I speaks of.

It was a cold, nor wet evening, more like March than October—the wind was so hy—and I was a settin in my little parler listenin both ways for the sound of weals—up and down—when Joe Dipple, the pot-boy of the Fortin of War public-house on the other side of the way, rite opper-site my gate, came over to arsk wot I ment to take with my supper: Joe did this reglar, for sumtimes I took one thing and sumtimes another—it mite be ale or it mite be porter or it mite be harf-and-harf, but wotever it was there was Joe.

"Joe," says I, "this has bin a bizzzy day: there was a fite this mornin

at Molesey, and one of the royal dooks is bein a berried to nite at Winsor; my hands is sore with catchin the browns, and my voice is husky with hollerin,—for wether it was the fite or the fewnnarel, most on 'em went thro my pike,—I think I'll have a pint of ale with a glass of gin in it and a teespun full of ginger."

"I'll do you good," says Joe,—he was a goodharted feller, was Joe,—
"for you must be awful tired."

"I *am* tired," says I, "and that's the fact. It aint a little as doos me up, my hands is horny and my lungs is leathery, but when you've bin a takin money and chex from afore daylite to arter dusk—on a Smiffeld day too, with cattle to count as well as fitin men to look up, and a wind like this a blowin the teeth down your throte and fillin your ies chock full of rain, it's time then to think of bein tired."

"So it is," replies Joe; "I'm tired cnuff myself sumtimes; there's days when, from the minnit I takes down my shetters till I puts 'em up agin, I never so much as know wot it is to set down to git a mouthfull of vittles—I goes backerds and forrerds, and——"

"Well, never mind that now, Joe," says I, interruptin of him, for boys will tawk, there's no stoppin of 'em when once they begins, you must swing the gate to, or you'll never be able to put in a word yourself—"never mind that now, run back, my fine feller, and bring me that ere gingered dog's-nose, you knows where to chawk it."

So Joe he toddled across, and I went into the Pike to lay out my supper; it was pig's feet, I remember, wich it's a dish I'm parshal to with winnegar and musterd, and nuthin pertickler happened till he cun back, 'cept Moody's near leader shying at my tom-cat Tivy, as he set on the bar; poor Moody—I mean him as met with his end at Branford-bridge—he double-thonged him, howsever, and got him thro the gate athout mischiff, and by that time Joe come back with the stuff.

"Mr. Coppers," says Joe, a handin of it in, "if it aint no ways disagreeable to you, I'll just do a bit of pikin wile you're a eating of your grub. I aint wanted over the way just now, for the markit gardners is all gone, and our fokes rether slack."

As Joe and I was good friends, and as I never likes to stand in nobody's way when they wishes to improve themselves, I went in and had my supper wile he minded the gate, he a tawkin to me thro the open doorway all the time, and profitin by my obseruations in reply.

My remarks mite have bin, and no dowt was, to this here effect:

"The fust thing, Joe, as a Pikeman shood lern, is how to handle his gate. Shetting of it's easy cnuff and so's openin, perwided it's dun at the rite time; but wichever way it is, never go for to do it in a hurry. You may git bad langwidge and have yer ies dammed and all that, but it oughtn't to make no impresshun, no more than if it was a petishun to Parlymint. Says you to yerself, wot's pikes made for—like a many other things in this here world—but to stop the way? How are you to know who's who, till you've had time to reconiter? But you musn't fumble nither,—keep your gate well in hand,—a little bit of a jerk doos it, and fust and foremost ile your hinges reglar. I've known many a shillin lost for the want of a little ile. There's nuthin rusties so soon as a turnpike gate, and it stands to reason it shood, bein out in all wethers. For the matter of that, it acts on the temper the same way, and if a Pikeman's

crusty it aint to be wundered at. The next thing is about money, wether it's good or bad. At your bar, Joe, you'll get some experiance, but it aint like ourn; cos why? we've to be so quick about it. Wile you're a arskin yourself if that there tizzy's all rite, the cove as tossed it to yer may be harf a mile off, and if it warn't a good un you won't see no more of him agin. You must be werry quick too at ketching, and if it's silver taint a bad plan to ketch it in yer mouth; you bites it then and knows at once wether it's spewreous or genewin. It requires a good i tho, and you shoodn't have too long a nose for this sort of work. The best ketcher in this line as ever I seed was Stunnin Tommy at Kew-bridge; but then he had adwantages; his foot slipped one day, and he fell with his face right under a wagging weal as was passin thro' his gate, and when he got up agin he'd no nose to speak on, and a mouth that cood have swollerd a bag-full of hapence. These is the leadin rools, for the grate objeck is to make the gate pay. My master—and he's a Joo and knows wot two and two makes, nobody better,—he says, says he, 'Ishmael'—I'm not a nebrëw myself tho' my name is Ishmael,—'Ishmael,' says he,—'we're tuppence short to-day,—how's that? There was a dog-kurt went thro' without payin warn't there, him as said he'd lost his tickit?' 'Well,' says I, 'Mr. Solomons, you're right, it *was* a dog-kurt wich I'll make it good.' And he takes the tuppence. I mentions this, Joe, jest to show that you must account for all you takes, more partickly if your pike is farmed to a Joo. Not that they're much worse than Cristens in this respect. I've known one or two skinflints in my time and they went to meetin, never come nigh a sinnygog. 'How do masters know,' you arsk, 'who goes thro the gate?' Why they disgysees theirselves in all manner of ways, and dodges about with tellscopes and black ledd pensles and wotches for hole days, and then they makes a haverage and knows to a penny wot the gate's wurth. It's of no use your tryin it on with a Pike-master,—a man mite as well go for to try and deseeve hisself. There's summut else too as you must bare in mind, and that's General Observation. Observation, Joe, ought to be part of a Pikeman's constitooshun. Nuthin should pass his bar nor nobody that he didn't gess the time of day consernin of. I don't mean to say that he's bound to know evryboddy's bisness; that aint to be expected—but wotever's queer that ere's his mark. A feller as has stole his hoss rides different from a swell as has pade for his'n; a weddin party is one thing, but blinds down may be another; it aint evrywun as looks sweet at each other as has come from church; you may drive a travler's gig and still have smuggled sperrits under the scat; black cotes and wite neckerchers isn't always clergymen, and tisin't evry pare of moustayshios as comes out of barrix——"

I suppose I mite have sed a deal more than this to young Dipple, as I was a refreshin of myself, but wether it was the exershins I had made, or the wind that had got into my stummick, or the trifle of gin as made the ale heddy, is more than I can say at this distance of time, but I find on lookin at my dairy—indeed I knows it from other circumstarnces, here I fell asleep and left Joe a mindin the gate all by hisself.

When I took that 'ere nap I little thawt wot a oppertoornity I was a puttin in his way: howsever, I don't grumble tho the chance mite have been mine.

I mite have slep a matter of five-and-twenty minnits, or it mite have

bin harf an hour, when I woke up agin. I'd bin dreamin of sumboddy ridin over the gate arter Dick Turpin's fashun, and that I fired a pistle at him and down he cum.

"There you are," shouts I, thinkin I was a speakin to the gate-jumper, but it was only the puter pott as had fell off the table.

"Yes," says Joe, thinkin I ment him, "here I am and have bin wile yer was a snorin off that there dog's-nose."

I arst him if anythink had happened out of the common. "Nothing much," was his arnser; "only a nurse and a nackney coatch besides the reglar males." "Wich way was the erse a goin? Up?" Joe nodded. "Jarvey, contrary?" He nodded agin.

"Wot do you do, Mr. Coppers," says Joe, a rousin hisself up from a kind of meditatin fit and lookin me strate in the face—"wot do you do when you're overpade?"

"Wot do you mean?" says I.

"Why, when fokes gives more than the toll and don't wait for no change."

"That don't offen happen, Joe, only now and then when it's Oxfud men as shics at the glim over the gate, or a swell as is in a hurry. But wot I doos with it *wen* it happens I'll tell you. I pockits the affront,—it's my perkesit wich I'm not onaccountable for it to nobody."

"Then," says Joe, "there's two and two to the good;" and he hands me over harf a bull.

"It warn't the erse as did this, Joe," says I; "they always spends *their* money in drink afore they sets out; besides, the erse had a ticket; they may lose their senses but they don't lose that."

"No," replies Joe, "it warn't the erse, 'twas the Jarvey!"

"Who giv it to you?" I arks.

"Can't say," was his arnser; "only saw a nand, they driv werry fast,—and never stopt for no ticket—they wos gone afore I could look round."

"Was it a man's and or a wommun's?"

"Oh, a man's. I seed a natt and heerd summot as sounded like a hoath."

"There mite have been a wommun there, for all that. Over pay and hoaths looks like wimmen."

"Never seed none," says Joe.

"And yet," persood I, harf thinkin to myself, "if the fare sect had been concerned, they'd hardly have had a Jarvey. When I was a boy I've heerd my father—he was in the Pike line too—I've heerd him tell how Lord Westmyland cussed and swore at him out of his poeshay when he was a runnin away with the haress, and didn't open the Hounsler gate quick enuff for his lordship. I shant repeat the identikle words wot he uttered, becos they woodn't look well on paper, but my lord damms my father up hill and down dale and says, 'You stoopid beggar, why didn't you open the gate when you herd my hosses cummin?' and then he throws him a ginney and damms him agin, and says my lord to my father, 'there's another poeshay just behind,—keep that waitin as long as you can,' and away he goes like madd. My father ernt the ginney and kep the gate shet, wich there was too gents, a elderly one and another in the second poeshay, a hollerin with all their mite about five minnits arterwards. At last he was obligated to go out, and pretty

well dammed he was that nite, wot with my lord and wot with the elderly gent, wich swore fearful and never tipped him nuthin, tho he owned a bank someway nigh by Temple Bar, the Sitty Pike, you know, Joe. He was wizzitted for it that's sum consolashun, for besides bein hinderd by my father, the elderly gent's poeshay was stopped by a waggin at Cranford-bridge, wich my lord giv another ginney to chock up the rode; free enuff of his money he was, as a nobleman ought to be as runs away with a banker's darter, wich he got cleer off and marred her. But this canrt be nuthin of that sort: praps it's a stiffun, praps it's swag; hows-ever, Joe, there's a tanner for your share, and thankey."

Joe warnt ill pleased with the job, and offered to stand treat for another pint of dog's-nose, but as I never takes more than wot's good for me, I says no to that, and bids him good nite.

Sich an ewent as a Jarvey goin thro the gate woodn't have ockepied my mind a single minnit if it hadn't bin for the tip, but that eroused my suspicions. "Them as was inside," thinks I to myself, "must have had their reasons for not stoppin to pay reglar, and them reasons wasn't meant to be put down in black and wite, and printed in a book. I shall hear tell of this sum day." And with this 'ere reflexion I lit my pipe, and arter a few wiffs forgot the subject altogether.

It mite praps have cum up of itself agin sum day or it mite not, there's no sayin, for thawts is werry arbitry, but there was them as saved it the trubble. Most people has heerd of Mister Lavender of Bo-street, tho he's bin dedd a goodish wile now. He was a remarkable man in his day, and a werry plesant gent, wich he was intimit with George the Forth and most of the stockracy and his manners was fust chop. There warnt nuthin dun at the time I'm speakin on as Mister Lavender hadn't a hand in, and whenever ennyboddy was wanted it was always him as was sent, the same as the Forresters now-a-days. Fokes may tawk of sectaries of state, but them as doos the work and keeps things strate is the Pleece; we cauld 'em officers when I was young, but they're the same sort of men still, caul 'em wot you like.

Well, about two days arter the occurrins jist menshind I was a settin in my pike with Bell's weakly on my nec, having a peroose, wich its the only paper I ever cared to read and borrowed it from the Fortin of War, wen who shood make his appearings but Mister Lavender.

I knowd him as soon as I set ies on him, for menny's the time he'd bin thro my gate in gigs and shays and wot not, and he knew me too tho we'd never had no discourse together.

"A fine mornin, Mister Coppers," says he, in a smilin sort of way.

"Werry fine, sir," says I, taking off my att, quite respectful.

"I suppose I needn't tell you my name?" he went on for to say.

"Not the least occasion, sir," I arnsers.

"Mister Coppers," he coutinners, "have you heerd anythink of a great robbery of plate wich it took place at Stratford here in Essex, hadn't the nite afore last?"

I sed I hadn't, and begd him to name the particklers.

"Well then," sed Mister Lavender settin hisself down inside my door wile I stood handy for the gate, "I'll tell 'em to you. There's a elderly gent as is werry rich wich he lives at Stratford le Bo on the oppersit side of town, you knows where it is I dare say. This here gent has a deal of

plate and other valliabies—leastways he had a cupple of days since—wich he kep in his house, besides money, not likin the banx sins the grate failers ; in short, Mister Coppers, he's rether esentrick, as fokes cums to be wen they lives a good deal by theirselves and has fancies—I don't elude to you, Mister Coppers, for you're a public man and sees wot's goin on in the world."

"And aint got much plate to speak on," says I, pinting to my chiny over the chimbley peace.

Mister Lavender larfed, and went on :

"Sir John—he's a Barrynet and bin in Indy where most of his plate and jews cum from—Sir John is a widderer and hasn't no childern, only nevvies and neeces, wich they don't live with him but is occasionally inwited, so that he mostly lives alone. He's bin accustomed all his life to have a good many servants, and so he keeps up a large establishment, and wether he dines by hisself or has cumpany, his table is always set out with silver and gold as if the king was cummin, and werry proud on it he seems to be. Next to seein this here plate on his sideboards and tables, wot he's fondest of is to see it locked up agin in his chestes, and he and his butler is always at it just as if they was partners in a silversmith's shop in the Strand. A deal of work Sir John gives that butler to keep it bright, but he pays him good wages. I must tell you, Mister Coppers, that Sir John's house stands back from the rode in a large garding with a brick wall round it, and iron rales and gates in front ever so high, and the house is dingy to look at, with narrer winders bricked round with red as if it had got sore eycs, wich it's a house that's difficult to enter, you understand. There's some werry like it here in Kensinton."

"I know," says I, a eastin my i along the rode,—“a loonattic establishment."

"Exackly," says Mister Lavender, “it looks for all the world like one, and them as wood rob it—from the outside, Mister Coppers—must have a deal of circumvention in 'em. Now then, we cums to the pint. The Barrynet's house *was* robbed, some time on Wensday evenin, atween dusk and midnite. It's werry seldom as Sir John leaves home, but there had been a great dinner at the Indy House, and he was obligated to attend. Wile he was absent the house was broke into and plate and dimonds and hard cash stole, to the toon of upperds of seven thousand pound. The butler's pantry where the chestes is kep is at the side of the house behind the dinin room and looks out on to a door in the garding wall, openin into a lane, wich it's always locked with a padlock on the inside and the key kep in the housekeeper's closet. Well, this here door was forced, and so was the shetters of the butler's pantry and so was the winder too,—leastways the glass was broke,—and there was the jimmy and the crowbar as the craxmen had left behind which showd how it had all bin dun—didn't it ?”

"I should say so, Mister Lavender."

"Should you ?" says the officer. "Jimmies and crowbars aint tooth-pix made of quill, and senterbits aint latch keys after all. You can't use 'em without makin sum little noise, and yet—it will strike you as strange, Mister Coppers—but nobody heerd no noise that evenin wile Sir John was gone out to dinner. To be sure, the butler, Mister Snapes, coodn't be expected to hear nothin as he was teein out with a friend, and only cum

home about ten minnits before Sir John, no more cooda't Peters the footman as attended his master to the Indy House and returned with him tho he didn't wate at dinner. But if sircumstarnces perwented Mister Snapes from hearing of the theeves wile they was at their work, he soon found out wot they had dun. After he'd given his master a lite he bid him good nite, but before Sir John had got to the second landing, Snapes began to holler out that the house was robbed. Down cums Sir John, as quick as if he was only five-and-twenty instead of seventy-one, wich it's his age,—down cums all the servants as slep upstares, and up cums them as slep below, and there they finds Mister Snapes a-ringin his hands and cryin out in the most dreedflest way, quite overtook with the discuvry. Evryboddy was consternated ; some was for doin this thing, some for doin that ; and Snapes and Peters proposed to Sir John that they shood sit up all nite with loded pistles.

"Sir John did not storm as was expected, tho he cood storm, and did, even if there was a speck on a silver spoon,—but when spoons and fawks and sarvers and all was gone, he never sed nuthin. 'Bar that winder,' says he to Mister Snapes, 'and then go to bed,—to bed evryboddy : to-morrow mornin, Peters, you go down to Bo-street, and give my compliments to Mister Lavender, and say I wish to see him by the time I come down to breakfast.' And so Sir John took up his candle agin, and without a word more, took hisself off, and all the rest follered, and never so much as opened their lips.

"I was punktle nex mornin in course, and soon heerd the histry of the robbery, how the theeves had broke open the garding gate, prized the pantry shetters and so on. Mr. Snapes was werry obleegin and showd me all round the premises, tellin me the way wich he supposed the robbers had got in. I heerd evrything as he sed and lookt at evrything as he pinted out to me,—and to sum things as he didn't notice in no way, and wen he had done,—a nice, sivvle spoken gentleman is Mr. Snapes—I arst to see Sir John.

"I found him at breakfast, and wen I'd took my seat, wich he politely wished it, I sed :

"'You haven't bin broke into, Sir John!'

"'The devil I haven't,' was his remark ; 'wot's becum of my plate, then?'

"'I didn't say you hadn't bin broke out, Sir John.'

"'Ah,' says he,—'how's that ? so you think——'

"'I'm pretty nigh sure on it, Sir John. Wen crowbars is used there's always fresh dents, wen winders is broke from the outside the glass tumbles in ; this here crowbar'—wich I produced it—'aint marked nowhere's, this here glass was laying on the grass under a rose bush more than four feet from the winder. There was rain last nite and the marks of weals and hosses feet in the lane is Jarvey's marks and not craxmen's spring carts. Praps you'll be kind enuff, Sir John, to let me see a pare of Mister Snapes's shoos, and Mister Peters's too,—they woodn't either of 'em cum amiss.'

"Well, Mister Coppers, the shoos was got onbeknown to the parties and I went into the garding agin, this time by myself, and tried 'em in sum footmarks as was in the mold, and they fitted like my man Friday wen he frited Robison Cruso. The marks was turned oppersat ways wich one was

walkin' backwards and the other forrard, and deep dug they was as if a hevvy wate was bein' carrid between 'em.

"'I sees it all now, Sir John,' says I, wen I goes back to the Barrynet. 'Snapes and Peters is the men, and with your permission I'll take 'em into custody.'

"A paler man than Mister Snapes, or a redderer one than Mister Peters, wen I claimed 'em as my prisners, I never saw, tho I've had a many afore the Beaks. The Darbies was handy,—I always has two or three pares in my pocket—and they was soon on—a cunweyance was precured and about an hour arterwards Mister Snapes and Mister Peters was afore Sir Richard.

"He coodn't make much out on 'em at fust, for they stuck close to their own story. Snapes sed he cood prove where he teed and Peters swore he was a waitin all the evenin at the Feathers in Leadenhall-street till his master cum out from dinner. This here aint a matter to hurry over, so I arks for a remand till I can git further evidence, and wile I'm about it the prisners is under lock and key.

"Now, Mister Coppers, I'm as sure as if I'd seen it, that this job was dun in a Jarvey. I've bin or sent to all the Pikes round Lunnon 'cept yourn, and now I'm cum to you. They didn't go Essex way, nor Kent way, nor Surrey way, nor up into Harfordshire—there's been nuthin heerd of at the reseavers in Houndsditch and them parts, and my beleef is that they cum by this gate. Did you see ever a Jarvey go thro on Wensday evenin?"

"Mister Lavender," says I, "I'm proud of the confidens as you places in my obserbation, but I'm sorry to say I didn't see no Jarvey."

Mister Lavender scrude up his mouth, and lookt at me werry hard.

"But," continners I, "there *was* a Jarvey as went thro for all that."

"How cum you not to see it then?" says he.

So then I up and told him how about the pint of dog's-nose and the wind and the site and the royal fewneral,—he'd bin at both hisself that same day and nite,—and how I was tired and went to sleep for half an hour wile Joe Dipple watched the gate, and wot happened wile he was there.

"Well," says he, wen I'd done, "then Dipple's the one as can tell. It will be worth his wile to speak out, for Sir John offers a hevvy reward. I was in hopes you'd have had it, Mister Coppers, for you're a honest man."

"Thanky all the same," says I, "but it aint my luck."

So Joe Dipple was sent for, and he repeated word for word wot I've rit down as well as I cood.

"Now," says Mister Lavender, "there's only one thing more about it. You saw the man's hand as threw you the harfercrown, and you saw his att,—did you see his face?"

"No," says Joe, "it was too dark."

"You coodn't sware to him if you saw him agin?"

"I coodn't."

"Did you see nuthin else? Didn't you notice the number of the coatch on the pannel?"

"Yes, I saw that."

"I thawt we shood have him there," says Mister Lavender, a rubbin of his hands,—“wot was it?”

"I don't know," says Joe.

"Not know!—you mean to say you've forgot. Cum, try back, there's a hunderd offered. It's worth rememberin."

"I can't read figgers," says Joe, and the tears cum into his ies.

"Well, don't cry, man," says the officer,—“praps you can reckaleck wot the figgers was like?”

Joe's face britend up.

"Two pipes of backey and two pots of porter," he gasps out.

"Wot do you mean by that?" arks Mister Lavender.

Joe takes a peace of chawk out of the pockit of his jackit and goes to my toll-board and scores up the two pipes and two pots.

"211—Two—one—one," cries Mister Lavender,—“that's two hunderd and eloven. Sure of that?”

"Sure on it."

"I have him then," says the officer.

And so he had. Two hunderd and eleven was soon found, and under the cuff of his grate cote, wich he'd forgot he put it there, was found the Stratford Pike tickit for the nite of the robbery.

Jarvey turned King's evidence and confest how he'd been had in down the lane from the other side of the Stratford gate,—how Snapes and Peters carried out the chest, how they driv to a house in Kensinton-square where they left the swag, and how they got back by Tyburn time enuff to drop Peters in Leadenhall-street and git Snapes home afore his master.

The rest of the story's soon told: the two was transported, Sir John got back his plate and jewels, and Joe Dipple was pade the hunderd pound. He offerd harf of it to me as he sed we'd shared the harf crown,—but “no, Joe,” says I,—“this 'ere money will set you up in a good bisness; if I was to take it I shood only lock it up, for I aint got no caul for anything but pikin' and cappitle aint wanted for that. Take a public, and wen you're inside your own bar I'll come and take a pint of dogs-nose now and then.”

He follerd my advice, and manny's the time we've tawked over this 'ere adwenter of the Jarvey as I've distracted from my Dairy.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW days after the events related in the foregoing chapter, I received a packet from my guardian (with whom, by-the-way, I had patched up a pacification on the occasion of my promotion), which, besides a letter from himself, a very repertory of trite truisms and good advice, contained two other enclosures, for which I was far more obliged to him. One of them was a note of hand for a good round sum, the other a pretentious-looking epistle, directed "An Seine Hochgeboren den Herrn Grafen von Lieginditsch;" and I could hardly believe in the reality of my good fortune, when, in his letter to myself, I read concerning this same epistle: "As you must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of my old friend, Count Lieginditsch, I inclose you a letter of recommendation to him. If he is the same man that he was, he will receive you kindly; and there you will have an opportunity of mixing in a little better society than can be found among your comrades."

Though I looked upon this as a perfect godsend, and calculated upon its removing all difficulties in the way of a further prosecution of my acquaintance with the fascinating Fräulein, yet I would not on any account have wished it to arrive before, as I should then have lost half the mysterious secret, which seemed to constitute a kind of masonic sign between the Fräulein and myself. It would have anticipated and prevented the scene at the bath, with all its attendant consequences, when the Fräulein, by her flattering conduct, had applied such a soothing cataplasm to my wounded vanity.

At the earliest opportunity after receiving this, I rode over to the Schloss to make a call and deliver my credentials, but was grievously disappointed to find that the whole family were out, and not expected to return till the next day, so that I was forced to depart without the interview which I had so fondly anticipated. Soon after my return to the heath, the bugles sounded for parade, and we all set to work to make a breach in the devoted bastion.

On that day, for the first time, I fired off a heavy breaching-gun, fully charged, which is the most hazardous crisis that a neophyte has to undergo. However correctly he may go through all his exercises, however well-versed he may be in the theoretical part of his profession, or however skilful he may be in managing such popguns as the six-pounders in common use, he has not, by any means, been fully tested and approved till he has stood behind a heavy breaching-gun and fired it off without flinching. That is the true touchstone of his constitution. Some are so entirely paralysed by the deafening fulmination, that, dropping the wiping-sponge, or anything else they may chance to have in their hands, they stand stock-still, as if transfixed to the earth, rolling their eyes and gasping, as if a bucket of cold water had suddenly been thrown upon them, or else they start away and caper about as if distracted. Others are so mortally terrified with the bare anticipation of the report, that at

the word "Gunner, fire!" instead of applying the fusee to the touchhole, they thrust their fingers in their ears, and beat a most precipitate retreat. Many are never able, or pretend that they are not able, to overcome these nervous tremors, and are consequently obliged to be transferred to the cavalry or infantry.

When the time for firing our piece arrived, my comrades, who were not ambitious of exposing their tympana to unnecessary trials, evacuated the trench, and left me alone to enjoy my *tête-à-tête* with "the Screamer." At the word "Fire!" given by the colonel himself, who happened to be standing near, I very gingerly applied the lighted lunt, or match, to the fusee which is inserted in the touchhole, and then respectfully retired a few paces to the rear, anxiously awaiting the result. But to our infinite surprise the piece maintained a most obstinate silence. The fusee fizzed away in proper style, and soon produced a little spirt, which proved that some of the powder at any rate had been ignited, but still the silence was unbroken. This awful suspense lasted for about half a minute. I grew hot, and so did the colonel; but mine was physical, and his, unfortunately for me, was moral heat. At last he came a step or two nearer, and seeing me, perchance, look a little confused and perplexed at this novel predicament, he exclaimed, in an angry bantering tone,

"Oho! you are frightened, are you? Do not be so pale, it won't bite you. To the devil with your clumsiness. Fire again."

By this command I was constrained, though at the risk of having my nervous system shattered by an unexpected explosion, to approach the monster, which I did much in the same manner as an adventuresome mouse might reconnoitre her feline foe while napping. On examination, I discovered that the fusee had burnt away without exploding the charge; so that after Von Teschchenschech had invoked a few "Donnerwetter" on the head of the upper artilleryman for its bad manufacture, I proceeded to remedy the failure by inserting another. This was speedily done, and after lighting it, I repeated my flank movement. Another horrible pause ensued, and with no better result than before. With a thundering execration the colonel anathematised us all for a set of blundering boobies, and ordered us to unload. This we did with some misgivings as to what might be the next phase in this eventful drama; but when the charge had been withdrawn, the strange mystery was solved.

On probing the gun with my wiping-rod, I discovered that some soft substance had got snugly imbedded in the breech, thereby stopping up the touchhole. This of itself was an oversight flagrant enough to bring down an extra watch upon our heads; but who can imagine my surprise and horror, when, on dragging forth the obstruction to the light of day, I recognised my own stable-jacket, a garment which I had long given up for lost, but which I now remembered to have thrust into the cannon's mouth, to lighten my knapsack, when on the march for Wilhelmstadt. My anticipations on seeing this emerge were of a most sombre complexion,—again I had got into the devil's kitchen,* and this time I could not hope to escape without suffer-

* In des Teufel's Küche Kommen—to get into the devil's kitchen—is a proverbial expression for getting into a great scrape.

ing more of its *peine forte et dure* than had fallen to my lot before. Its appearance of course elicited a raging torrent of true Teschchenscheckian vituperative eloquence, of which I have already given two or three samples, and so will not bore myself or readers with another. Suffice it to say, that "Knave!" "Rapsallion!" "Millionenhund!" were among the mildest specimens of its nomenclature, and that it was plentifully interspersed with that dissyllabic interjection which our chief generally scattered about among his apostrophes with a lavish hand, and which, if tradition err not, was also the favourite ejaculation of the Host of Pandemonium himself.

What would have been my fate had this been an ordinary occasion, I cannot undertake to predicate—no doubt something beyond my past experience of military severity; but, very unfortunately, time was precious, and Dose, not unmindful that he too might come in for a share of the storm, if it burst in his neighbourhood, was bold enough to suggest to the colonel that the enemy were now enjoying a respite, and that it might be advisable to repair the delay already occasioned by a speedy resumption of our fire.

Luckily for both of us, this advice was taken in good part, and immediately followed out, so that my ultimate destiny remained for a while in the clouds; and during the day's work a happy opportunity was afforded me for mitigating the virulence of our commander's choler.

Whilst galloping our field-piece over the heath at full speed, one of the side-supports of its carriage gave way, and placed us *hors-de-combat* at a most critical moment in the operations. Prompted by the exigency or the moment, I suggested, that as we were in an enemy's country, there could be no great harm in appropriating a neighbouring finger-post as a succedaneum for our fractured beam. This was no sooner proposed than unanimously agreed to. The post was hauled up from its root instantaneously, and speedily spliced beneath the gun, with one of its arms, marked "Wilhelmstadt," pointing helplessly towards the sky, as if invoking the vengeance of its tutelary Trivia upon our sacrilegious heads. This was a *manœuvre de force* exactly to the taste of our somewhat mischievous colonel; and when we next came under his eye, after inquiring who was the originator of the happy idea, he was most graciously pleased to commend me for it, and in consideration of such distinguished services, absolved me from my former fault with no worse punishment than an extra watch.

Shortly after this slight *contretemps* we held a grand field-day, at which the garrison of Wilhelmstadt, consisting of a regiment of Uhlans and two of infantry, under the command of a General Buggie-man, assisted. The entire force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, was divided into two equal parts, which were to manœuvre against each other; and to avoid confusion, one side wore schakos and helmets, and the other only foraging-caps.

The scene around the heath, before the time for action had arrived, was in the highest degree entertaining and picturesque. The dusty plain was profusely besprinkled with sleek and shining steeds by the side of unwieldy twenty-fours or galloping six-pounders, while the nodding plumes and butterfly-pennons of dashing lancers, all befrogged and gilded, towered conspicuously above the general level, and the glittering bayonets of the

infantry, collected in dense and frequent knots, arrested the eye by their brilliant flashing. Here a couple of cannoneers were sitting astride upon a cannon, discussing a breakfast which was laid out between them upon the gun, while their horses, fastened to the wheels on either side, were snuffing up the morning air through dilated nostrils; and there lay a knot of foot-soldiers grouped around a drum, on which a sutler served up their simple breakfast of bread, sausages, and schnapps. Jokes and laughter echoed through the crowd, whilst imperturbable orderlies and pompous aides-de-camp flitted over the field, enveloped in all the proud panoply of official importance.

But this temporary pause was not of long duration. We were soon aroused from our *dolce far niente* by the notes of the bugle, ordering us "to horse." In a moment the scene was changed, and we were all as busy as bees in the earliest shower of vernal sunlight. After a few moments of chaotic confusion, order emerged triumphant, and we were arranged across the heath in dense and glittering lines. Our battery was drawn up in battle array by De Foe, a short distance in the rear of the "Merry Sutler," where our colonel had fixed his head-quarters, and where, in honour of the occasion, he now sat moistening his larynx with some of Frau Kaiserinn's famous punch. After giving us ample time to complete our preparations, he issued forth, brimful of satisfaction at the prospect of a good day's evolutions. But the complacent griu with which this feeling had overspread his physiognomy, was changed into an ominous scowl as soon as he caught sight of our battery where De Foe had stationed it. He strode towards us with minatory looks, and as soon as he came within speaking distance, entered, to the great entertainment of the battery, into a sharp logomachy with our commander. It was, however, all offensive on the one side, and all defensive on the other; for the captain, though such a Hector to all his unfortunate subordinates, stood abundantly in awe of the powers that be, and would as soon have thought of speaking civilly to an inferior as of returning the hard words of any one above him. The colonel now accused him of acting contrary to his orders, which he declared had been expressly to the effect that one-half of his battery should go over to the enemy. This assertion, however, was controverted, though with all due submission, by the captain, and ultimately disproved by the production of the colonel's original order of the day. Thus foiled, he was forced to confess that this time he had been mistaken, but soon rectified his error by despatching a moiety of us to report ourselves at the head-quarters of General Buggieman.

Away we galloped, under the command of Lieutenant Diggendorf, leaving all such bad elements as the De Foes and Hönigthauchts behind us. We soon reached the enemy's videttes, who, thinking they were surprised, began to salute us with a sharp rattle of musketry, but being undeceived on this head, directed us where to look for the general and his staff. We soon came within sight of these; but seeing us debouch from an opening in the wood close upon their flank, and imagining from our caps that we were a party of the enemy, they immediately clapped spurs to their chargers' flanks, and fled like a flock of frightened sheep; nor did they draw bridle, or even look behind them, till safely sheltered within their own lines. Thither, therefore, we had to follow them, highly amused at the consternation we had caused.

After we had announced our mission, and enjoyed the somewhat sheepish expression with which it was received, the general informed us, that as he had given up expecting our battery, and had made his arrangements accordingly, he should have to disperse us through his force, in divisions of a single gun apiece. This dislocation of our battery, though by no means agreeable to Lieutenant Diggendorf, was highly so to Mr. Sergeant Dose. To be placed in a position of so much responsibility, and to act so independently, seemed to him extraordinarily "poetical;" and he had never given the word "march" with such a (mock) heroic air, or sat so proudly in his saddle, as when the general ordered him to conduct his gun to act in concert with a couple of squadrons which were posted on a little knoll hard by. These squadrons were commanded by an old major with a ferocious beard and a dirty nankeen-coloured physiognomy, whom, on our approach, we found squatting by his horse's side, and snoking away out of a stumpy meerschaum.

When Dose dismounted, and announced his errand, with all the comical gravity of his newly-fledged authority, this officer eyed him for a moment with a half-careless, half-critical air, and then, after taking a long and deliberate suck at his pipe, and slowly puffing away the smoke in an elegant spiral out of each corner of his mouth, he vouchsafed a reply, to the effect that he had no need of our services, and that there must be some mistake in the matter, ending with a recommendation to apply to two other squadrons of Uhlans, whose position he pointed out. Mr. Sergeant Dose was thoroughly amazed—to give it no harsher term—at the slight thus thrown upon his valuable services; and mounting his horse in high dudgeon, he immediately trotted off to the Uhlans. But, alas! the commander here was as little capable of appreciating our importance as the major himself; and, to make the matter worse, a brace of juvenile cadets, to whom Dose might very well have applied old Fritz's favourite saw, "Tarry at Jericho till your beards be grown," began to laugh at his strange figure, and imitate his eccentric movements. And, in truth, the effect which Dose's novel appearance produced upon their excitable imaginations, was not to be wondered at, for his whole conformation was certainly after a most grotesque pattern, and never showed itself off so entirely as when going through the ceremony of saluting an officer. And as for his locomotion, it was a thing *sui generis*, or, at any rate, only to be compared with that of the terrible spectres whom Goethe has described so graphically in his thrilling extravaganza, "The Dance of Death," who, in their spritely roundels,

Crooked their thigh-bones, and shook their long shanks,
Full wild was their reeling and limber;
And each bone as it crosses, it clicks and it clanks,
Like the clapping of timber on timber.

Dose had been sufficiently disturbed by the pococurante way in which the major had dismissed him, but now that this second and double cause of anger was superadded to the first, his agitation became extreme, and he was no sooner out of earshot, than he began to rail against the "impudent youngsters," with all the store of hard words at his command; and, to give him his due, it was no scanty one; for, when thoroughly aroused, he was almost as great a proficient in the art of vituperation as Von Teschenschetch, or honest old Luther himself. But in the midst

of his thundering philippic, and whilst moving along without any definite project in his head, his eye suddenly caught sight of a small cottage, half embowered in the wood, with a large signboard over the door, on which was inscribed, in Titanic letters, "Beer and Brandy." These three words acted as an admirable emollient to Dose's bruised and lacerated feelings. The soothing and sentimental quietude of the spot spoke irresistibly to his heart, after the various troubles it had so lately undergone. He instantly commanded us to halt, and after holding a short council of war with myself and a confidential caunoneer, he determined, as I had done once before upon a somewhat similar occasion, that, in the present abnormal state of matters, there could be no great harm in tarrying for a while beneath this friendly roof.

This was a widely different line of action from what one would have been led to expect by hearing his glowing anticipations, when first invested with the dignity of a separate command, and the highflying terms in which he had expatiated on the wonders which a single gun could perform when ably led. But he seemed to have taken "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus" for his motto; and as it was pretty clear that he was not to be the Cæsar, he was determined to settle down thoroughly, and at once, into the nullus. No long time elapsed after the adoption of the aforesaid resolution, ere we were all seated round a foaming flagon of the best barley-wine that the house afforded; Dose's tongue, meanwhile, keeping up its incessant wag, and we underlings listening with the utmost reverence, seeing we had nothing else to do, to his incomprehensible *amagibus*.

For the first few minutes, his equanimity did not recover from the rude shocks it had so recently received, but after the tempest had muttered forth a few departing growls, his usual serenity returned; and then, subsiding into the "poetic" vein, he began to maximise in his verbose and tautological way, but so darkly withal, that all the commentators of Shakspeare or Schiller might have exercised their critical acumen and ingenuity upon his extraordinary dicta without extracting the shadow of a meaning. Apollo thundering down the Loxian steep was never superior to him, either in the certainty of his matter or the obscurity of his style.

After spending a considerable time in our luxurious *restaurant*, we began to feel some anxiety about the direction in which the manœuvres might tend to throw our combating comrades. If they should happen to bear down upon us, and we were to be surprised by Von Teschchenscheeff, very disagreeable results might follow; especially if that awful personage happened to have had his temper ruffled by some unpleasant occurrence. To avert such a deplorable calamity, Dose took the precaution of perching a sentry up on the roof of our little fortress, taking care to relieve him from time to time, and thus keeping us well informed of all that was going on without. To our great discomfort, the troops did take the very direction we had so much dreaded, and our sentry soon announced that a massy column of infantry, and several glittering lines of cavalry, were hovering about within half a mile of our corner of the wood. Dose, like a prudent general, immediately began to make preparations for a retreat, by ordering the horses to be harnessed, and driving the gun into a little unfrequented lane to the rear of the house, at the same time bolting and

barring the front door, that the enemy might not penetrate into our fastness by the gorge.

Having thus taken every precaution against a surprise, I and he climbed up to our observatory, and crouching behind a chimney, to conceal our persons, took a bird's-eye view of the field of action. We found that the cavalry in our neighbourhood had been trying to outflank their opponents, and that the act of deploying for that purpose had necessarily brought them into close proximity to our domicile. To make the matter worse, their lines were roofed with schakos, and though we had that morning been attached to them, yet Sergeant Feodor's great heart beat warmly for those to whom, in consequence of our head-gear, we properly belonged, and he still regarded as enemies those among whom he had met with such outrageous insults.

Just as we were beginning to think it was time to decamp from our elevated and somewhat inconvenient eyrie, our attention was arrested by a flourish of bugles, succeeded by iterated commands of "Halt! halt! halt!" reverberating rapidly along the lines. This at once put a dead lock upon the activity of the troops, and fixed them in *statu quo*, till the second act of the play should commence; the officers immediately fell out of the lines, and either collected in little conversational groups, or paced their horses slowly up and down. Among those who were nearest to us, we recognised the two sucking lieutenants, who had shortly before behaved so irreverently to my veteran but spindle-shanked commander. These two, in company with a young hussar, were amusing themselves by leaping their horses over some small ditches that lay in their way, and, in so doing, one of them chanced to double a corner of the wood that had hitherto concealed our castle from their sight, upon which he immediately exclaimed to his fellows: "Hallo, comrades, here's a glorious event! I have discovered a schenke. Mir nach!* Let us examine its capabilities."

This appeal was instantly responded to, and they all three cantered towards us. No sooner were their horses' heads turned in our direction, than a stupendous thought seemed to arise in my companion's breast. He agitated the tip of his flexible nose, and spurred his own calves with most merciless vigour, as was his custom when labouring under an idea, and then cracking all his fingers in succession, and muttering, "I have them," he descended from the roof in as easy and careless a manner as if merely dismounting from old Crocus's back.

Having arrived safely on his mother earth, he called to a little lad of the house, and sent him to the front to unlock the door, at the same time promising him a trinkgeld if he held the officers' horses for them. The youngster immediately proceeded to obey this injunction, and offered his services so importunately to the officers, who, at first, seemed inclined to keep their seats, and persisted so pertinaciously in impressing upon them that there was only an old woman in the house, who could not bring out the glasses, that they suffered themselves to be overpersuaded, and surrendered their chargers into the urchin's hands. Dose's eyes twinkled with satisfaction at the successful issue of his diplomacy; and rubbing his hands in high glee, he ordered me to repair to the gun, and

* Follow me.

hold it in readiness to gallop off at a moment's warning, whilst he himself crept cautiously into the house, when he succeeded in locking both the doors and abstracting the keys. He then peeped round the corner, and beckoned to the urchin, who came with the utmost alacrity to receive his trunkgeld; but as soon as the kreutzers had changed pockets, their sentiments seemed no longer to accord. Dose apparently made some demand, to which the lad demurred. A sharp altercation followed, but was speedily brought to a close, by the lad's receiving a hearty lug of the ear, a kick upon the crupper, and such a thundering thwack upon his sconce, as must have set half a dozen tintinnabula going tinkle, tinkle, in his cerebellum.

This was a species of logic which acted far more persuasively than all the rhetorical arguments in the world, and with a very thunderstricken look the youngster immediately led his horses towards our gun, Dose following in his rear, and propelling him by threats of the most terrible rib-roasting if he dared to raise an outcry, or make a disturbance of any kind. Of course we received the victor and his spoil with a hearty jubilation; and, after relieving the gaping urchin of his animals, we mounted in a trice and spurred away, leaving him to settle the matter with their riders as best he might. It appeared, however, that he could not muster courage enough to face the storm that would inevitably burst upon his head if he showed himself before the officers minus their chargers, for after scratching his shaggy poll for a moment, the young sinner gave vent to his astonishment in a hearty Westphalian curse, and then scampered away into the forest with as much speed as his locomotives would allow.

After proceeding a short distance down the lane we slackened our pace, and Dose unfolded to us the design which he had concocted, and by the execution of which he expected to win unfading laurels; the only drawback to his felicity being that we were not engaged upon actual service, as then he could not fail to obtain a decoration at the very least. I may as well remark, by the way, that next to his longings for literary fame, Sergeant Feodor's highest aspirations were for a decoration. Often, during a confidential *tête-à-tête* with myself, he would pin a paper cross to his breast, and exclaim in his sublimest style, "Ah, Gott! such an order! Would not every one ask, 'Pray, who is that interesting and tolerably tall man there, with the brilliant star upon his breast?' 'That—oh, that is Sergeant Dose.' 'Ah! indeed—the celebrated Dose!'"

But to return to our subject. The notable design which our gallant sergeant had succeeded in extricating from the general imbroglio in his brain, was this:—We were to lie in ambush near that point where our lane opened upon the heath, and watching an opportunity, to rush out upon the unguarded flank of the enemy, who could not fail to be put to immediate flight by such an unexpected eruption. After this bold hourrah, which he considered would have done honour to old Marshal Vorwarts himself, as his previous manœuvres might have redounded to the credit of Gneisenau, we were to gallop up to Von Teschenschuech and surrender into his hands, as trophies of our prowess, the captured horses, together with the keys of the Schenke, where these riders were safely entrapped. This time fortune did smile upon our hero, and crowned his efforts with the happiest success.

Our onset upon the schakos happened most opportunely. They were just preparing to charge down upon our guns, when their attention was arrested by a couple of shots coming in quick succession from the wood; close upon their flank; and their astonishment was immediately afterwards completed, by seeing several horsemen debouching from the wood in single file, and dashing resolutely towards them. They did not stay to count our numbers, but naturally concluding that they had fallen into some well-concealed ambush, they were compelled to acknowledge, by an instant retreat, that they had been outgeneraled, and consequently, wheeling aside, they gave us the opportunity of dashing past them and rejoining our applauding comrades. We were no sooner within their ranks than Dose made straight for Von Teschchenschech, who also advanced towards us, to ascertain the cause of our unexpected appearance. Our gun was soon surrounded by a group of inquisitive officers. By the manner in which they scrutinised our captured steeds, and from the tone of their remarks, I began to entertain apprehensions as to the final result of our sergeant's exploit. "Hollo! why that is young Gulpstutter's mare:" and, "By the holy coat, that bay belongs to my cousin in the Uhlans. What the devil has this thief got to do with it?"

Such were some of the ominous exclamations that caught my ear at first; but when Dose had made his official report, which he did with a conciseness that was really wonderful for him, the choler of these touchy juniors was immensely aggravated by his presumption, and they would fain have persuaded the colonel that his conduct was irregular and highly reprehensible, in venturing to take such liberties with his superior officers. But here they were reckoning without their host. Von Teschchenschech was, fortunately, in a capital humour; and he never neglected an opportunity of taking down those arrogant younglings, who gave themselves aristocratic airs, which were so utterly repugnant to his blunt and homely style. He received Dose's recital with loud guffaws, and many interjections of delight; and when their High-mightinesses, the subalterns, began to express an opinion about the necessity of an arrest and court-martial, he immediately rejoined, with a most provoking grin, "Oho! Mr. Ensigns, that is your opinion, is it? Well now, I think differently. Sergeant Dose, I consider that you have acted both wisely and well—I shall take care to bear your conduct in mind. To capture these officers, and to make a regiment of cavalry retreat before your small force, are certainly great and important services, which reflect the highest credit upon yourself and your men. The officers may remain where they are till the action is over, and they will then be permitted to ransom themselves and their chargers out of your hands."

This eulogium, which, considering whom it came from, might be styled magnificent, of course sent our excitable sergeant into a state of poetical exhilaration that was quite alarming; while the Messrs. Ensigns, abashed at their rebuff, endeavoured to assume an air of the most contemptuous nonchalance for all that might come from such a "low-bred" fellow as Von Teschchenschech, but gradually sidled away, no doubt wishing that "old fool of a colonel" in a warmer situation than any that could be found in his Prussian Majesty's dominions.

ON THE UNKNOWN SHIPS (SUPPOSED TO BE SIR J. FRANK-
LIN'S) SEEN DRIFTING ON AN ICEBERG, APRIL, 1851.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

ON the far horizon the ice-fleet rides,
And each lance-like peak is bright
With the rainbow's hue, as the morning glides
O'er the drifts of glittering white.

From the frozen waves of the Arctic Seas,
From the solitudes of snow,
With the blasting strength of the north-east breeze,
On the stately icebergs go.

They were rent away by the wild spring-tide,
And the current's gathering might,
From the hoary mountain's cracking side,
In the howling clear March night.

No sound is heard but the sea-bird's wail,
And the fall of the melting snow,
And the whistling rush of the coming gale,
And the billows' splash below.

But darkly rises a towering mast
O'er the iceberg's spectral pride ;
Those gallant ships, they are anchor'd fast
In that tideless harbour's side.

No living soul treads the wind-bleached decks,
And no midnight watch they keep ;
No pilot stands at the helm—like wrecks
They are drifting down the deep.

By their captors dumb they are borne along ;
But their bonds melt day by day ;
For the wind blows warm, and the sun shines strong,
On the frost-bound wanderer's way.

To the glowing seas of the south they pass,
To some wild and savage strand ;
But where are the souls that they bore, alas !
When they left their native land.

Oh ! ask the stars, and the winds, and waves—
For that secret dread they keep—
And the sparkling deeps of the lone ice-caves,
Where the snows of ages sleep.

THE FETE OF THE EAGLES.

A SMART Parisian once indited a history of his "Voyage par mer à St. Cloud et retour par terre," but what were the perils run and the experiences obtained as compared with an "Excursionist's" journey to Paris and back? He finds to his infinite dismay that the motions of a tidal steamer are quite different to those of the excursion train. No sooner out of the harbour, constructed of immense-sized *lapides populi*, whence the name of the place, according to a classical author, than he sees red faces growing pale, and pale faces turning green and yellow.

Observations of any kind, are indeed only heard at intervals like signals of distress. One tells of a bank off Cape Grinez, where the sea is always much worse; another asserts that ever since the electric telegraph has been laid down, the sea has been liable to sudden upliftings, like the eruptions of Geyser. So anxious is the excursionist for terra firma, that, arrived alongside the quay of Boulogne, he would fain pull himself up by the pointed beard of a custom-house official. Nor are his trials even then over, for all the Boulonnais, young and old, are assembled and roped off, to grin at his discomfiture.

There was an hour for dinner, and the excursionists divided their favours between the numerous hotels and the refreshment-rooms at the station. The more timid repaired to the latter. A party of four stopped at the Hotel Folkestone. One of joyous, hilarious temperament, was an embryo M.P., a candidate for a borough as yet unenfranchised; the second, named Fitzjones, came from Acton, was a connoisseur and dilettante, and if Coleridge is right in saying that it is the peculiarity of genius to retain boyish feelings through life—was also a great genius; a third was a military man, with whose constitution French brandy appeared to agree much better than French wines; the fourth and last was an unsledged scribbler, of whom the less said the better.

The train should have arrived at Paris at 10.40 P.M., but some of the excursionists, or their jokes, were so heavy, that it was half-past eleven before the old enclos de St. Lazare, whereupon the *station du Nord* has arisen in modern times, was gained; nor was this precisely the end of a long day's journey. Carpet bags were passed without examination, and a citadine soon procured, and off the excursionists went to the Hôtel de Tours, Place de la Bourse. The Hôtel de Tours was full to overflowing, some being on the roof.

"Never mind," said the man of the pen, who plumed himself upon his intimacy with the capital of the civilised world, "*À l'Hôtel de Lyons, cocher!*"

The Hôtel de Lyons was reached in a few minutes. Knock! knock! door opens with a spring. Walk to the Concierge. No beds.

"Where is M. Merimée?"

"M. Merimée does not live here."

"Ah, it's a mistake."

There is hope yet. It is the Grand Hôtel de Lyons; away, then, to another street with a long name—Rue des Filles St. Thomas. M. Merimée est desolé. There are no beds; in proof of which, he points significantly to his own shake-down beneath the Porte Cochère. Well, there is the Hôtel d'Angleterre, almost next door. The same thing over again. The matter began to assume a serious aspect.

The Bourse was passed, before and behind, one side and another, in

search of an hotel, till the front and rear became confused, and all correct sense of locality lost. Strange thoughts of sleeping in the citadine began to creep upon the excursionist minds. At this conjuncture, a man stopped the carriage to inquire how much would be given for beds. The M.P.-to-be had read somewhere of a man let down, bed and all, to be robbed, and the stranger applicant was dismissed with an unanimous shudder. At length a report was spread, about two o'clock in the morning, that there were beds at No. 300, and something odd, Rue St. Honoré. Once again too late; but there was under the Porte Cochère a young lady with an unusual display of white roses, who had two beds to dispose of. It was only a few doors off. Thither accordingly they hastened; but here, again, another Englishman had arrived just two minutes before, and taken one of the beds for himself and wife. Only one remained, and it was given up to Fitzjones, as having shown the first symptoms of despair. There was still a chance, it was said, in the Rue Monthabor. There, as in the Rue St. Honoré, an *hôtel garni* had been taken on speculation, and the *entrepreneur* appeared on the threshold of the door in *propriâ personâ*, red beard and moustache included, to dictate terms. Forty francs for a bed for eight days. The law, the house not being an hotel, did not permit him to let it for less time. The circumstances of the case, and not his conscience, he insisted, did not permit him to take less money. He would allow us half an hour to decide. This was at a quarter past two, A.M. ! Well, the beds might as well be seen. The M.P. *in posse* was ushered to a shake-down in a picture-gallery, imperfectly secreted from curious eyes by an apron stretched between the wall and a screen. The author's bed was appropriately enough in the attic, with a skylight, which was the rendezvous of all the cats of the neighbourhood.

The sun broke in unwonted splendour upon the morning of that spectacle which had been trumpeted far and wide as a revival of the glorious *fêtes* that have given to the Champ de Mars an historical renown. On the same field, Napoleon le Grand distributed the eagles that waved the year after over Austerlitz. Where will the eagles distributed by Louis Napoleon wave a year hence? Over the prostrate freedom of a people? Over a yoke imposed by brute force upon some less powerful nation? Over the bier of a prince-president? The distribution of eagles has not been always ominous of success. The Champ de Mai, presided over by the emperor, by a cardinal, two archbishops, and a crowd of prelates, and attended by electors, army, and national guard, was a failure—a *pièce manquée*. All France deems the *Fête des Aigles* of 1852 to be the same. How soon also was the restoration of the eagles followed by a sanguinary and a decisive battle?

The very *fêtes*, apart from distributions of eagles, of the Champ de Mars, in a city so inconstant and so turbulent as Paris has been from remotest times, have been either frivolous or licentious, or ominous of disaster. One year after Louis XVI. met there the delegates of France, the assembly, and the national guard, and with them took the oath of the constitution, which was sanctified by mass said by the young prelate of Autun, Talleyrand de Périgord, two hostile bands met in the same field, blood was shed, and the red flag was dragged through the dust and mire.

On the 22nd of May, 1848, crowds assembled in the Champ de Mars to celebrate "the Feast of Concord." They rent the very heavens with shouts of "Vive la République!" "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!" They

also pledged each other to "eternal concord and love," and one short month after the streets of Paris ran with blood during three days!

Many other examples might be given. On the 15th of April, 1792, the pagan Goddess of Liberty was *fêted* on a car of immense size. On the 1st of January, 1793, it was the abolition of slavery; on the 10th of August, of the same year, the promulgation of the constitution of '93. On the 2nd of December, the "Feast of Victories." On the 21st of January, 1794, the oath of hatred to royalty was *fêted*. On the 9th of June, the *fête* in honour of the Supreme Being began at the Tuileries, terminated at the Camp de Mars. On the 21st of January, 1796, the anniversary of the death of the king was *fêted*, and again the public functionaries swore hatred to royalty.

It makes one shudder to write of the things—incongruous, discordant, and infamous—that have been *fêted* in turn on the Champ de Mars. Oaths of concord by the side of oaths of hatred; a *fête de la jeunesse*, to commemorate all the youths of sixteen being called upon to bear arms, by the side of abolition of slavery; a patriotic king by the side of a death-dealing warrior; the sovereignty of the people by the side of a murdered monarch; the Goddess of Liberty by the side of the Supreme Being! And where are now the kings, the conquerors, the founders of the last new Republic, the National Assembly, the constitutions, and the oaths? Well might the gamins of Paris sing in chorus, after the fireworks of the 14th of May, 1852, "*Buvons, buvons à la Santé des Fêtes!*"

The last of the *fêtes*—the "Fête of the Eagles"—opened with a strangely lugubrious omen. A favourite sailor was employed at dawn to hoist up the eagle which was to replace for the future the tri-colored flag at the Elysée. In doing so, he unfortunately fell and was killed. Two days afterwards, a ridiculous story was invented and promulgated, that the sailor had gone mad and perished by an act of insanity. The same day a colonel of cavalry was overbalanced by his eagle and tumbled eagle and self to the ground. The omen in this case, not having been followed by any personal injury, was the theme of much merriment.

On the way to the Champ de Mars, an Englishman addressed a stranger in the crowd that surrounded the prince, to make inquiries as to some of the personages in the staff, when the very manifest trouble of the person in question so aroused the Englishman's suspicions, that he gave information which led to his apprehension. It was passed over next day as the freak of a young provincial gentleman. As the prince approached the Ecole Militaire, two men in blouses were arrested in making desperate attempts to get near his person. Nothing more was heard of the circumstance, even whether they were armed or not. When the troops marched past the prince, a young lady, by getting between two companies, was enabled to approach the person of the president and deliver a petition. Nothing was also heard of this; probably for a father, husband, or brother's relief from durance vile. But either some officer or a whole company must have seconded that petition, or their gallantry went to a very unwonted extent. Will the banished of Cayenne or Algiers, and the manacled of all the forts of France, be some day or other less assiduous in endeavouring to get near the person of the Prince-President?

At a very early hour, the master of the *hôtel garni* introduced us to a neighbouring *café*, apologising for its *chef* being *en petite tenue*, which, as he was in his shirt sleeves, was not far from the truth,

nor was the undress of the Kawa Bashi rendered the less flagrant by contrast with the gay crowd. *La France en grande tenue*, as *La Patrie* expressed it the same evening, which was already wending its way towards the scene of the political drama that was about to be enacted by priests and people, army and Prince-President.

The aspect of the Champ de Mars, before the troops assembled within its precincts, was imposing. The first thing that caught the eye was the splendid rostra—tribune or pavilion, as the French have it—which occupied the whole front of the Ecole Militaire. This splendid elevation might be described as divided into five parts, the central and two lateral projecting beyond the others, and connected by galleries rising amphitheatre-like. The central, the rostra *par excellence*, profusely decorated with trophies and other martial insignia, contained the eagles and the throne—the latter being as yet, however, only designated as a *fauteuil*. This crimson velvetted arm-chair was approached by a lofty flight of steps. To describe all the other decorations of this tasteful work of art, would be really too great an undertaking. Two great gilt lions particularly attracted attention, being very awkwardly seated on their haunches, and presenting altogether a very distressed appearance. There was also an immense bird of Jove, sprinkling forked lightning upon the quondam proprietor of tame eagles. There were whole hosts of golden stars on a very blue heaven. There were gorgeous draperies of crimson velvet, fringed in gold, and gracefully gathered up with golden cords with heavy tassels at the ends. There were pillars with garlands, and bearing the ever-memorable legend of the 7,500,000 votes which confirmed the *coup d'état* that brought all this about, and another legend that proclaimed the voice of the people to be more divine than hereditary right—*Vox populi, vox Dei*. A political and a pious fiction.

In front of this elevation, and about one-third way between it and the bridge of Jena, stood an isolated edifice, also of very elegant appearance. This was the chapel, the altar being placed on a platform twenty-five feet high, and reached by a flight of steps, carpeted and decorated with vases of flowers. Above the altar was a dome, supported by four pilasters, with superincumbent arches corresponding to the four sides of the Champ de Mars. At each corner were two statues; at the angle of each cornice a golden eagle; and high above all rose the emblem of Christianity, towering to an elevation of seventy-five feet. Two of the statues had been blown down, and rested on the dome, and at no time would the tall candles that decorated the altar, or the gilt chandeliers that hung from the dome, burn in the breeze; but still, when that chapel was crowded with some 600 white surplices, above which rose the golden mitres of bishops and archbishop, and the gallery around was lined with variously accoutred eagle-bearers, when 600 to 800 voices pealed forth the hymn of praise to the Almighty, and martial strains re-echoed the solemn chant from the plain beneath—the effect was very striking, and it was impossible not to be moved even by a purely theatrical display, for that display was on so large a scale that it did what it was calculated to do—it aroused the senses to an unreasoning enthusiasm.

The *tertres*, or shady embankments, which extend along both sides of the Champ de Mars, were in main part occupied by covered stands, which were very considerably erected so far back as to leave space for the crowd in front. The latter were railed off from the field, and the monotony of the outline was broken by masts erected at short distances, bearing eagles

and flags, and beneath was inscribed the number of the regiment that was to take up its station on that part of the field, with a record of the battles it had been engaged in.

A stroll round showed that there were few stands in which seats could not be obtained at an outlay of twenty francs. One of these stands was marked as the *Tribune Britanique et Américaine*; no doubt, by application in the proper quarter, seats might have been obtained; being on the further side, it was unknown, and never half-filled; many well-dressed persons had "friends'" tickets to dispose of at fancy prices. It was said in the French papers, that an Englishman gave fifty francs for a chair. The story is ridiculous after what has been stated above. We got a chair a-piece, close to the point which the Daguerreotypists had selected as the scene of their operations, for one franc each.

Before eleven, regiments of foot, cavalry, and artillery, began pouring in from every direction. One regiment, which approached by the Avenue de Suffren, found its progress on to the field opposed by the barrier before described. A mimic scene of war was got up. The bearded sappers were ordered to clear the obstacle with as much impetuosity as if the regiment had been in the presence of an enemy, and, unsheathing their axes, they proceeded to the labour with a gravity suiting the importance of the occasion. The tambour-majors were unusually magnificent; their only rivals were some of the Suisses who headed their departments of the ministry. The *filles du régiment* were also numerous, and very smartly dressed, some with blue and some red petticoats, and their neat little barrels of *eau de vie* seemed to be as much in request as themselves.

The Chasseurs à Pied, or Tirailleurs de Vincennes, their caps for the first time surmounted by a dark green plume, were among the earliest to take up their places on the ground. There were four bataillons (5th, 6th, 8th, and 9th) of this formidable corps, which has so justly roused the jealousy of other nations, especially ours, so much behindhand in all that concerns military matters. The place assigned to them was one of honour, and they took precedence of the line. In the *défilé*, they passed the Prince-President at a trot, for their peculiar step cannot be called running, and which they kept up for upwards of a mile.

The Gendarmerie Mobile acted as a guard of honour to the clergy, but they formed in with the other troops to march past the Prince-President, and they were, with the Garde Républicaine and the Ecole de St. Cyr, the only troops that were applauded—an undeniable demonstration made in favour of their republican tendencies.

By noon the Champ de Mars was nearly full of troops. They could not have formed into line, but infantry on the left, cavalry on the right (of the President), the infantry was massed in battalions, the cavalry in columns of squadrons; the artillery occupying the extreme, or river-side of the field, and part of the left.

There were of cavalry, two regiments of Cuirassiers, two of Carabiniers, two of Dragoons, three of Lancers, two regiments of Hussars, three regiments of Chasseurs, one regiment of Guides; altogether, fifteen regiments. The Guides—a new corps—were dressed like Hussars, only with short outside boots, and the bands wore white kalpaks. There were also ten batteries of artillery, and the mounted Garde Républicaine and Gendarmerie de la Seine.

Of infantry there were four battalions of Chasseurs à Pied, and twenty regiments of light infantry and of the line. There were also the Ecole

St. Cyr, the Pompiers, the Gendarmerie Mobile, and the Garde Républicaine. By a rough estimation of the ground covered—and there was a double frontage of 2700 feet—and of the number of companies that filed past, there were not 50,000 men on the field. The published averages have been 60,000 to 80,000.

In addition, however, to these regular and irregular troops, and what gave a peculiar *éclat* to the scene was, that every corps in the French service had its representatives there. There were Spahis and Zouaves in their semi-barbarian costumes; there were deputations of the Invalides—relics of the old republican and imperial hosts—who were excused marching round the field, a distance of a trifle upwards of three miles. The Gendarmerie were represented by deputations from every part of France; those of Corsica were particularly admired. The naval force was also represented by marine artillery, marines, and marine gendarmerie. Some of these latter represented pretty accurately the tradition that obtains in England of a pig-marine, the hair being plaited behind, rings fixed in the ears, and great blue shirt collars worn as large as a girl's tippet.

At about half-past twelve the guns of the Invalides, responded to by the batteries near the bridge of Jena, announced the approach of the Prince-President. The drums beat to arms, the bands struck up, and the ranks closed. But so vast was the space, and so loud the noise, especially of cymbals, added to the tinkle and jar of wind instruments, that everything looked diminutive, and the effect of the whole was that of clusters of bees being driven to their hives by the clashing of frying-pans.

The Prince-President cantered along in front of the ranks with the seat of a practised rider and with the ease of a gentleman. It was left to Jerome to represent Imperial times. There was the cross-cut coat, the traditional hat, breeches, and boots. And the old marshal played his part to perfection. He rode stiff and straight, stern yet pleased, with his sword held straight aloft, its point invoking the memory of things above, of glories and victories, and of men gone by and numbered with the dead. Old times really seemed for a moment revived in the person of the Prince of Montfort, once King of Westphalia.

Among the staff were Mughribin Arab and Kabyle chieftains, and others in alliance with the French. Their short stirrups, which gave too great a curvature to the lower part of the back, and threw the knees up into the chest, did not show off their manly, sinewy forms to advantage. Their flowing burnuzes contrasted ill with the martial severity of the European uniform; and although there was heat and dust enough to make a little Sahara, still the tasseled spear, and the palm-tree, and a host of other little accompaniments, were wanting to make an Arab look at home. He was as much out of place in the Champ de Mars as the Egyptian obelisk is in the Place de la Concorde. Some of these Arabs were chieftains of high descent. Such were Bu Alim, son of the Sheriff, and Bu Madin, Aga of the Sbiyabs. There were also men of a different stamp, as Si Tahar al Maydin, the head of all the tulbas, or lettered Algerines, and Sliman Ban Siam, a hakim of Milianeh, who induced the inhabitants to submit to the French. Among the Kabyles were Si Ban ali ban Sheriff, renowned for his piety, and Si Hassen u Kassy, a traitor to his country and his religion. Altogether, there were eighteen Arab and Kabyle chiefs or men of note to delight the Parisians with a living proof of foreign conquest. The imitation Arabs of the Hippodrome are for the future doomed to obscurity. All the French papers agreed in

representing these Musselmén as being immoved by the gorgeous spectacle of power and civilisation placed before them. Their gravity was never disturbed, their applause never won, their enthusiasm never roused. Children of the rock and the desert, depending in the first place on Providence, and next on each individual self alone, there is that within them which is almost obliterated by the friction of civilised society, and is especially rare among the French—a profound and yet ever active, ever wakeful sentiment of religion and strong self-reliance. To minds so constituted, all that passed before their eyes was mere tinsel and glitter, luxury and pretension, something that man proposed, but that God would dispose of as He best thought fit.

There were also two representatives of the English army. One was an officer of the Horse Guards, as military a looking a man as any on the field; the other in the staff-uniform, with his shirt collar turned down, was a fair specimen of the English officer as traditionally handed down in France. One of these officers was, it is said, unhorsed during the review.

"The whole world," said one of the French papers, "was there to see the army, which the whole of Europe is jealous of." Considering the expense of such toys, we know one country at least that does not envy such an acquisition, and a greater part of the French themselves are beginning to understand that men were made for better things than being made targets of for bullets, or filling up a place in a race-show. In the latter case, they have found out to their cost that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*." As, however, the more weary a nation may get of the burden of such an army, the greater the necessity there may arise for supporting it by some foreign and predatory war; so it is well to know that such troops would never be combated at fair odds by a raw militia, aided by volunteer rifle corps, and two or three battalions of pensioners and invalids, as proposed by a penurious House of Commons. Great Britain might just as well take refuge with the tremulous peers in the imaginary destructive powers of a fabulous invention; or resort at once to the pasteboard appliances of the Chinese, and frighten away the conquerors of Isly and Zaatcha with painted monsters.

From the platform of the central rostra, where he was received on dismounting by the civil authorities, the Prince-President delivered, one after the other, the eagles to the colonels and *chefs de bataillons*, delivering upon so momentous an occasion a speech which a French paper pronounced to be *à la hauteur des circonstances*—steps and eagle flights included.

The Champ-de Mars, its 50,000 military, of one description and another, and its 100,000 spectators, were next for a time handed over to the ministers of God. The metropolitan chapter, the honorary canon of the Paris church in full canonical costume, the curés and vicars in surplices and red stoles; the members of the diocesan seminaries *en soutane*, had been filing, for some time past, towards the lofty chapel that stood isolated like a tomb in the desert. Upon this occasion an untoward accident happened, an unfortunate diocesan having been kicked on the head by a most irreverent horse. At length the chapel was filled with white surplices, and the aquilifers brought their lifeless birds to be blessed by the archbishop. The ceremony commenced with the Mass of the Holy Ghost. At the moment of elevation a salute of guns was fired, the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, the whole of the

infantry knelt. This was all by order. Among the multitude not three in ten even uncovered their heads. Such is the little regard in which religious ceremonies are held by the Parisians. The discharge of a hundred guns announced the blessing of the eagles, and another discharge proclaimed with brazen mouths the blessing of the army and the people.

Previous, however, to the final act of the ceremony, the Archbishop of Paris addressed the Prince-President at a distance of from 800 to 900 yards, in a discourse in which he proved that the God of Peace was also the God of War; because all war had only one legitimate object, which was to procure peace. According to this view of the subject, a predatory war of invasion would not meet with the archbishop's approbation. "The wisdom of the Prince-President," added the worthy prelate, resting upon a broken reed, "would preserve him from being dazzled by the love of glory. With such valiant armies in hand, peace could be talked about. The eagles (poor little gilded things, not much larger than a pigeon) will have, from the summits of the Atlas to the summits of the Alps and the Pyrenees, a sufficiently vast space for their flight." This is consolatory: the genuine bird of the Grampians might feel ruffled by the visit of such an ornithological imposition; and what, by-the-by, will the lammer-geyer say to being so ceremoniously turned out of his own strongholds?

The worthy prelate then reminded the President, in courtly strain of allusion, that Solomon had been allowed to build more than David, or, in other words, that the nephew might do even more for the Church and society than the uncle, since he had the good fortune to "reign" in a time of peace; which the modern Solomon answered by proceeding to review his 50,000 men.

During the reception of the eagles by the regiments, the different bands assembled to play altogether. The effect of an orchestra unexampled in numbers was totally lost in so vast a forum. Only now and then a faint sound struggled through the breeze, and the director, mounted on a high scaffold, appeared to be working himself up into an extraordinary frenzy for no purpose whatsoever. A Napoleonic paper said unblushingly, "Chaque officier, chaque soldat, a voulu toucher l'aigle confiée à sa bravoure et à son honneur." The fact was, that the eagles were received by the regiments with the greatest indifference, and when called upon to do so, the soldiers cheered with a faint hurrah or a "Vive Napoleon." Some allowance must be made, however, for loss of sound. After the *défilé* the troops resumed their places, and made a movement right and left, to salute, with presented arms, the President of the Republic.

And so ended this last of the "Fêtes." The Prince-President rode home as he had come. The unanimous voice of the army did not elect him emperor. It is said that some of his more enthusiastic followers wished to ride on to the Tuileries; but they were stopped by the prince, who said, "Not yet, *l'Empire n'est pas encore fait*." The *Pays*, a Napoleonic paper, of the 14th of May, said: "The military feasts of the 10th of May have come to an end without bringing about any change in the political order. Louis Napoleon, received by the people and the army with plaudits, has not been proclaimed emperor as had been announced. After having distributed to the different regiments the eagles which remind France of its glory and of the immortality of his name, he went

back to the Elysée, as he issued forth from it, President of the French Republic." The article in question, being professedly written to show *pourquoi l'Empire n'est pas fait*, goes on to argue that such an un-anticipated failure was strictly logical, and that an empire could not arise from a review. The question still remains, however, would it have been accepted from a review?

Paris was mad with excitement that afternoon. As to the restaurants, the garçons were nowhere and everywhere—dishes few and far between—the *asperges* cold and *en salade*. "*Pas bon, pas bon*," exclaimed Fitzjones. The M.P.-to-be was horrified. Two Germans sat near the excursionists, who had bivouacked all night on the Boulevards. Others had not recovered the hæmorrhage from the nose, which sun and excitement produced pretty generally. The Hôtel Dieu was crowded with accidents, and even the Morgue had its victims. At Charenton the soldiers and the populace came to blows, and swords were used. At night the *façades* of the theatres and public buildings were illuminated, the theatres were besieged, hundreds were refused admission to "*La Dame aux Camélias*," the avenue of the Champs Elysées and the great square were one continuous fair, as was also the whole length of the Quai d'Orsay, on the other side of the water. Even the Boulevard du Temple had its *café* concerts.

The next day the *fête* still went on. The saloons of the Exposition of 1852, rich in works of art, before which, looked upon in a more general sense than as a mere display of form and colouring, our exhibition at the Royal Academy falls into insignificance, were crowded from an early hour. The Louvre was filled from the marine gallery down to the dungeon with the colossal monsters from Nineveh. So great was the influx to the Pantheon, that the gallery had to be ascended by one stair and descended by another. In the evening there was a *bal* in the interior quadrangle of the Ecole Militaire, which had been enclosed in and gorgeously decorated for that purpose. "*Jamais*," said a French paper, "*il n'a été donné de contempler un spectacle plus beau, plus éblouissant, plus splendide*."

The same day the Napoleonic papers had it all their own way. They proclaimed that the Eagles had come back. That there was not a cottage where the news of the return of the Eagles would not make the hearts beat of the old man who remembers, of the son who hopes, of the grandson who guesses. "The Eagles, that is to say, the glory, the honour, the lustre of the French name." But on Wednesday a storm succeeded to the calm, and the opposition journals, as if by pre-arrangement, all opened with the same ominous question, "What is meant by the Eagles?" The question was tortured in every possible point of view, but they all agreed in denouncing them as souvenirs of ambition, war, and bloodshed.

A banquet of 800 covers at the Tuileries helped, however, to keep up the good humour of a fortunate few, and, amid histrionic performances in the old palatial theatre the same evening, "*La Distribution des Aigles*," a grandiose poem by Méry, spoken by Mademoiselle Judith, and a "*Poème de Circonstance*," by a glory-struck adjutant-major, M. Lafon, of the Garde République, attested that if the Empire was not there, its candidates for the poet-laureateship were.

The heights of the Trocadero gave a blazing finale to the Feast on the Thursday night. About half-past eight the Prince-President arrived

and took his place in the tribune of Monday, which was illuminated. The chapel had been partly dismantled. The people filled the different stands and the terraces, and were dispersed over the field itself, which was lighted up with rows of pyramidal stands filled with lamps, arranged along the sides and middle of the plain, while, as a wise precaution against a rush after the fireworks were over, regiments of soldiers were disposed in line across the field at intervals of about 500 yards.

Precisely at nine o'clock a blue light appeared at the top of the dome over the Ecole Militaire, where, on the day of the Eagles, there had been a trophy of flags. This was the signal, and it was replied to by a salvo of artillery from a battery stationed on the Quay de la Conference. In an instant there rose up a flight of innumerable rockets, which, after going to an immense height, burst into myriads of stars of every shade of the rainbow. At the same time, infantry stationed on the terrace in front of the bridge of Jena, along the quays on both sides of the river, on the bridge, and on the heights of Chaillot, began a scene of mimic warfare by an extraordinary discharge of Roman candles, which they kept up to the last. In the midst of this harmless firing, red fires were seen bursting forth on different parts of the heights, and in a short time the whole hill assumed the appearance of a burning mass of deep red hue, out of which kept showering high into the air flights of bombs, discharged from mortars, and each throwing forth innumerable stars. The appearance of the Trocadero at that time really beggared description—it was as if the whole ground had been transformed into a mass of burning lava.

In a moment after, and as if by enchantment, the red fire disappeared, and in its place rose before the astonished view of the spectators a view of the Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel, not in sombre marble, like the original, but blazing in light; on the top stood a gigantic eagle, with wings extended, as if protecting, or hovering over, the inscription that blazed forth resplendently below—"Vive Louis Napoleon." On each side were pillars of light, one surmounted by the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the other by the New Military Medal.

Last of all, and exceeding everything previous in magnitude and magnificence, came the Bouquet. It can only be compared to a fearful eruption of Etna or Vesuvius, sending forth, instead of lava, and to an immense height, a continued torrent of brilliant stars, each star again bursting into other stars, till there were miles of fireworks in operation at once, and the whole sky for a long distance round was filled with them, of every hue and colour, and, owing to some meteorological peculiarity, remained lighted up for hours afterwards.

There was no enthusiasm shown among the crowds that filled the vast precincts of the Champ de Mars at this truly magnificent spectacle; and, being night, there were many more spectators at the fireworks than at the distribution of eagles. It took hours to get back to the other side of the Seine by any road. There were few or no exclamations of any kind whatsoever; what there were of admiration, were chiefly from the English or from strangers. A song was sung, with the refrain of "*Buvons, buvons à la Santé des Fêtes.*" But that was all; and with the last of the Roman candles went out also the hopes of an Empire for some time to come.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A SURVEY OF DANISH LITERATURE, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART IV.

IN the previous parts of this slight survey of Danish literature, all those authors have been mentioned who, having taken the highest stand in their own country, from an early date up to a recent period, were the best entitled to be brought before the notice of the reading public of a foreign nation. There have been others, perhaps very meritorious, but whose claims were not of that lasting nature to warrant their being classed among the supporters of the literary renown of their native land. If it has been a matter of some difficulty to make a selection from the writers of past centuries, and from those of a more recent date who are now no more, there is still greater difficulty in choosing from among the writers of the present day those to whom to assign—not indeed the leading place—but their due position in the ranks of living Danish authors.

Time, that great leveller, though it may enhance the merits, and soften the demerits of those who have flourished in very remote ages, around whom is cast the venerable halo of antiquity, divests the bygone of a later creation of all *that prestige* with which it was surrounded by the passions, or the enthusiasm, of contemporary judges, and by the fashion of the day. So that, aided also by unprejudiced critics and biographers, those of succeeding generations are enabled to form a tolerably correct estimate of the labours of such as have passed away at no very distant period. But living authors are not generally made the subjects of biography, and though critics do not spare them, criticisms vary so much, and opinions are often so conflicting, that it is infinitely more difficult to do strict justice to living authors than to dead ones.

Among the living authors of Denmark, Nicolai Frederik Severin Grundtvig takes a high stand. He was born at Udby, in Zealand, in 1783, and is much admired by many in his native country as a preacher, a poet, and an historian. He is also celebrated as a theological writer, and for his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon. As a preacher and theologian he is eloquent, but bigoted and intolerant. There can be no doubt that Grundtvig is a pious man, though he carries his zeal too far; nor can there be a doubt of his learning, though his acquirements in Anglo-Saxon, and other old languages, make him rather pedantic. Among his works may be mentioned, "Bjowulfs Drape," a Gothic

heroic poem from the Anglo-Saxon, published in 1820; a thick volume of "Kvædinger eller Smaakvad"—small poems, bearing on its title-page the date of 1815. The greater number of these are on his favourite subject, the fables of the Scandinavian mythology—a subject on which he has enlarged, both in prose and verse, in another work, entitled, "Nordens Mytologi," "The Mythology of the North." The last named is an earlier production than the "Smaakvad," it having appeared in Copenhagen in 1808, and having been written before Grundtvig took orders. In the preface to this work, he assumes much credit to himself for his extensive insight "paa Asalæren," which means, into the knowledge of the gods of the Valhalla; and rather sneers at "the many learned men in the North, who knew every blossom in the garden of Arcadia, yet would almost start with surprise at the name of *Yggdrasill*."* That the fables of the Northern mythology are very curious, some interesting, and a few extremely beautiful, must be allowed by all who know anything of them; but they hardly demand such veneration, and so much study, as the Rev. Mr. Grundtvig claims for them. Grundtvig's poetry is liked by his countrymen, as being peculiarly *Northern*. There is a good deal of imagery in it, and some feeling, but it wants variety.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann, born 1789, a professor at Soroe, and a contemporary of Grundtvig, is a far more pleasing writer. He also dwells much on the olden times; but it is the *real* history of his country that he elucidates, and places before his readers in interesting points of view. Ingemann writes everything well; it is impossible that he should do otherwise, with accurate historical knowledge, with a well-stored memory, with inexhaustible treasures of imagination, brilliant fancy, force, and purity of feeling, vast powers of description, poetic taste, and complete command of language. The great Oehlenschläger has said, in his last volume of poems ("Digte Kunsten"), published in 1849, that,

If thou wouldst seek these mental gifts to know,
Which artists ever on their work bestow—
Hark! In the subject's choice, its scope, indeed,
In its arrangement, 'tis *Good-sense* we need.

To exorcise those shades from vanished days,
On which, through dim mists of the past, we gaze—
And even living spirits to command,
We and *Imagination* must go hand in hand.

And that those phantoms which we summon near,
May not as cold and spectral forms appear,
But play like beings of this life their parts—
Feeling must lend her aid, and warm their hearts.

And to be sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
To glean from crowds, and bid them go or stay,
To choose if on your canvas shall be traced
Dark eve, or morning's dawn—these rest with *Taste*.

* The ash *Yggdrasill*—mentioned in the "Voluspá," and prose "Edda," "a high tree, sprinkled with the purest water; it stands ever green over the Urdar fountain." According to Finn Magnussen, this ash *Yggdrasill* was the symbol of universal nature. Other writers say it was the emblem of human life. Grundtvig has a theory of his own. So that none of the writers on Scandinavian mythology agree as to what this *fancied ash-tree* was really meant to shadow forth.

All those requisite ingredients in the composition of an artist—and by “artists” Oehlenschläger did not mean painters alone—are happily united in Ingemann. In his historical romances, which are decidedly his best works, “those shades from vanished days,” those phantoms whom he has summoned, play their parts with spirit and life-like truth; he has, indeed, “re-animated departed generations,” and the principal events and personages of his tales are strictly historical—not merely fictitious characters, and fancied scenes with borrowed names, forming a sort of masquerade. Though foreign readers cannot take so much interest in his historical heroes and heroines as Danes do, yet all must admit that the incidents, the descriptions, the delineation of passions and feelings, are most effective, and that one is carried back with the author’s ideas to the period of which they tell.

Ingemann’s principal historical romances are, “Waldemar Seier,” “Waldemar the Victorious,” “Erik Menveds Barndom,” “The Childhood of Erik Menved,” “Kong Erik og de Fredløse,” “King Erik and the Outlaws,” and “Prince Otto of Denmark and his Contemporaries.” To these may be added two historical poems—“Waldemar the Great and his Men,” and “Queen Margrethe.” Of these, “Waldemar the Victorious” and “King Erik and the Outlaws” may be enjoyed by the English reader through the medium of Miss Chapman’s admirable translations. In perusing her version of these charming works, one forgets that one is reading a translation, so thoroughly does she enter into the spirit of the original. Her translations of some of Oehlenschläger’s best dramas have before been mentioned. Miss Chapman would, doubtless, kindly permit some extracts to be given here from either of her two works; but as we have determined to borrow nothing, we shall take part of a scene or two from “The Childhood of Erik Menved.” This romance, in three volumes, dwells much more on the deeds, or rather misdeeds, of King Erik Christopherson, the father of Erik Menved, than on any notice of that prince’s childhood.

Erik Christopherson, or *Glipping* (a nickname bestowed on him in consequence of his having a habit of winking his eyelids continually), was one of the worst kings that ever reigned in Denmark. Vicious in his private character, treacherous, cruel, and timid, he was hated and despised; and though some few of the nobility adhered faithfully to him from loyalty to the crown, a conspiracy was formed against him by several others, at the head of which was Marshal Stig Andersen, whose beautiful wife the ungrateful king had grievously injured and insulted, when the brave Marshal Stig was leading the Danish troops against the enemies of his profligate sovereign. The conspirators assumed the disguise of monks—the grey brothers—and one of their number was the king’s confidential and favourite attendant, and, as the deluded monarch fancied, personal friend, Kammersvend Rané. It was he who, according to Ingemann’s tale, basely lured his royal master to a lonely building, where he was murdered by the conspirators, who then set fire to the barn where the deed was perpetrated; the blind, deranged father of Stig Andersen’s wife perishing by chance in the flames. The real hero and heroine of the romance are Drost Peder Hessel, a chivalrous, superior character; and the Lady Inge, the clever, amiable, loyal, and high-minded daughter of a Danish nobleman, who himself was weak and wavering in his

policy—too pusillanimous to be a decided conspirator, too discontented to be a faithful adherent of the monarchy. There is a Duke Waldemar introduced, a cousin of the king, who plays, or endeavours to play, a somewhat similar game to that attempted by the Duke of Augustenburg lately—with only this difference, that Duke Waldemar almost openly aspired to the throne. There is a young girl, a beautiful and interesting somnambulist, who holds rather a prominent station in the romance. The king, having seen her, has taken a fancy to her, and he is aided in his pursuit of this Aasè, who resides with her grandfather, by his infamous favourite, Ranè. It appears in the course of the narrative that Ranè, who was the king's professed friend, but secret enemy, having found out the retreat of the young girl and her aged relative, made use of this knowledge to lure the king into the toils prepared for him.

King Erik Glipping is on a visit at one of the castles of his noble adherent, Drost* Peder; during his stay there, some daring outlaws and pirates are captured in the vicinity of the castle, and the king, always delighting in condemnations and executions, insists on passing sentence on these men without any legal trial. Among them is a young knight, the brother of one of his most staunch supporters, whom the king's own insults and severity had rendered desperate; but this claim to his clemency does not soften the feelings of the bloodthirsty monarch. In his interview with the outlaws, King Erik shows at once his ferocity and his timidity. Soon after the prisoners are secured the king declares to his host, Drost Peder, that before the evening closed in their execution should take place; adding,

"We shall then be able to sleep in peace, and there will be nothing to interfere to-morrow with the pleasures of the chase."

The Drost petitions for some delay; he demurs at thus hurrying the poor wretches into eternity, and begs hard that they may at least be allowed to see a priest.

"There is no time for that," said the king. "I will not sleep under the same roof with robbers and murderers; if I am to be your guest, Drost Hessel, your other guests, who were uninvited, must sleep upon the wheel to-night."

"If it please you to command it, my liege," replied the Drost, "they can be sent forthwith to the dungeon-keep at Viborg, and then it will not be necessary for your grace either to sleep under the same roof with them, or to hasten this bloody tragedy. There are men among them who are not born to end their lives in so hurried and fearful a manner."

"No one is born to such a fate," said the king, losing himself for a moment in thought. "If any one had his destiny sung to him in his cradle, it might benefit him in after-life. We ourselves do not know what may be in store for us. Is there any person of rank among them?"

"There is at least one among them who did not always herd with the outcasts of mankind, and who, even now, has some remains of honour and feeling. His high birth and former situation are now, indeed, the strongest witnesses against him. You yourself, my king, bestowed knighthood upon him."

"That shall not avail him—he must die. Who is he?"

"Sir Lavè Rimaardson, her gracious majesty's kinsman, and brother to the loyal Bent Rimaardson."

* Drost was the title attached to a high office in the royal household.

The king started; he checked his horse, and gazed at Drost Peder with an inquiring look, which betrayed much of secret suspicion; then his eyelids began to wink violently.

"The queen's kinsman, said you—the outlawed Lavè Rimaardson—he who dared to incite the peasantry to revolt against me? And you would now protect a rebel, and make intercession for so dangerous an offender, Drost Hessel?"

"Protect him I would not, Herre King; but for a sinner I shall dare to intercede. Mercy is the first attribute of the great Judge of all mankind. I would pray your majesty to remember that the culprit's brother is one of the most faithful adherents of the crown, and that he is connected to the royal family itself."

"Ha! I shall show you and all my subjects that when justice is in question, I take no cognizance of friendship or relationship, of high birth or noble breeding; no, nor of princely descent. I will see Sir Lavè Rimaardson die upon the wheel before the sun go down . . . no more!"

Another influential nobleman tries to dissuade the king from carrying out his wishes with such unseemly haste, and to let the law take its usual course—but in vain.

The warder now entered the knights' hall with a guard of armed men, between two rows of whom walked Niels Ufred and his comrades; they entered boldly, while Sir Lavè Rimaardson hung back, as if ashamed of his companionship with them.

"Who is your leader?" demanded the king.

"I," replied Niels Ufred, with so fierce a look that the king recoiled a few steps.

"What is your name?"

"That, every child in Denmark knows," replied the rover, scornfully. "With the mere mention of it mothers terrify their children into obedience. At my name the weak and the cowardly scream and turn pale; aye, and many a lusty gallant, too, has quailed at it. . . . Were this arm but free, Herre King, it would not give you time to hear my name to the end. I am called Niels Ufred, at your service. If you did your duty as a king, as well as I do mine as a rover, it would be better for your poor subjects."

"You confess then that you are a freebooter, and that all those fellows are your accomplices?"

"If we were to deny it, we should be base and pitiful scoundrels; *you* are, very likely, accustomed to lies and deceit at your court, but I and my comrades are not versed in such accomplishments."

"Tis well!" said the king. . . . "Prepare to die this very hour!"

"It amounts to the same thing; come soon, or come late, Herre King, we shall all go the same way. But if you will let me live till to-morrow, I shall tell you a piece of news that may be of service to you, and perhaps prevent our meeting so soon in another place."

The king opened his eyes wide, and cast an uneasy look towards Kammersvend Ranè, who gave him a furtive glance in return, and pointed to the hilt of a poniard which peeped forth from a pocket in the breast of the rover's dress.

"So," said the king, turning again towards the freebooter, "you would work on my fears, or my curiosity, fellow, that you may escape—break out, perhaps, and commit fresh outrages; but I am too old a bird to be caught by chaff. If you have no better plea to urge, you shall not live beyond this hour."

"So be it; I shall but go before you. . . . Since you will have me to be

your herald in the other world, I must e'en take upon myself the office ; but you will repent it. . . . We shall soon meet again."

He is ordered away, and the young knight is called on.

"Stand forward, Lavè Rimaardson," cried the king. And the wild, misguided youth stepped forward, while every one present regarded him with looks of sympathy and compassion, except the king and Rancé, who betrayed much anxiety as he watched his countenance. "It was you on whom with this sword I conferred knighthood about three years ago," said the king ; "*now* your arms in your native halls shall be broken with ignominy, and your reversed shield shall be hung beneath the gallows, in token of your disgrace. Do you avow your connexion with these vile and insolent pirates ?"

"Yes, King Erik Christopherson ; and I avow still more. Could you and I but have met alone in the caves of Daugbery for one half-hour, you should as surely not have beheld the sun set as I expect not to see it."

"Ha ! treason !—madman !" cried the king, starting back. "If you deem by *such* audacious speech to win a moment's reprieve, you deceive yourself. Had you a thousand accomplices I would not spare you the time to name them."

"Therein you are wise, King Erik," answered the fettered knight, with a scornful laugh. "Lose no time, for you have none to spare. When your hour of reckoning comes, you will have more to answer for than those you now doom to the rack and the wheel. . . . If the brave Stig Andersen does not take a bloody revenge upon the destroyer of his peace, if the unfortunate Lady Ingeborg's blind, heart-broken, and deranged father cannot grope his way with his dagger to that false heart, King Erik, there is no longer a particle of honour left in Denmark, a particle of warm blood stirring in the veins of the Danish nobility, and they will deserve to have no better monarch than *you* are."

The king became suddenly as white as a corpse ; he foamed at the mouth with rage, and his hand grasped the hilt of his sword. In another moment he had drawn it from its scabbard, and, like a maniac, he rushed upon the prisoner, who stood immovable and laughing scornfully. But Drost Peder sprang forward and forced himself between the prisoner and the enraged monarch.

"Hold, Herre King !" he exclaimed. "Your grace is no executioner to fell a bound and helpless victim. In my house a deed shall not be perpetrated which would stain the honour of the crown."

The king's fury seemed calmed in a moment ; he returned the sword slowly to its scabbard ; but at the same time he cast a withering look on the noble Drost.

"Well !" he exclaimed coldly, "you are right, Drost Hessel ; I had nearly forgotten my royal dignity . . . but you have also nearly forgotten your respect to your sovereign, in presuming thus to school him."

The king's adventure with the beautiful somnambulist is a curious scene : he is exceedingly terrified by the visions which she relates while in a state of deep slumber and perfect unconsciousness. Duke Waldemar's imprisonment—the Lady Inge's solitary, dreamy existence in her father's remote castle, until the stirring events of the times draw her into active life and participation in some wild scenes—the struggles in her mind between patriotic feelings and duty to her father—the murder-scene, and many others, are extremely well described. "Prince Otto of Denmark" is a shorter work, but one also of great interest. There are many striking scenes in it ; but of one in particular we may give an outline, though it is too long to give a translation of it.

A young lady of noble family is placed by her relatives as a boarder in a convent, where she is to be strictly guarded, and made to go through various penances, until she shall consent to marry the person they have chosen for her husband. One evening, during vespers, a young knight makes his appearance in the chapel, is taken suddenly ill, declares himself dying, and calls for the prior to shrieve him before he departs. The prior leaves the high altar, and hastens to the stranger-penitent, who, murmuring in a failing voice that he hears spirits calling him to death and judgment, sinks into the arms of the priest, and whispers a bequest of all that he owns to the convent; praying only that he may be buried there. Meantime, the nuns, novices, and boarders, have all been driven off to their cells by the prioress, who had overheard a faint scream from one of them. It is determined between the prior and prioress that some one shall watch the body during the night, for all honour is to be paid the remains of the stranger, whose last act was to give his worldly goods to the pious establishment. The prioress inflicts this office, by way of a hardship, on Agnetè, the boarder, who was not inclined to matrimony, and bestows a lecture on her for not obeying her family's wishes by marrying "Ridder Podebusch." The young lady, however, declares that she will never marry any one; that she wishes to become a nun, and that she will give all her maternal inheritance to the convent, if the prioress will only grant her a home and a grave. The prioress communicates this new turn of affairs to the prior; they felicitate themselves on two windfalls in one day, and the prioress, returning to Agnetè, releases her from the threatened penance of watching by the dead body. To her surprise, however, Agnetè entreats to be permitted to perform this melancholy task, and the prioress, who has become very indulgent and obliging all of a sudden, tells her she shall do exactly as she pleases. It ends in the damsel shutting herself up in the cold church at midnight, alone with the dead body. Lights are burning round the coffin, and when certain that no human eye is upon her, Agnetè throws herself upon the corpse in a passion of grief, and pours out her love for him who she thinks is no more. But the young knight is *not* dead; and when he hears that he had been "her thought and her dream from her childhood," he raises himself up in his coffin, and after having frightened her almost into a fainting fit, assures her that he is living, that he participates in all her feelings, and that it was to aid her to escape that he had played the part of a corpse. None of the inmates of the convent cared to enter the chapel in the dead of night; so the lovers were enabled to make good their retreat, and by dawn of day they were in happy safety with a friend of the adventurous youth. Ingemann wickedly hints, that the younger nuns wished some more *dead men* would come to carry them all off too.

Ingemann introduces so many *dramatis personæ* into his novels, that one is rather bewildered by their numbers; but he contrives to make them all efficient, and bearing different characteristics. He is called "the Walter Scott of Denmark." We cannot honestly say that he is quite equal to the Wizard of the North, but he does not fall far short of him. It is certainly a compliment to the real Walter Scott, that the greatest praise which foreign nations can bestow on their best writers of historical romances, is to call them "the Walter Scott" of their country. Ingemann is a poet and dramatist, as well as a writer of romances. "De

Sorte Ridderne," "The Black Knights," is a long poem in nine cantos. Kings and warriors, troubadours and lovely damsels, pilgrims and nuns, angels and necromantic dwarfs, all enter into the machinery of this "Romantic Epos," as the author terms the work. Among his minor poems are some beautiful little *morceaux*. In his tragedies he does not succeed so well—with the exception of "Blanca," his masterpiece, which would be effective on any stage. The groundwork of this drama is jealousy; and he depicts that overwhelming passion with the glowing pencil of an Alfieri, and the vivid truthfulness of a Joanna Baillie. Ingemann's greatest admirers must admit that his tragedy, "Turnus," is poor. In the "Kæmpen for Valhal," "Battle for the Valhalla," the scene is laid in Iceland; it reads well, but would not probably be liked on the stage. "Löveridderen," "the Lion Knight," has more incidents, and some fine tragic scenes. Ubald, the Lion Knight, and leader of the Lion League, was a foundling brought up by a noble couple. Sir Benno, his benefactor, has an only daughter, and as the *protégé*, becomes greatly distinguished in the career of arms, Benno determines he shall marry her. The young couple are much attached to each other, but both seem to feel an unaccountable reluctance to unite their fates. Johanna, the daughter, thus expresses it :

Strange, strange misgivings cling unto my heart :
 Without my Ubald this fair world to me
 A wilderness would seem
 yet from the good
 I would not yield, my soul, still shuddering, turns.

He, on his part, declares :

My soul, unquiet, ever seeks some good,
 Unfound, unknown!—aye, even when with thee,
 My best beloved! But what that good may be,
 Hides my dark fate.

Those undefined feelings are at length traced to the fact, unknown to themselves, that they are half-brother and sister. Ubald being the son of Sir Benno and a gipsy-woman, who, in her revenge for having been cast off by the knight when he married, is the mysterious instigator of all manner of evil, ending in perfidy and murder. But our partiality for Ingemann must not make us neglect other authors.

Steen Steensen Blicher, a clergyman, born in 1782, is known as a lyrical poet and a good novelist. His tales, which are not long, deal principally in descriptions of rural society and provincial manners, with a sprinkling of low life. He became first known to the Danish world by his translation of "Ossian"—a poem, or rather poems, which harmonise with the taste of the nations of the North, and are exceedingly admired among them, and also by the Germans. It was in 1807 that Blicher's "Ossian" appeared; he has continued to write from that time, and, among other works, has published his "Samlede Digte," "Collected Poems," in two volumes; "A Summer Tour in Sweden;" "Winter Occupations," a volume containing five tales and two Jutland poems; another work, "Min Tidsalder," by subscription; and a collection of nine tales, the names of some of which are, "En Landsbydegns Dagbog," "A Parish Clerk's Journal," "The Priest of Thorning," "Frøentimmerhaderen," "The

Woman-Hater;" "Kjeltringliv," "*Rascal Life*,"—a curious title. Blicher commences it with, "I have two things to apologise for, the title and the tale. The former is plain and coarse, and perhaps will be distasteful to delicate and refined tastes; the latter equally so. It is true, that the portrayures of rascals among the great always form the most interesting portions of histories and romances; but then they are not called by that name; besides, such piquant characters look very different when they appertain to the higher ranks than when they belong to the peasantry, who do not dine upon dainties. Who can deny that Claudius and Mesalina, Pope Sergius and Marozia, Front de Bœuf and Ulrica, lived right rascally lives? But it is true, they lived in palaces, not amidst shepherds' huts. What sits well on princely personages, holy prelates, roving knights, is not pardonable in Jutland gipsies; Nero was a *great* monster, Jens Longknife a vulgar rascal." In speaking further of these Jutland gipsies, he quotes, with some humour, a passage from a French tourist, which, he says, has more truth in it than the Frenchman thought, "En Dannemarc il y a une nation qui s'appelle Kieltrings (rascals), elle n'est pas si bien cultivée que les autres Danois." A Danish traveller might make the same sage observation in regard to the "gamins" of Paris. Blicher's tales are difficult to translate, because they are much interlarded with provincialisms and cant phrases in use among the inferior classes of society.

Johan Ludwig Heiberg, born in 1791, a son of the P. A. Heiberg who was banished in 1800, is one of the leading authors of Denmark. He is extremely clever, and does not excel in lighter literature alone, although he is best known as a writer of novels and vaudevilles. Professor Heiberg has introduced a new style of drama on the Danish stage. His pieces are neither tragedies, comedies, nor farces, but they have generally dramatic effect, witty dialogue, and amusing incidents. Most of them are written with a view of showing off the powers of his talented wife, Fru Heiberg, who is one of the first of living actresses, and a great favourite in Copenhagen. Among his vaudevilles there are "*Et Eventyr i Rosenberg Have*," "*An Adventure in Rosenberg Garden*;" "*De Uadskillelige*," "*The Inseparables*;" "*De Danske i Paris*," "*The Danes in Paris*;" "*Nei*," "*No*;" "*Nina*;" "*Fata Morgana*," and several others. To give some idea of Heiberg's style, we shall take an extract from the little one-act vaudeville "*No*,"* in which the heroine of the piece refuses one admirer, and accepts the other, with the same monosyllable, "*no*." There are only four individuals introduced, *Justice Gamstrup*, a testy old gentleman; *Sophia*, his niece; *Hammer*, her admirer, a student of law, who lodges in the house with the uncle and niece; and *Link*, a parish clerk, formerly a schoolmaster, who has been selected by *Gamstrup* as a husband for his niece. *Link* arrives by invitation from the uncle, and stumbles upon *Hammer*, in whom he discovers a former pupil. *Sophia* has her uncle's orders to receive this elderly admirer; and at the same time *Hammer* makes her promise that she will not utter one word but *no* to anything and everything he may

* The "*Danes in Paris*," "*No*," and "*Elverhøi*," "the Fairy Mount," of Heiberg, the "*Battle for the Valhalla*," and the "*Lion Knight*," of Ingemann, have all been translated into English by the writer of this article.

say, and then retires where he can overhear the conversation. *Link*, on entering, bows low, and says :

Most honoured young lady, you know, of course, who *I* am ?

Sophia (*Aside*. In regard to this question I can, with truth, indulge *Hammer* in his wish). No.

Link. Doubtless the worthy justice has informed you that a certain person, for a certain purpose, intends to take a certain liberty with you . . . that is to say, wishes to pay his most respectful respects to you ?

Sophia. No.

Link. That is most extraordinary. He wrote me that his lovely niece was quite aware of my coming. I don't understand it at all. Do you ?

Sophia. No.

Link. I am placed in a very awkward position . . . my name . . . esteemed young lady . . is . . *Link*.

Sophia (*inquiringly*). No ?

Link. Yes, of a surety. I reside at Grenaa. You know, of course, where Grenaa is ?

Sophia (*drawling out the word, as if trying to remember*). N—o.

Link. It lies on the coast, the east coast. I am not without a pretty fair reputation in the town, and, moreover, have no reason to complain of the receipts of my office.

After sundry attempts at conversation, to which she never makes any reply but "*no*," *Link* exclaims :

Well, I shan't stand shilly-shallying any longer. After all I have been saying, you can't doubt my intentions, so I'll e'en come to the point at once. I love you—I—

Sophia (*with pretended astonishment*). No !

Link. Not no, but yes. It is the positive truth ; and now I shall make so bold as to ask you the important question at once. Suppose I were to say to you—"Miss Gamstrup, here stand I before you. My condition and my circumstances are known to you—you see my figure, my air, my manner, my dress. Will you, seeing all that I present to your consideration, make me happy by bestowing on me your dear little hand, and your not less dear little heart?" Suppose I were to say all this to you, what would you answer ?

Sophia. No.

Link. That is rather an unpleasant word, but you smile while you say it, therefore perhaps you don't mean it. Come, now, you don't really mean it ?

Sophia. No.

Link. Thank Heaven ! that's just what I thought. You mean to give me every hope ?

Sophia. No.

Link. Why not ? I cannot understand you at all. Ah ! you are joking, I see ; but pray let me have no more *no's* from your pretty mouth. I shall be satisfied with an equally short answer, which I shall dictate myself. Y—e—s, what does that spell ?

Sophia. No.

Link. Nay, nay, pardon me—it spells *yes*. (*Aside*.) Her education must have been dreadfully neglected.

(*Link sings*.)

A lesson let me give to you :

In *no*, there are but letters two ;

It is a word short, but not sweet,

Which folks don't often like to meet.

Yes, like the Gracces, numbers *three*,

And oh ! but say that word to me !

Now, y—e—s, how do they go ?

They make—let's hear—they make a—

Sophia. *No.*

Link. You don't understand me, I'm afraid?

Sophia. No.

(Link sings again.)

Then I will try, and try again,
Until I make my meaning plain.
Yes is an easy word to spell—
I'm sure that you would do it well.
Suppose you write down y—e—s
On paper, ranging them just so ;
I'm sure the word they make you'll guess.
Pronounce it now—they make a—

Sophia.

No.

Link. By no manner of means ; that's not the word they make. You don't seem to understand me yet?

Sophia. No.

(Link sings again.)

Sophia, dear, why will you grieve
Your lover so ? I can't believe
You are so dull of comprehension ;
To tease me must be your intention.
But pray, put coquetry apart,
And don't pretend to be so slow ;
I'm sure you know the word by heart—
Come y—e—s will make a—

Sophia.

No.

Link. Do you seriously mean to assert that the letters y—e—s spell *no* ?

Sophia (sneeringly). No.

Link. Ah, very well ; you *do* understand spelling, then, I see. But how am I to understand you ? You are silent. Did you mean *no* as an answer to my question ? Will you not have me ?

Sophia. No.

Link. On no account ?

Sophia. No.

Link. Really, this is very delightful. But pray, give me some reason—some cause for your refusal ?

Sophia (decidedly). No.

Link. You speak as if my feelings were of no consequence. I don't know why you should treat me in this way. Please, miss, answer me once for all. Do—you—not—like me ?

Sophia. No—no—no—no—no ! *(She runs into her apartment.)*

Link. The deuce take the girl ! But she's an idiot, a downright idiot. I shall waste no more words upon her.

When the uncle enters, *Link* complains to him of his niece's conduct ; and old *Gamstrup*, suspecting that *Hammer* has something to do with it, and seeing him approaching, orders *Sophia* to answer nothing but *no* to him, and retires with *Link* to listen. *Hammer* comes in, and fancying *Sophia* alone, addresses her :

Now I can speak out openly. May I dare to hope that we understand each other ? That you know *my* sentiments, I cannot doubt. But I, *Sophia*, can I have misunderstood yours ?

Sophia (tenderly). No.

Hammer. Oh, then I am the happiest fellow on earth ! You love no one else ?

Sophia. No.

Hammer (kneeling). And now, when I lay my hand and my heart at your feet, when I vow eternal love and fidelity to you, you will not disbelieve me?

Sophia. No.

Hammer. You will not forsake me?

Sophia. No.

Hammer. Nor deny me this dear hand?

Sophia. No.

Hammer. You will never repent of your engagement to me?

Sophia. No.

Hammer. Never cease to love me?

Sophia. No.

Gamstrup and *Link* rush from their hiding-place, and *Gamstrup* exclaims, "Hold—stop! This is more than enough!" But matters are speedily set to rights by *Hammer's* telling that he has just come into a fortune; upon which *Link* withdraws his suit, and the uncle his opposition. The vaudeville is wound up with a song and chorus, the last verse of which *Sophia* addresses to the audience. It ends with,

Your favour, then, may you bestow

Upon this bagatelle;

And while we bid you now farewell,

Dash not our hopes with—*No!*

Heiberg's "*Elverhoi*," "*Fairy Mount*," a graceful opera in five acts, is founded on an old superstition, and its music introduces some of the ancient Scandinavian airs. The air of,

Far o'er the waves the mermaid's song is heard,

is a wild and beautiful melody; originally a Swedish peasant song and dance, called "*Redens Polska*." It is somewhat surprising that no manager of an English theatre has yet been found enterprising enough to try some of these northern novelties—all pertinaciously adhering to the old beaten track of adaptations from the French stage.

Johan Ludwig Heiberg is also the author, in most instances, and editor in others, of some tales which are extremely popular. Among these are "*En Hverdags Historie*," "*An Every-day History*," "*De Lyse Nætter*," "*Bright Nights*," "*Mesalliance*," "*To Tidsaldre*," "*The Two Ages*," "*Forlæggerjagt*," "*The Hunt for a Publisher*,"* "*The Young and the Old Heart*," and many others. Heiberg publishes all his novels as merely edited by himself. Some of them are attributed to his mother, the Countess Gyllenberg. This lady, formerly the wife of Heiberg's father, the banished dramatical writer, was divorced from him, and married afterwards a Swedish nobleman, who, for political faults, also, was exiled from his own country, and took up his abode in Denmark. To English people, the mention of a divorce suggests the idea of some flagrant misconduct; but it is not necessarily connected with guilt in Denmark. Divorces are much more easily obtained there than in Great Britain. If two people live unhappily together, and wish to dissolve their marriage, the Danish laws admit the possibility of their doing so;† and so entirely

* Some of Heiberg's tales are in process of translation, and may be offered at a future day to English readers, if they are successful in their "*Hunt for a Publisher*."

† We know a curious case of one of these separations. A lady and gentleman

can their marriage be annulled, that they may legally marry any one else. Nor does this absolutely involve a loss of respectability. It is not common, however, to find this legal license made use of.

Carstens Hauch, born 1791, of a good family, was a professor at Kiel, which he left when the Holstein war unhappily broke out. He resides now on the island of Ærøe, and still contributes to the literary stores of his country, which he has enriched with dramas, poems, and novels. Hauch is a most prolific as well as a favourite writer. Among his works may be named his "*Iris*," a miscellany, containing poetry and prose. His "two poems," one of which is called "*The Sailor's return Home*;" his "*Lyrical Poems*;" "*Rosaura*," a lyrical drama; "*The Contrasts*," two dramatic poems; "*The Siege of Maestricht*," "*The Death of Charles V.*," "*Tiberius*," and "*Svend Grathe*," tragedies; "*A Polish Family*," a romance, &c., &c.

The most celebrated work of Henrik Herz, who was born in 1798, is "*King René's Daughter*," a drama which has been beautifully translated into English by Miss Chapman. He is the author of some other plays, and also of some poems; among the latter are his "*Poetiske Epistler fra Paradis*," published in 1831, and his "*Lyrical Dramatic Poems*," published ten years later. Among the former, "*En Eneste Feil*," "*A Single Fault*," "*Love and the Police*," and "*The Corsairs*." There are some specimens of Herz's poetry in Christian Winther's "*Collection of One hundred and five Danish Romances*;" one of them, the "*Troubadour*," is extremely pretty. There are in the same volume some good specimens of Hauch's short poems—of course, some of Winther's own, and those of his near relative, Paul Möller. Christian Winther and Paul Möller are both poets of the present day; the latter has translated the "*Odysee*" into Danish, as well as having written original poems. Winther is also a writer of novels—for this department of literature has *now* plenty of votaries in Denmark. Among these, the writers who publishes under the names of St. Hermidad and Carl Bernhard, hold prominent places. Their works are clever and lively, and graphic in their descriptions. "*Et aar i Kiöbenhavn*," "*A Year in Copenhagen*," in two volumes; "*Lykkens Yndling*," "*Fortune's Favourite*," "*Old Souvenirs*," "*A Country Family*," "*The Commissioner*," "*Chronicles from the Times of Erik of Pomerania*," "*Chronicles from the Times of Christian II.*," and other works, show that Mr. St. Aubain is not a loiterer in the path he has chosen for himself. If these pages should ever meet the eye of that talented author, we must hope that he will pardon us for giving the name he modestly desires to conceal.*

Professor Sibbern is another distinguished writer; his most admired

were betrothed in Copenhagen at a very early age, and after a short acquaintance. The gentleman was obliged by circumstances to spend some years in a distant colony. They were at length enabled to meet and to marry. But both had changed in feelings, habits, and everything else; they were miserable. The lady insisted on a divorce, which was obtained; *she* was a Lutheran, and married again. *He*, being a Roman Catholic, could not be released from his vows without a dispensation from the Pope. He was not rich enough, or energetic enough, to procure this; so he remains in the peculiar position of an unmarried and yet a married man!

* It is at least believed in Copenhagen that Carl Bernhard, which is admitted to be a fictitious name, and Mr. St. Aubain, are one and the same.

work is entitled "Gabrieli's Posthumous Letters." The first volume of these letters was published in 1826 or 1827; the remainder about two years ago.

Hans Christian Andersen is probably better known in England than any other Danish writer. He was born at Odensee, Funen, in 1805, in an humble rank of society, and has raised himself entirely by his own genius. It would be needless here to give any outline of his life, that having been sufficiently dwelt on by the translators of his works. Those which have appeared in English consist of tales, longer and shorter, fairy legends, and fanciful stories of various kinds. His longest romance is the "Improvvisatore," of which that popular and accomplished authoress, Mrs. Howitt, has given to the British public a spirited translation. The same lady has also rendered into English, "O. T.," published by Andersen, in 1836, and "Kun en Spillemand" ("Only a Fiddler"), which came out in Denmark the following year. Andersen's dramatic works, which are inferior to his romances, legends, and "Eventyr," have not been generally successful in Denmark; but his poetry is much admired. His poems are less known in this country than his prose works. They are extremely pretty: some of them full of feeling, some very fanciful, others humorous. Andersen partakes more of the nature of the dove than of that of the eagle; he seeks no lofty eyrie—he gazes not on the blazing sun with an eye bright as its meridian rays; he loves to linger among shady groves, and on the margin of limpid streams; his fancy revels amidst mermaids' caves and scenes of fairy land. One is reminded, when reading his "Eventyr," and little poems, of the sort of peaceful, dreamy pleasure, which one enjoys when loitering, on a warm summer's day, under embowering trees, listening to the rustling of the leaves, to the lulling sound of some rivulet near, or to the distant dashing of the waves on a level shore. All very soothing and sweet; but a kind of listless enjoyment, to which an active mind could not long submit. Andersen tells, himself, in one of his little poems, what he loves:

I love the ocean when 'tis raging wildly;
 I love it, when its waves are flowing mildly,
 And the moon beams upon its waters blue.
 I love the mountains, and their torrents, too;
 And the deep dales and forests green I love,
 And the still night, with its bright stars above;
 The sunset's golden tints, dim twilight sweet,
 And the white hoar-frost, crisp beneath one's feet.
 But hate—what do I hate? Oh! I hate nought,
 Except each evil and each bitter thought,
 And sin, that fain would harbour in my breast.
 Children I love—in innocence how bless'd!
 And minstrelsy I love, and birds, and flowers,
 And all that's beauteous in this world of ours.
 I love my friends—and woman! one alone
 I loved; she was a bride, and yet I own,
 That disappointed love I cherish still;—
 Yes, love those sorrows that my bosom fill!
 I love to think upon the grave's repose,
 And yonder world where the freed spirit goes,

These lines, headed "*Hvad jeg elsker*," "*What I love*," are in a volume of poems, dedicated to Oehlenschläger, and show, at least, what an amiable man Andersen is. "*The Dying Child*" has been one of the most praised of Andersen's minor poems, and it has been translated into several languages. That our readers may judge of it for themselves, we give a close English version of it:

Mother, I am tired, and I would fain go sleep;
Oh! let me near thy heart once more sweet slumber seek;
But thou must promise first thou wilt no longer weep,
For so scalding are thy tears, that they burn upon my cheek.
The stormy wind blows loudly, and I shiver with the cold;
But in my dreams, dear mother, all—all is calm around;
And little cherubs smiling, I fancy I behold,
When my weary eyes are closed, and I hear no startling sound.

Mother, dost thou see yon angel at my side?
The sweet songs that he sings, oh, mother, dost thou hear?
See, see! he has two wings, spread out so white and wide;
Oh! surely, 'twas our Lord himself, who bade him thus appear!
Green, and gold, and red, before my eyes are blending;
These, doubtless, are bright flow'rets brought me from the sky,
By yonder shining being, on my bed attending.
Shall I have wings, too, mother, tell me, when I die?

Why dost thou tremble thus? my hands why dost thou press?
Why dost thou lay thy cheek, dear mother, close to mine?
Oh! I can feel 'tis moist, but it does not burn the less;
What dost thou fear for me? I am for ever thine.
Thou must no longer sigh so sadly as thou hast.
If thou *wilt* still weep on, then I will weep with thee;
But, oh! I feel so faint—my eyes are closing fast—
Oh! mother—mother, see, the angel's kissing me!

One of Andersen's *own* favourites is "*Soldaten*," "*The Soldier*." It has been translated into German, by Chamisso. The following is from the Danish original:

The drums are beating with a muffled sound;
How long the way seems to yon fatal ground!
Would all were over, and he were at rest;
My heart is breaking—bursting in my breast!

I had, in this wide world, one only friend;
'Tis he, who to his doom of death they send,
With music's clanging strains and martial show;
And I, paraded with the rest, must go!

For the last time God's sun doth he behold;
Soon, soon for him will all be dark and cold!
And now he kneels—and now his eyes they bind—
Oh! may his soul eternal mercy find!

The nine have fired—not one without a sigh:
Eight of the whizzing balls have passed him by;
One only took sure aim of all the nine—
The ball that struck him in the heart was—mine!

One more specimen of his verses we shall give, for the sentiment conveyed in them is inexpressibly charming :

THE COT.

Where beat the wild waves on the strand,
A little cot is seen to stand ;
Around it smiles no patch of green,
Nor shrub, nor flow'ret gay, I ween ;
But sky alone, and sea, and sand,
The view that cottage can command ;
Yet there a paradise is found—
Love doth within its walls abound.

Nor gold, nor silver there appear,
But two who hold each other dear.
On smiling lips affection lies,
And eyes look into loving eyes ;
No angry thought can there find birth—
Forgotten is the whole wide earth,
With all its joys, its pomp, its strife—
Heart mingles there with heart for life !

When it is considered how humble was Andersen's training in childhood, how scanty his early education, a considerable degree of genius cannot be denied to him. By the force of his talents alone, he has raised himself from being the inmate of a plebeian roof to becoming the guest, and the honoured guest, of princes. The vanity which poor Andersen, in his simplicity, has not the *art* to conceal, may well be pardoned to one who has thus made his way in the world of letters and in the world of society.

F. Schaldemose, Carl Bagger, Emil Aarestrup, H. P. Holst, and P. F. Paludan Müller, are all poets of the present day ; the two last named being among the leading authors of Denmark. Paludan Müller was born in 1809. His most esteemed works are "Adam Homo," a poem, published in 1842 ; "Dandserinden," "The (female) Dancer ;" "Venus," a dramatic poem ; "Zuleima's Flight," a tale ; "Love at Court," a play ; poems published in 1836, viz. : "Adventures in a Forest," and "Alf and Rose," and "Dryaden's Bryllup," "The Dryad's Bridal," a dramatic poem, published in 1844.

Hans Peter Holst, another popular favourite among living authors, has brought out, besides other works, "Ude og Hiemme," "Out and Home," reminiscences of travel ; in the same year, 1843, "New Portfolio ;" also novels, New Year's gifts, poems, &c. A somewhat recent work of his, the second edition of which came out in 1850, has made a great sensation in Denmark. It is entitled, "Den lille Hornblæser," "The little Hornblower," and is a poem in various parts, or numbers, written during the excitement of the Schleswig-Holstein war—very spirited and patriotic indeed. It gives, among other scenes, the departure for the seat of war, the bivouac, the assault, after the battle, &c., and ends with the return home. The volume is inscribed, in two loyal verses, to the King of Denmark, Frederick VII., who made himself so popular during the war. There are some splendid verses in this poem ; it is impossible to read it without entering into the glowing and excited feelings of the poet, who

places in the most vivid manner before his readers the stirring scenes which he describes. One can fancy one sees the thick cold mist hanging over the field, which is so soon to become the theatre of the fearful battle ; that, as the wind occasionally scatters the fog, a glimpse is caught of the enemy's martial columns, with their bayonets glancing even in that uncertain light. Then come the hasty movement in the camp—the trumpets' blasts :

And to the stormy strife they rush,
And to that bloody game !

Again—

And the earth trembles 'neath the shock
Of the fearful cannons' roar,
And flames light up those massive walls
Where all was gloom before !

He tells how—

The best, the dearest blood gushed down
Into the thirsty ground ;

And how—

. . . . Death, with its grisly hand,
Seizes its victims fast ;
And corpse of friend and foe, in peace
On the same field are cast.

The whole poem is original in its conception, and well wrought up in its execution ; and if Holst had never written another line, would have entitled him to a distinguished niche among his country's best authors.

An extremely clever writer, of another stamp, is M. Goldschmidt, a Jew. He was born, according to his own statement, in October, 1819, at Vordingborg, on the Baltic, near Nestved, in Zealand. He received his education at the university of Copenhagen, where he was remarked for his talents, and his success in all his studies. He was for some time the editor of *Corsaren*—*The Corsair*—a weekly, and, under Goldschmidt's management, a clever periodical ; something between *Punch* and the *Athenæum*. It noticed new books, and musical and theatrical matters, and it likewise ridiculed men and manners. The illustrations, however (of those numbers that we have seen at least), were by no means so good as those which are found in *Punch*. The *Corsair* has fallen off since Goldschmidt withdrew from conducting it. He is now the editor of a monthly magazine—the best in Copenhagen—entitled *Nord og Syd*—*North and South*. Goldschmidt is the author of a tale in which much light is thrown on the manners, habits, and religious ceremonies of the Jews. It is still more interesting, as it describes the feelings, towards Christians, of a well educated, intellectual, and sensitive Jew. The battle, in his own mind, between his inclination for the society of his Christian fellow-creatures and his shrinking from their real or apprehended coldness and disdain. The galling consciousness that a brand had been set upon him from his cradle, that to imbibe and cherish a prejudice—as he would call it—against himself and all his race, is made a point of duty and religion among the beings who, in all other respects, are like himself—all this is painted with a masterly hand, with the hand of one who has studied the workings of the human heart. One charm of Goldschmidt's very original and striking tale is, that he has copied or

borrowed from nobody, either in his own language, or that of any other land.

Two translations of this talented work have appeared in English. The one, called "Jacob Bendixen," after its hero, in three volumes; the other, entitled "The Jew of Denmark," in one volume, which is the size of the original. Some readers have been disappointed with the conclusion of this tale; the non-conversion to Christianity of its Jewish hero. One clever critic has said, that there might have been "a gradual and almost unconscious conversion of the Jew—bit by bit of the ceremonial law being thrown aside, until he stood face to face with the naked spirituality of Judaism alone—an easy convert to Christianity by the imperceptible workings of his own mind. Love encouraging what reason had begun, and reason clinching the conclusions of love." Such, undoubtedly and naturally, would have been made the result had a *Christian* written the work; but it would have been unnatural and unworthy in a *Jewish* author to have made his hero (whom he did not wish to portray as a despicable character) become a renegade to the faith in which he himself believes. Goldschmidt's tale, "A Jew," was published under the assumed name of "Adolph Meyer." He is now bringing out a second edition of it, in Copenhagen, with some alterations.

J. M. Thiele, the compiler of "Transactions of the Scandinavian Literary Society," author of "Letters from England and Scotland," of a collection of "Danske Folkesagn," in two volumes, —viz., old traditions, ghost stories, fairy legends, superstitions, &c.,—is also the writer of a life of Thorwaldsen, which has been recently translated into German, and may, therefore, probably find its way to England, through the medium of a *re-translation*. Some of Thiele's popular traditions are very curious and amusing, and in them can be traced the subjects, or, at least, groundwork, of many modern Danish poems. Odensee is one of the favourite scenes of several of these wild legends; and this may, perhaps, account for H. C. Andersen's fondness for these "Eventyr." No doubt such fancy-lore was as common in the cottage as in the rural dwellings of the rich, and he had, therefore, most likely heard from his infancy of wizards and Spæc-wives, spectres, mermaids, and the Elfin race, way-wolves, enchanted rocks, and all the wonders and mysteries connected with St. Canute's church at Odensee. Among the numerous old sayings and superstitious beliefs related in this work of Thiele, are to be found most of those prevalent in Scotland, as well as those common in different parts of England, and in Germany. The ceremonies to be performed on St. John's Eve, on Christmas Eve, New-Year's night, &c., resemble those so well described by Walter Scott and Burns. There are some superstitions, however, different; for instance, "One must never weep over the dying, or, at least, let tears drop on them, for, then, they will not find rest in their graves,"—"One must cut one's nails on a Friday, that will bring good luck,"—"When a party are assembled at table on a Christmas evening, and one of them wishes to know if any among them will die before the following Christmas, he or she must silently leave the room, and, going outside, must peep through a pane of glass in the window. The individual who is then seen sitting at the table without a head, is to die before the expiration of the following year." In these volumes are

anecdotes of flying midnight huntsmen,—of trees that turn at night into whole colonies of little elves,—of castles suddenly sinking into the earth, and their site becoming lakes. Such, it is said, was the origin of Dallerup Lake, in Zealand. The lord of the castle, who was “an ungodly and wicked person,” persisted in his evil courses in spite of all the remonstrances made to him by a monk. So one night, as he and his two brothers were drinking and carousing, behold! the castle “sank suddenly deep into the ground,” and a lake, which has remained ever since, appeared on the vacated spot!

Kammerraad* J. C. Riise has published many volumes of what he terms “Historical and Geographical Archives,” a “Library for Young People,” and similar instructive works. Paggard is a writer on geology, and Martensen on theology. Bille, of travels and voyages; his “Reise omkring Jorden,” “Voyage round the World,” is a work much esteemed. C. F. Allen, the professor of Danish history at the university of Copenhagen, has published one of the best histories extant of his own country; it has already gone through three editions. He brings his history down to the death of King Frederick VI., who was succeeded by Christian VIII. Of the good old Frederick, Professor Allen truly says, “that he had seen many sorrowful days, but had ever sought to promote the welfare of his people, whose love had followed him to the grave.”

Professor Carl Christian Rafn, the president, and Professor Wegener, the vice-president, of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, stand high among the leading *literati* of Copenhagen. Professor Rafn has translated several Icelandic sagas, and is the author of the celebrated and very learned work, entitled “*Antiquitates Americanae*.”

There remains now only to mention the female writers of Denmark. The list is a short one; for, however clever, well-informed, and superior the Danish ladies may be, few of them have chosen to emerge from the privacy of domestic life, and place their names before the world. Nor are the names of those few by any means so well known as are the names of some of the authoresses of a neighbouring country. None have attempted to rival that charming Swedish writer, the late Baroness Knorring—Miss F. Bremer—or the still brighter star in Swedish literature, that most talented and admirable writer, Madame Emilie Flygare Carlén.

Upwards of two hundred years ago, a learned Danish lady, Birgitte Thott, published several translations of Greek and Latin works, which were more valued *then* than original compositions. She does not appear to have had any imitators or followers in her literary career, for we do not hear again even of one stray female writer, until the earlier part of this present century; when Mrs. Hegerman Lindencrone appeared as an authoress, and distinguished herself much as a translator from the German, and an original writer. Among her poems may be mentioned one on the death of Foersom, the Danish translator of Shakspeare. The Countess Gyllenborg, before spoken of, who publishes in conjunction with her celebrated son, J. L. Heiberg; Miss Cecilie Beyer, the able translator of some of Calderon’s plays, and who has also written pretty lyric poems; and Miss Fibige, *said to be* the authoress of the work entitled

* A Danish title.

"Clara Raphael," are the principal writers of the female sex in Denmark. "Clara Raphael," published in 1851, consists of twelve letters, written by a young lady as if to an intimate friend. The principal subject is, the emancipation of her own sex; and the book, of which Johan Ludwig Heiberg is the editor, and to which he has affixed a very complimentary preface, has created, by all accounts, a great sensation in Copenhagen. It would be hardly possible to convey a just idea of this little work by any short extracts, yet we shall give one or two. In letter 3rd we find :

For the first time in my life I regret that I am not a man. How destitute in aim, how unsubstantial is our life, compared to theirs ! Is it right that the half of the human species should be shut out from all employment calling forth the powers of the mind ? Or has our Creator really made us of such inferior materials (as I have heard one of these interesting gentlemen here, in the country, in sober earnestness assert), that we must, automaton-like, content ourselves with the trivial labours which are indicated to us as our portion in this life ? Have our minds then no energy—our souls no inspiration ? Men have a thousand paths to improvement. Besides their studies, they have as free an interchange of thought with their friends as they can wish. But we ! among our compeers, how seldom do we find those who are interested in anything beyond mere trifles ! And gentlemen seldom condescend to take the trouble of wasting even a little of their wisdom in serious conversation with ladies. Everything tends to efface any peculiar individual stamp or property in the character of a young girl. "That is not liked—it is not feminine to speak so—one must not be different from other people," &c. Half so much coquetry and silly vanity would not be found among our sex, if custom permitted the development of natural inclination in each individual. But girls, poor things ! have now spiritual stays laced on before they know how to think.

In another letter to her "Dear Mathilde," Clara writes :

We were talking the other day of death, and I said, I was surprised, when those we loved died, that we did not rejoice *for* them that they had passed to a better life. Every one stared at me, as if I had fallen from the moon. "But," said Camilla, "would you not feel for your own loss ?" "Yes," I replied, "I would grieve for the loss *to me* of the dead ; but I am convinced that sorrow would subside in reflecting on the happiness of the one taken from me." And what do you think Madame Stax exclaimed ? That I was a complete egotist—that the person who could speak thus, could never have given a thought to another being but her own self !! The general ideas about life and death are sadly perverted. When one who has been long weary of this world passes into eternal life, it is said, "that poor person is dead !" They speak of life, and forget everlasting life ; they speak of death, and forget eternity !

But *we* must not forget that all things must have an end ; and that it is time to bring to a conclusion this slight survey of a literature which has hitherto been but little known in Britain. We shall only add the hope that this impartial, and we can affirm, correct, outline of Danish authors and their works, may have been interesting to some of the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR; OR, THE A.D.C.

EVERY one who has visited—and few there are, we take it, who have not—that delightful little watering-place, the Droppingfall Wells, must have observed the fine gilt letter-cage in the entrance-hall of the Turtle Doves Hotel, in which are arranged the letters of expected visitors, proclaiming as well the coming greatness, as acting as advertisements of the house's custom. Here, as regular as swallows in the spring, or as the horse in the little roundabout at a fair, have appeared, year after year, the letters of Major-General Sir Thomas Trout, the letters of Captain Hely Hobkirk Stubbs, the letters of Lady Maria and Miss Muff, the letters of John Brown and Mr. Lamb, the letters of Mrs. Sharp and Miss Flat, the letters of we don't know who besides. It is from this authentic source that the respected "we" of the *Droppingfall Wells Gazette* compiles his weekly bulletin of the rank, fashion, and beauty that visit this most celestial of all sublunary scenes.

The entrance-hall is well adapted for a watering-place lounge, being a fine lofty, airy apartment, flagged with black and white diamond-patterned marble flags; while the walls are done in such good imitation of various marbles, that many a one feels them, to be satisfied that they are not in the real marble halls of the song. On the south, the hall opens into a public billiard-room; on the right is the spacious coffee-room, where wax lights are supplied without charge—or "free gratis," as the waiter says; and on the left are the private apartments of the hostess, Mrs. Mendlove; through the plate-glass window of which, commanding the aforesaid letter-cage and hall, her lovely daughter, Constantia, may afternoonly be seen lounging elegantly on a rose-coloured sofa, in the full-blown costume of a Bloomer. The sash of the window is then up, and while the sill forms an agreeable resting-place for the arm of an admiring lounge, the letter-box below is a most convenient excuse for being there if any one happens to come upon the happy couple un-awares. Then Constantia goes on with her knitting or needlework, and the swain drops upon his light reading of "Major-General Sir Thomas Trout," "Captain Hely Hobkirk Stubbs," or whoever happens to be in the "lock-up," just as if the improvement of his mind was his sole and entire mission.

The hall of the Turtle Doves Hotel forms a sort of centre of attraction for the visitors of either end of the pretty, but rather straggling village or town; and, being on a level with the street flags, invalids having the *entrée* can be wheeled in in their garden-chairs through the bright-folding mahogany sash-doors, where, in addition to the benefit of a well-framed railway time-table and a weather-glass, they have the run of the letter-cage, of a couple of country papers, a second-hand copy of the *Post*, a guide to the Wells, and the use of a hat-brush—all very attractive things in their way. High 'Change is generally about noon, when the Bloomer, having got herself becomingly up, and the letter-box arranged, throws up the sash of her window, and subsides in attitude on her sofa. Sir Thomas Trout, who always arrives with the punctuality of the soldier, is the self-elected great gun of the place, and to him are referred all matters of pedigree, etiquette, points of honour—of warfare and military discipline generally. What he says is law. Sir Thomas, who is a peripatetic *gour-*

mand, always feeds into a severe fit of the gout towards autumn, and comes to the Droppingfall Wells to be cured—than which, we may safely say, there is no better place.

Last season, however, we grieve to add—for we have a share in the Turtle Doves Hotel on the sly—Droppingfall Wells had not its fair share of company. Whether this was owing to the Crystal Palace, or to the miscarriage of prophet Cobden's predictions as to the improvement of landed property by the repeal of the corn-laws, or to whim, or to fashion, or to caprice, we know not ; but such was the case, as we know to our cost. That it was not owing to any falling-off in the management of the hotel, we are in a condition to speak ; for we were there the greater part of the autumn, and never saw better management, better cookery, better wine, better beer, better tea, better butter, better anything, or a more beautiful Bloomer ; and, despite what Mr. Albert Smith may say as to inns generally, the charges were by no means exorbitant. Not, of course, that we paid anything, but we saw and helped to inflame the bills of those who did pay. That, however, is not the point, and is only thrown in by way of giving a lift to the house. Our business is with a guest—another great gun of the world.

It was just about what is usually the height of the season, that the drooping spirits of the beautiful Bloomer were cheered by the arrival of three portentous-looking letters, headed,

“On Her Majesty's Service,”

and addressed—

“To William Heveland, Esq., A.D.C., &c., &c., &c.,

“Turtle Doves Hotel,

“Droppingfall Wells.”

“My wor—rod !” exclaimed she, clutching them, and admiring the great seals—the royal arms ; and then turning to the directions—“my wor—rod,” repeated she, “but this is something like,” reading—

““On Her Majesty's Service,

““William Heveland, Esq., A.D.C.”

“A.D.C.,” repeated she—“A.D.C.—what's A.D.C., postman?”

“A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J.,” replied the postman, hurrying off, saying the alphabet.

“Well,” said the Bloomer, turning one of the letters upside down, “he's somebody, that's quite clear—on Her Majesty's Service—well, I think ! If this isn't the making of the house, I don't know what will.”

She then turned it upright again, as if in hopes that a fresh view would help her to decipher it, but with no better success. The A.D.C. fairly puzzled her. She would like to know what it meant. K.C.B.'s, LL.D.'s, F.R.S.'s, D.C.L.'s, she had severally caged, but never an A.D.C. “What could A.D.C. mean ?” thought she, as she run her eye over the bedroom book, considering where she should put so important a personage. “It must be a good room—low down, too. Ah, there was No. 3—nice airy room, three windows, two looking to the street, and the other to the buttercup meadows.”

“Mary !” exclaimed she, ringing the housemaid's bell, and applying her mouth to the communicating-pipe in the wall.

“Mem ?” answered a voice downwards.

“No. 3 ready ?” replied the Bloomer, upwards.

"Yes, mem," answered the voice downwards.

"Put on the pink toilet-cover, and clean muslin curtains, and the new counterpane, and I'll give you some fine towels when I come up-stairs," said the Bloomer.

"Yes, mem," replied the voice.

The Bloomer then had another look at the letters, in hope of inspiration; but none coming, she took down the key of the lock-up, and proceeded to place them in custody. Very conspicuously she arranged them, too, one above the other in the very centre of the long gilt-wired box, keeping all the insignificant Browns, Joneses, and Greens, at a respectful distance from them. After taking a lingering look, she resumed her place on the sofa, *Punch* in hand, to watch the impression they produced upon the comers.

The first to visit the gay scene on this auspicious day were the three Miss D'Oyleys. They generally accompanied their brother to the billiard-room, and after conning the fashionable column in the *Post*, informing themselves what was doing in high life—that high life for which they yearned with the most ardent aspirations—they glanced their lustrous eyes through the letter-box, and then proceeded on their travels. They were all struck with the important A.D.C. letters, but made no demonstration in the presence of the Bloomer. When they got outside, however, it was different.

"Who can Mr. Heavytree be?" "What's A.D.C.?" exclaimed Anna Maria and Jane Sophia in the same breath.

"Heavytree; it's not Heavytree," replied Miss D'Oyley, who had taken a more deliberate read than her sisters.

"Who is it then?" asked Anna Maria.

"*Heveland*, I read it," replied the elder sister.

"Well, but what's A.D.C.?" asked Jane Sophia.

"Don't know," replied Miss D'Oyley.

Next came Mrs. and the Miss Bowerbanks. They lived at Raspberry Tart Lodge, but having seriously damaged a five-pound note at the Turtle Doves on their coming, had arranged with Timothy, the head waiter, to have their letters directed to the Turtle Doves, instead of to the less aristocratic mansion they occupied. Great talk, too, it made in the little country town from whence they came, that they should be sojourning so long at such a first-rate hotel, accompanied with the usual significant shrugs and wishes that they "mightn't be going it." Mrs. Bowerbank, however, not coming up to the Bloomer's idea of a lady—chiefly, we believe, because she gave her cast-off clothes to the poor of her village, instead of to her maid—the Bloomer just contented herself with exclaiming from the back of *Punch*, as she contemplated the party over the top,

"Nothing for you to-day, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Mrs. Bowerbank, who had brought her gold-chained eyeglass to bear on the all-absorbing letters; "William Heveland, Esq., A.D.C. Who can he be, I wonder? On her Majesty's Service, too;" and thereupon she turned into the hall to take up the *Post*, in hopes that some one would come in to expound.

Little old Miss Gaby followed, but being a lady who professed to be quite destitute of curiosity, she never looked into the letter-box while

there was any one there to see her; so she immediately entered into a most cordial disquisition with Mrs. Bowerbank about the weather, expressing the most sanguine hopes as to the harvest, just as if she had three hundred acres of wheat, and two hundred acres of barley, to say nothing of green crops, dependent upon its caprice, though all the soil she possessed was what she had brought in on her dirty shoes.

The overpowering Mrs. Flummocks, known in the matrimonial market as the "Crusher," from the summary way she settles little gentlemen's pretensions who made up to her towering daughters, then forced the barrier of both doors, and sailed into the hall like a tragedy queen, leaving the folding-doors flopping like condor's wings behind her. Mrs. Flummocks held herself high, and only vouchsafed a gentle inclination of the head to the Bowerbanks, while she honoured Miss Gaby, who could in no ways interfere with her daughters, with the tips of her fingers. This done, she sailed round to the letter-box, and was soon struck with the imposing-looking documents in the middle.

"On Her Majesty's Service.

"William Heveland, Esq., A.D.C.,"

read she, slowly and deliberately. "William Heveland," repeated she, looking up. "Wonder if he's any relation of the Hevelands, of Heveland Castle—very old friend of our family's if he is. Oh, good morning, Miss Mendlove," continued she, addressing the Bloomer, as if she now saw her for the first time; "good morning, Miss Mendlove. Pray can you tell me what country this Mr. Heveland, whose letters I see in the case, is from?"

"Are there some letters in the case for that name?" asked the Bloomer, with an air of the utmost innocence, for she hated Mrs. Flummocks, whose maid gave the worst possible description of her meanness, particularly in the tea-and-sugar department. Moreover, though Mrs. Flummocks "Miss Mendlove'd" her to her face, she knew that she "young person'd" her behind her back, and laughed at her "ridiculous costume," as she called her Bloomer attire. "Are there any letters in the case for that name?" replied the Bloomer, in answer to Mrs. Flummocks's inquiry.

"Yes, three," replied Mrs. Flummocks, looking them over. "Can you tell me who he is?"

"No, mem, I can't," snapped the Bloomer, returning to her *Punch*.

"What does A.D.C. mean, Martha?" asked the Crusher, turning to her eldest daughter, who, with her two strapping sisters, had entered the hall, while mamma was looking into the letter-box, and making her attempts on the Bloomer.

"A.D.C., A.D.C.," repeated the gigantic Martha; "I'm sure I don't know, mamma. A B C one understands, but I don't know what A.D.C. means."

"It's on a letter—something Heveland, Esq., A.D.C.," observed the Crusher, adjusting her front.

"Can it have anything to do with the Company's service?" suggested the second strapper, whose name was Sarah.

"Company's service," repeated the Crusher, who had had one or two of that breed through hands—"Company's service—no—that is H.E.I.C., Honourable East India Company, isn't it?"

"The Geographical Society, perhaps," suggested the youngest, Miss Margaret, who, being last from school, might be reasonably supposed to have her learning fresher than the others.

"No; that's F.R.G.S., Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society," mouthed the eldest, in her usual knock-me-down way, silencing the sister, and settling the disquisition.

The hall now began to fill. Mr., Mrs., and three Miss Softeners, came stealing in, and before the door closed on their entry, Mrs. and the Miss Holloways followed. Then came Mr. Biddle and Mr. Dawes, Mr. Dixon and Miss Hat, Mr. Rap and Master Paine, Mr. Slade and Miss Corner, with Mrs. Corner following judiciously with Mrs. Fisk, whom she had assisted last year to capture the slippery Mr. Prance. Ladies, however much they may dislike each other, and which, by-the-by, they almost all do, will always combine to catch a man. They don't know how soon they may require similar assistance themselves.

Well, as the hall filled, the box was visited, and fresh inquiries arose to what A.D.C. meant. "What does A.D.C. mean?" superseded the state of the weather, or "What do you think of the Great Exhibition?" One said it meant one thing, another another, but each fresh suggestion was disposed of almost as quickly as it was made. At length, as ingenuity was about exhausted, a cockaded footman, in a coat of many colours, was seen manœuvring a garden-chair outside, and a rush being made to either folding-door, the great Major-General Sir Thomas Trout was wheeled into the hall. The usual salutations over, and inquiries made as to the state of his dear hand, and his dear arm, and his dear foot, and so on, the question was soon put,

"What does A.D.C. mean, Sir Thomas?"

"A.D.C.," replied he, with a mingled smile of pity and contempt—"A.D.C. Why, don't you know? *Aide-de-camp* to be sure—what I was to my Lord Bullywell."

"Oh, to be sure!" exclaimed half a dozen voices; "how stoopid not to know it! *Aide-de-camp*, to be sure! so it is."

"Why do you ask?" inquired the great man, as the exclamations ceased.

"Oh! only there are some letters directed so to a gentleman here, or coming here."

"Indeed!" replied the major-general, raising his eyebrows; adding, "I have no information on the subject."

Just as if no military man had any business at Droppingfall Wells without consulting him.

"Indeed!" repeated Sir Thomas. "What's his name?"

"Haveland, Sir Thomas," replied the Crusher, who was very ambitious of the great man's notice; indeed, at one time, fancied she was to be Lady Trout.

"Haveland—Haveland," repeated Sir Thomas. "Know the name—know the name;" adding to his coach-horse footman, "Jeremiah, tell Miss Mendlove I want to speak to her."

"Yes, Sir Thomas," replied Jeremiah, touching his hat, and moving away to inform the Bloomer through the window.

This brought the fair lady, in her silver-buttoned light-blue silk vest, with a flowing jacket of a darker blue above a lavender-coloured tunic

and white trousers, fingering her cambric collarette and crimson silk neck-tie above her richly-figured shirt, with mock-diamond buttons scattered freely down the centre.

"Good morning, Miss Constantia," exclaimed the old knight, gaily. "So you've got an aide-de-camp here, have you? No wonder you're so smart," added he, looking her over.

"A *what*, Sir Thomas?" asked the Bloomer, not exactly catching what he said.

"Ah, you know, you naughty one!" exclaimed the ex-aide-de-camp, archly; adding, "Tell me, my dear, is Mr. Heveland at home?"

"He's not come yet, Sir Thomas," replied the fair lady, now putting that and that together, and reckoning she had done well to order the best bedroom to be got ready.

"Not come yet!" replied Sir Thomas. "Not come yet!" adding, after a pause, "Well, I must notice him—I must notice him. Tell him, when he comes, that Major-General Sir Thomas Trout has called upon him—or stay," added he. "Jeremiah," appealing again to the coach-horse footman, "give Miss Constantia a card out of my case." Where-upon Jeremiah dived into the pocket of the coat of many colours, and fishing up the card-case, handed the all-important pasteboard to the Bloomer, who placed it above the "A.D.C." letters in the box.

Sir Thomas's card clenched the business. There was no further speculation or inquiry as to who or what the stranger was. The thing now was to get a sight of the great A.D.C. In this our friends were doomed to a good deal of tantalization; for, though the next day brought two more letters "On Her Majesty's Service," and several others sealed with crests and many-quartered coats of arms, all of which were duly paraded in the letter-cage, yet neither the Bloomer nor any one about the place could give any information about the man himself. Sir Thomas Trout shook his head mysteriously when appealed to, and said he was "not at liberty to mention"—a course the knight generally adopted to conceal his ignorance.

Great excitement was the consequence; the title "aide-de-camp" representing to most minds a dashing young officer, full of giggle and conversation, with a great aptitude for love-making, dancing, and singing. We don't know how many young ladies were set out for him; half the town, in short; for women like playing at appropriation, let the chance of success be ever so remote. It is their castle-building in the air.

With all our admitted partiality for Droppingfall Wells, truth compels us to say that it is not over well off for men—young men, at least. They seem to come to suck their fathers and mothers, when their pockets are empty, and to go away as soon as they have got what they want. Some there may be in a sort of leading-string state of probation, but they are of little use, save for practice, and can generally only be had on the reciprocity system—Miss Fairlips assisting Miss Silvertongue to their Charles, on condition of Miss Silvertongue encouraging their Arthur to "think well" of her. The real woodcocks of life—young men apart from their families, whom the girls may besiege without having to run the gauntlet of all the relations and friends of this world—are scarce, very scarce. Difficult indeed is the conduct of a suit in which there are so

many defendants. But we will not dwell on so painful and notorious a point, preferring to expatiate on our man of the season, the great A.D.C.

The shades of an autumnal evening were drawing on, lady parties were settling to their tea, and gentlemen to their wine, when the tit-tupping tramp of a horse's hoof drew all eyes to the street, and an airily-dressed gentleman, looking like a man going to bathe or shoot wild ducks, was seen cantering in an easy toe-in-stirrup way, with a slack rein and a smart silver-mounted whip under his arm. It struck almost everybody that it was the A.D.C. Nor were they wrong in their conjecture, for pulling up at the door of the Turtle Doves Hotel, he threw himself carelessly off the half cover-hack, half shooting-pony's back, and leaving it to stand by itself, swung into the hall with a flourish.

"Any letters for me? (haw)," exclaimed he, in a throaty, consequential sort of way—"any letters for me? (haw)," cracking his whip jockeywise down his very loud-striped brown trousers' side.

"Oh, yes, sir!" exclaimed the beautiful Bloomer, not behind the rest in sagacity—"oh, yes, sir—a great many, sir," continued she, unlocking the cage, gathering together all the documents, great and small, and placing them in his hand.

"Haw!" continued he, pompously, from his throat, as he sorted them like a hand at cards, placing "Her Majesty's Service" ones unopened in the little outside pockets of his queer pepper-and-salt-coloured jacket, along with Sir Thomas Trout's card, and tearing open the seals of those he was not acquainted with, scattering the crumpled envelopes freely about the floor. "Haw!" repeated he again, having mastered their contents. "Now," continued he, "send the (haw) ostler to take moy (haw) hack, and order me a (haw) bedroom with a (haw) sitting-room adjoining, or near at hand (haw); and let me have some (haw) dinner. What (haw) soup have you? (haw)," pulling away at his painted gills as he spoke.

"I'm afraid we've no hare soup, sir," replied the Bloomer, modestly.

"(Haw) I don't mean haw soup—but what (haw) soup have ye?" said he, fumbling at his flowing once-round spotted blue tie.

The Bloomer then, better comprehending his dialect, recited the varieties—giblet, ox-tail, mulligatawny, and so on; and the great man, having chosen ox-tail with a sole, and rump-steak with oyster-sauce to follow, swaggered across the hall, and up the light corkscrew staircase after the waiter, to inspect his rooms and prepare for the repast.

"(Haw) that will do (haw)," said he, glancing at the dimensions and furniture of the Mitre; adding, "Now let me see the (haw) bedroom (haw)."

That he also said would "do," but he said it as if it was not the sort of thing he was accustomed to; but having made up his mind to put up with it, he forthwith proceeded to unpack himself. From his drab felt wide-awake he drew out half a quire of clean dickeys and a front; from the breast-pocket of his jacket he produced three pair of socks, a razor, a toothbrush, and a comb; while out of the back pockets came a shirt, a blue Joinville, some pocket-handkerchiefs, no end of letters and papers, with a cigar-case and a case of instruments. Having deposited the clothes and dressing things on the table, he bundled the letters, papers, and cases back into his pockets, and finding that dinner would not be ready for half an hour, descended to make the better acquaintance

of the Bloomer, whose appearance had struck him as he entered, and in whose society he spent the greater part of the evening. Our business at present, however, is more with his out-of-door conquests, and to them we will now devote our attention.

The "A.D.C." letters appended to his name, coupled with the extreme commonness, not to say vulgarity, of our present style of morning dress, caused what in other days would have been thought "queer" to be overlooked, or attributed to fashion or the whim of travelling incognito. Military men liked making "guys" of themselves out of harness, some said; others made no doubt he would be a great swell in the evening. Great were the hopes entertained for the morrow. Here, however, our friends were doomed to disappointment, for our hero studiously kept to his room; nor could all the giggle and chatter of high 'Change, or the important rumbling of Sir Thomas's wheels, or the audible tone in which the great man inquired if the Bloomer had given Mr. Heveland his card, induce him to show himself. Sir Thomas, indeed, looked rather disconcerted when, in reply to his inquiry, what the A.D.C. said when she gave him it, the Bloomer replied that "he just put it in his pocket." Sir Thomas had hoped he would have made such a demonstration of gratitude as, when told, would have enhanced Sir Thomas's consequence in the eyes of the company.

Nor could Timothy, the waiter—a genius possessed of all the easy inquisitive impudence of the brotherhood—throw any light upon our friend's movements, beyond that he seemed very busy, whenever he went into the room, with compasses and pencils and tracing-paper, which, being communicated from one person to another, at length resolved itself into a very plausible story—namely, that he was aide-de-camp to Sir John Burgoyne, the inspector-general of fortifications, and was down on a secret mission from the government. Some said Sir John was coming too. This idea seemed to receive confirmation from Sir Thomas Trout, who, being questioned about it, replied, with a solemn shake of the head, that he was "not at liberty to mention." The interest greatly increased with the mystery. It became all-absorbing.

Next day brought partial relief. Towards noon the great man was seen sauntering along, cigar in mouth, staring idly at horses and carriages, and into shop-windows, giving both ladies and gentlemen ample opportunity of looking him over—a privilege that he seemed equally disposed to avail himself of.

We may candidly admit that there was a difference of opinion with regard to his looks; but what young gentleman ever appeared on the stage of public life without raising adverse opinions as to his appearance? It does not, however, always follow, that because young ladies proclaim a man a fright, an object, or a horror, that they really think so. They have a useful way of running men down, in hopes of preventing each other entering for them. *

As praise, however, is always more agreeable to a well-disposed Brahmin pen than censure, we may commence by stating that both the Miss Sheepshanks and their mamma thought him very handsome. They admired the rich jet-black luxuriance of his hair, also the stiff inward curl of his regular all-round-the-chin whiskers, above all, his beautiful billy-goat imperial. Their sagacious eyes, too, detected in the deep-blue out-

line of the upper lip, where the dear moustaches had recently been. They thought him very, very handsome; and miss it was who christened him "William the Conqueror!"

The Miss Trypperleys, too, thought him good-looking—rather more colour, perhaps, than was strictly aristocratic, but that looked as if he kept better hours than the generality of young men, and as if that "filthy smoking" didn't disagree with him as it did with many.

The Miss D'Oleys thought he would have been better if he had been a little taller, though, to be sure, he would look different in uniform; and wondered whether he was in the lights or the heavies, or the artillery or what. The Miss Bowerbanks, too, liked his looks; and the Softeners were as enamoured of him as the Sheepshanks. Mrs. Flummocks passed no opinion in public, priding herself upon her discretion; she, however, thought well of him in private. The Miss Sowerbys (oldish) couldn't bear him; they thought they never saw such a great, staring, impudent, vulgar-looking fellow, and only wished they had a brother to horsewhip him; while the Conqueror had never looked at either of them. He furnished abundant conversation for the town that day.

Meanwhile, the A.D.C. letters poured in apace; not a post arrived but some came, either "On her Majesty's Service," or in the smaller form used by ordinary mortals; and the importance of the Conqueror's mission swelled with the exclusiveness of his retirement. Though many people called, all anxious for an interview, the unvarying answer was, "Not at home," though the waiter, on his cross-examination, could not but admit that our friend was up-stairs. Indeed, we may observe that the A.D.C. had completely overpowered the otherwise communicative waiter's loquacity, and from having nothing to tell, he assumed a sort of mysterious gravity that greatly assisted the A.D.C. interest. The Conqueror was so throaty and important, so peremptory in his orders, so stern in his censures, that Timothy, who is rather free and easy, given to the *persiflage* of matrimony, pretending to get heiresses for young gentlemen, and so on, stood awed in his presence, and bowed lowly and reverentially before him. Moreover, as Timothy afterwards said, he thought the Conqueror was a gent, because he always took a glass of sherry before he began his port. But though the Conqueror evidently did not court—nay, rather seemed to avoid—society, he was not above conforming to the ordinary rules that regulate its dealings; and having got the fair Bloomer to sort his callers' cards, and tell him where each lived, so that he might not go over the same ground twice, he shot meteor-like through the place, knocking at this door, ringing at that, putting in his pasteboard, "Mr. William Heveland, A.D.C.," but firmly resisting all the reiterated assurances of both Johnnys and Janes that their mistresses or the young ladies were at home.

"Dear me, Mary!" exclaimed the Crusher, taking up the card, "how stupid! Didn't I tell you we were at home!"

"Please, mum, the gen'lman didn't ask;" or "Please, mum, I told him so, and he just gave me that."

"Oh, don't tell me! It's one of your stupid mistakes; you are the stupidest girl I ever saw in my life."

Nor did the Conqueror make any exception in favour of the great Sir Thomas Trout, though the man of the coat of many colours insisted that

his master was at home to *him*—as if a special exception had been made in his favour.

"Then, give him that," said the Conqueror, presenting his card, and blowing a cloud of smoke right past the man's face into the anti-tobacconist major-general's very entrance-hall.

This disgusted the great man. The ladies, however, are not so easily put off a scent as the men, and the preliminaries to an acquaintance being now accomplished, they proceeded to clench it with invitations to dine. Cards came pouring in from all quarters, some in envelopes, some open, some printed, some written, some embossed, some plain, requesting the honour of Mr. William Heveland's company to dinner on Monday the 10th, or Tuesday the 11th, or Wednesday the 12th, just as their larders or previous engagements favoured the speculation.

The Crusher, thinking to steal a march on the rest, drew a short bill upon him for tea, which the Bloomer, who had firmly established herself in the A.D.C.'s confidence, had great pleasure in recommending him to put in the fire, which he did accordingly. The rest of the cards he just bundled into his queer jacket-pocket, to answer at his leisure.

One great beauty of a place like Droppingsfall Wells—indeed, of all small places—is, that everybody knows what you are about. It isn't like London, where you may die and be buried without your next-door neighbour being any the wiser; but at the Wells, all your in-comings and out-goings are watched and accurately noted—where you dine, who there is to meet you—nay, what you have for dinner—and you feel as if you didn't stand quite alone in the world.

Some people—generally those who take plenty of time themselves—are often desperately anxious to get answers to their invitations, and wonder others don't answer—so idle not answering—what *can* they be about they don't answer; and so it was on the present occasion. Our friend, not intending to accept of any of the invitations, just let them remain in his jacket-pocket, along with "her Majesty's" and others, until it suited his convenience to have a general clearance; and as cards and crested notes still kept dropping in, he kept putting off and putting off till he had all the senders in a state of excitement. Great were the gatherings in the hall of the Turtle Doves, and numerous the whispering inquiries that were made of the Bloomer, if there was anything for Mrs. Softener or Mrs. Sheepshanks, or Mrs. Bowerbank; and then if the Bloomer was *quite sure* Mr. Heveland had got a certain card or a certain note, or whatever it was. Little satisfaction, however, was to be obtained from the Bloomer, who seemed rather to take pleasure in their mortification, and in increasing the mystery that enveloped our hero.

All things, however, must have an end; and on the fifth day, as the crowd was at the greatest, and Major-General Sir Thomas Trout was indulging in his usual ominous shakes of the head, and "not-at-liberties-to-mention," a stentorian voice, proceeding from a dog-cart, with the name, "JOHN GOLLERFIELD, FARMER, HARDPYE HILL" behind, was heard roaring,

"TIMOTHY! TIMOTHY! TIMOTHY!" drawing all eyes to the vehicle.

In it was seated a little roundabout red-faced man, whose figure might have been drawn with a box of wafers—a red wafer for the face, a brown one for the body, four black ones for legs, and so on; the little man being

then in a terrible state of perturbation, appearing as well by the red wafer as by the white lather in which he had brought his rough-headed, curly-coated brown horse.

Timothy at length appearing, napkin, or rather duster in hand, the man of the dog-cart thus addressed him, speaking as before at the top of his voice,

"Is Mr. Heavyland in?"

"Heavyland, Heavyland," repeated Timothy, quickly; "no such gen'l'man here, sir."

"Oh, yes, there is," roared the voice, confidently.

"There's a Mr. Heveland here, sir—a Mr. Heveland, sir—aide-de-camp to General Sir John Somebody," thinking to flabbergaster Gollerfield with his greatness.

"No! no!" roared the little man; "it's Heavyland I want. I know he's here. Had a letter from him yesterday, sayin' he'd be at my place, Hardpye Hill, at ten o'clock this mornin', and he's never come."

It then struck Timothy that he had posted a letter headed "On Her Majesty's Service," for Mr. Gollerfield, Hardpye-hill; and he began to think whether Heavyland and Heveland could be one and the same person.

"What sort of a lookin' gen'l'man is he, please, sir?" asked Timothy.

"Oh, a queer black-and-red-lookin' beggar—all teeth and hair, like a rat-catcher's dog," replied Gollerfield, shaking with vexation.

"What is he, please, sir?" asked Timothy.

"An ASSISTANT DRAINAGE COMMISSIONER!" roared Gollerfield. "Puts A.D.C. on his cards, like an ass. Promised to be at my house, Hardpye Hill, at ten this mornin', to pass my drains, and he's never come;" adding, "if he thinks to get three guineas out o' me, he's very much mistaken."

If a hand-grenade had fallen among the assembled company, it could not have caused greater consternation than this proclamation. There was such shrugging of shoulders, such holdings of breath, such frowning from those who had invited our friend, and such giggling and laughing from those who had not; while the unfortunate Conqueror, who now came bounding down stairs three steps at a time to appease the choleric Gollerfield, was regarded with very different eyes to what he had been before. However, there was no harm done, for on returning from Mr. Gollerfield's, who now carried him off in his dog-cart, he placed his invitations in the hands of the Bloomer, who speedily set all minds at rest by politely declining the whole of them. And such is the new history of William the Conqueror, much at Mr. Macaulay's service, if he has any occasion for it.

P.S.—It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. In the last number of the *Droppingfall Wells Gazette*, at the head of "marriages," is the following: "On the 29th ult., at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Simon Pure, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Lovejoy, William Heveland, Esq., A.D.C., to Constantia, youngest surviving daughter of the late Michael Mendlove, Esq., of Droppingfall Wells. The lovely bride, who was dressed as a Bloomer, was attended by six beautiful bridesmaids similarly attired."

Long live the happy couple! say we.

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" IN ITALY.*

THE life of a newspaper correspondent, as may naturally be supposed, is one of alternate cloud and sunshine—one day basking in an Andalusian balcony, playing a rubber at the club on the off-nights of the Opera, being very musical when the handsome Prima Donna sings, and very light fantastic *toeish* when the lively Prima Ballerina dances; another day roughing it over the Balkan, amid sleet and snow, or starving at the tail of an ill-conditioned army, and receiving bullets instead of *billets-doux*. So it was with "Our Own" free, hearty, and clever correspondent of the *Times*, when suddenly ordered from gay Oporto to Genoa, and thence to where the progress of events might direct him. Oporto was a gay place at that time, the English squadron was in the Tagus, and "Our Own" acted as cicerone to the merry-hearted lieutenants in the *coulisses*.

On one occasion the gayest and most true-hearted of those thoughtless souls, who had been long ogling from his stall the pretty Milanese who then led the ballet, was determined to essay a grand effort at making her acquaintance, and imagining that an Italian knew as little of French, as he, an Englishman, did, whilst the sylphide was taking the usual canter before the race commenced, he advanced, cocked hat in hand, with all the lustre of new epaulettes and of full uniform, and addressed her:—"Mademoiselle! parlez-vous Français?" "Oui, monsieur! à votre service," said the lady, reining up at the same time, and throwing out the left leg at an angle of forty-five from its fellow, as she undertook a new *pose*, and laid the whole weight of her person on the right foot, the left being still suspended. "Hang it! I'm done," was the gallant tar's exclamation, for not a word more of the French language had he in store; but seeing the pretty Milanese, as she turned her head, smile at his embarrassment, he took heart again, and with a drollery that was irresistible, laid hold of the suspended foot, and kissed the point of it, with all the ardour of three-and-twenty. At this moment the word "clear the stage" being given, in Portuguese, of which tongue he knew not a syllable, followed by the ring of "curtain up," not heard by the *danseuse*, the drop-scene rose, and the whole house rang with repeated bursts of laughter, on discovering the Prima Ballerina bent down as I have described, and the lieutenant of the Thunder Bomb kissing and fondling her little foot, or, as an Irishman near me said, "By all that's gracious, he is shaking hands with her big toe!"

It was hard to tear oneself from so much gaiety, but there was no alternative, and wiping his eyes from the imaginative tears that dimmed them, "Our Own" stepped on board the mail steamer to Gibraltar; and, after a little carousing with the rock-scorpions, and an earnest and serious recommendation of an additional basin or wet-dock, sailed for Genoa in a French steamer, and, after touching at nigh a dozen interesting spots, and tasting the sweets of the Gulf of Lyons, he landed at the City of Palaces on the 25th of February, 1848. This was at the time when the long-concealed detestation of Austria was openly avowed at Milan, and in all the great cities of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; but "Our Own" tells us at the onset, that the rural population did not participate in this feeling, and on the contrary, were attached to Austrian dominion; for under the system that then prevailed, the occupier of the land paid no

* The Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy. Showing how an active campaigner can find good quarters when other men lie in the fields; good dinners whilst many are half starved; and good wine, though the king's staff be reduced to half rations. By Michael Burke Honan. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

direct taxes whatever, and enjoyed perfect independence. Hence it was that the Austrians were always well supplied during the war, while the patriots were starving. It shows what may be done by good government, to reconcile a people even to a foreign yoke; for the political aberrations of the more vicious masses, or great urban populations—men who afterwards attempted to murder King Charles Albert—ought to have no more political importance attached to them than to any common street row or riot.

As to Radetzky, knowing the Milanese *au fond*, he allowed them to play their fantastic tricks, whilst he, aware of all that was passing in Piedmont, kept his attention fixed on the proceedings of Charles Albert, convinced that from that "treacherous monarch" alone danger was to be apprehended; and it was before the Piedmontese, and not the Milanese, "Our Own" informs us, that the field-marshal retired, to take up a position from whence he could best receive reinforcements and carry on war with the greatest chances of success, or almost certain success—for the resolute old general said he would be back to collect the annual tax at Milan, and he kept his word.

"Our Own" describes the scenes enacted at this time at Genoa and Turin as especially amusing. Nothing but drums beating, trumpets sounding, national guards marching, Calabrese hats, and all the bustle of citizen-soldiers, who, like children who buy penny whistles at a fair, are never tired of puffing, blowing, strutting, and playing the hero on a small scale. "Our Own," who never ceases to abuse Charles Albert for his treachery and ambition, nor to detract from his merits as a general, yet acknowledges, that after the events at Paris, a foreign war was the only means of avoiding anarchy at home; and he avers, in opposition to the long and elaborate condemnation of English policy, penned by the Austrian minister, Ficquelmont, that Mr. Abercrombie never ceased to lay before the Sardinian king and cabinet the bad consequences of so unjust a war. In proof of this he relates the following anecdote:

On the night of the day on which the king and council determined on this great act of folly, and the Count Balbo announced it from the balcony of the palace, to the thousands that filled the great square, that personage, fatigued by the labours of the afternoon, retired at an early hour to bed. There he received the visit of our minister, who inquired, with real or assumed alarm, if it were true that the king had, without any pretext whatever, declared war against Austria, and on M. Balbo admitting that such was the truth, and attempting to excuse it on many grounds, particularly that of the proclamation of a republic at home not being otherwise avoidable, and then hinting that he was fatigued beyond his physical force, and that he desired repose, the conversation closed by Mr. Abercrombie saying, in his grave and solemn manner, "Good night, Count Balbo, SLEEP IF YOU CAN."

"Lord have mercy on me!" he adds, a little further on; "how the broad swords did clank upon the floor! how the long feathers of the Calabrese hats did reach the ceiling and obscure the gas! how 'prentice boys tore ladies' dresses with their spurs! and how whiskers and mustachoes grew to an enormous length! Can I forget the Amazons who exhibited their well or ill turned shapes, in dresses imitated from the French *vivandière*, and how particular ribands were used, so as to suit the complexion of each fair warrior-dame?" The word "fair" used so hastily in the last sentence, is recalled in a query made a little further on. "Why is it that, in all public displays, only the fat and ill-looking

specimens of womankind take a part, and that the youthful fair invariably avoid them? I have seen heroines enough in every part of the globe where civil war has existed, and I never knew one who had the slightest claims to being called good-looking." A certain marchioness, who was at the head of the patriotic demonstrations at Genoa, appears to have been an exception to this rule, for she is described as one of the handsomest women "Our Own" ever saw.

The news of the revolution at Milan carried "Our Own" to the Lombard capital, which, after some detention at Novarra, he reached a few days after the city had been evacuated by the Austrians. The account of his first pilgrimage through the streets is highly picturesque :

By this time the moon had risen, and the effect her rays produced was most extraordinary, as they only lighted the tops of the barricades, whilst the intermediate space was left in darkness visible. No lamps or torches were permitted by the guardians of the night, for what reason I cannot now recollect ; and as the strictest silence was maintained, the pass-word being asked and given in a whisper, the whole was attended with an air of mystery of the most impressive nature. The barricades were not more than ten yards apart, a passage being made to admit one man only at a time on the right-hand side ; so that to a person conducted through them, without a single word above one's breath being spoken, it appeared as if he were led within the wards of an interminable prison, to some place beyond the usual haunts of man.

The effect was made still more singular by no person being allowed to loiter in any of those subdivisions, the sentinel who guarded them being concealed in the projecting shadow of the high wall, and not an indication of life being given until you touched the point of communication. The officer charged to conduct me, who headed our little party, gave the word to some persons at first invisible to us, but no sooner did we reach a particular spot, than one or two armed men rose up, as if by magic, and, after receiving our "*pochi giorni*," sent us on with the solemn warning of "*adagio, silenzio*."

The barricades were made up of every possible material, large stones, wide flagging, being combined with sofas, gentlemen's carriages, and other objects of luxury, drawn from the neighbouring palaces. Carriages were particularly acceptable, as they formed most comfortable sentry-boxes ; and I was much amused on seeing two lads of not more than sixteen years of age, sons of the Marquis of —, retiring to their father's last London-built chariot, after having given me the usual "*adagio*."

It was, indeed, a solemn thing to walk through such a labyrinth in the darkness of the night, the moon's rays only touching the top of each barricade, not a word being permitted save the whispered "*adagio*," and no sign of life being given but on the spot where the concealed sentinels were placed.

And now we must, at the risk of betraying Mr. Michael Burke Honan's "published" confidences, make a long extract to show one of the many strange sources from whence newspaper correspondents derive all that valuable and trustworthy information which "Our Own" tells us, over and over again, causes ministers to turn pale, kings to shake, cabinets to fall, and even influences the destinies of nations.

Angela, I once fancied, was rather partial to "Our Own Correspondent," and when she sung the music of Bellini, lisped in broken English the melodies of my native land, or charmed all by a sweet French romance, I took into my head, fool as I then was, that I was very high in her good graces.

Time, with the aid of a captain of dragoons, as handsome as I am ill-looking, convinced me, one bright day, that I had made a great mistake ; and the delicate creature seeing that my eyes were opened, offered me her friendship in

tion of her heart: I accepted the gift, consoling myself with the reflection, that all the women cannot be taken with the same person, and that if I had been M. Mantilini, I might have had two or three "demed fine duchesses demnably in love with me."

Since that period the divine girl has given me various proofs of her attachment—to the captain, now a colonel; but whenever we meet, we are the warmest friends, and I have the honour to be in her complete confidence no doubt as much as she is—not in mine. She was once a tender flower, with the rose and the lily so artfully blended on her soft cheek, that it was difficult to say which claimed the preference, accompanied by "eyes of blue and braids of gold;" but Angela has now grown a little out of shape, and as some thirty-five summers have matured her bloom, she is fast settling down into a reasonable woman, and to me she is more attractive than before. Therefore it is, whenever I arrive in the city where she is engaged—of course you guess she is a *prima donna*—I pay her an early visit, and at all hours not devoted to business, I am at her side.

On the third day of my appearance at the Corso, I embraced, as an elderly gentleman should, the object of my former passion, and told her as many falsehoods as I could for the first half-hour accumulate, on the increasing beauty of her person, and the irresistible attraction of her languishing eye. Angela heard me with delight, for she was touching on the grateful age, and she almost hinted, in return for my astounding impudence, that she regretted the preference she had given to the captain, and made me understand, that promotion in his profession had not improved his temper or good looks. She then opened the piano and warbled some of those strains which entrance the world, next she saluted me on both cheeks, and lastly we sat down to talk over old times, and present days, and wondered at the good fortune that had brought such sincere friends so often together, at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Paris, Vienna, and Milan.

"Dearest Angela, tell me," said I, "why is your piano so near the window; and to what use are these two baskets full of paving-stones to be devoted?"

"Caro 'Our Own,' the piano was to be launched on the heads of the first body of Croats that passed, and the paving-stones were to be flung after them, as they retired."

"You are then a republican, dearest Angela?"

"No, caro, only a liberal *enragée*."

"You are very rich, I presume?"

"No, friend of my soul, quite the reverse."

"You have many engagements, no doubt?"

"Not one, carissimo. The Scala, the Fenice, the Pergola, and San Carlo are all closed, and as long as the revolution lasts, there is no chance of a *scrittura*."

"But, carissima, where is your common sense? Don't you see you are destroying your income by taking part in this movement? What is it to you who governs, if the opera be well attended; and think you it is the mob who pays the immense sum you are yearly in the habit of receiving?"

"Friend of my soul, say all that again, for a new light is breaking in on me."

"Why, Angela, is it not evident that the opera and music are luxuries which the rich only can support, and that if you plunge the country into revolution, the theatres must all be closed?"

"Oh! carissimo, you plant daggers in my heart. Here, Maria (to her maid) assist the signore in putting the piano in its own place, and have all these paving-stones removed without delay."

"Bravissima! Angela, you are a dear creature, and pray don't forget to let me know, if anything should happen the colonel."

Angela had played her part in the glorious four days, and as her house was near the Duomo, she ran many risks from the fire of the sharp-shooters stationed by Radetzky on the roof. To woman all excitement is acceptable, and when the first scene of panic was mastered, she enjoyed the fun, mingling in the common danger, and rushing to the points where the heat of battle raged.

From her lips I had the most graphic account of what passed, and half my

first letters were made up of these descriptions. With her I gradually traced the creation of the principal barricades, and joined the insurgents, as, step by step, they excluded the army from the centre of the town. Guided by her, I examined the bastions and approaches to the castle, and came to understand the simple tactics on which the valiant citizens fought. She explained how the Porta Tosa was won, and the Austrian line cut in two; in what manner access to the country was obtained through subterranean passages; and dwelt with minute detail on the heroic acts of courage she had seen performed by the brave youth of Milan.

Such a cicerone was invaluable, and I only regret I have not so charming a pioneer to precede me in all my expeditions, and so lovely an authority to collect materials "*pour servir à l'histoire*." These, indeed, were pleasant days, and Angela, having nothing else to do, seemed inclined to reconsider her former rejection of my suit, but a confounded tenor from Naples, one of Madame Belgiojoso's three hundred Crociati, appeared, and for a second time my nose was put out of joint.

"Our Own," although carried away for a time by the enthusiasm that surrounded him, still did not fail soon to imbibe ideas of instability and of the weak foundation on which Italian liberty rested. He found the Provisional Government, which had usurped the place of the council of war, to be full of pride, ignorance, and vanity, taking credit to itself for having succeeded in a revolt which it had in vain secretly endeavoured to suppress, and more anxious to win the favour of Charles Albert than to complete the victory the people had begun so well. Still, for a time, "Our Own" was carried away by the stream.

The gentry of Milan, with the exception of the republican party, were fully as indolent and vainglorious as the Provisional Government, and I must own to my shame, I was completely deluded by them. As I had a very large acquaintance, and visited every night in one family or another, hearing the same energetic language in all,—father and husband declaring they would not survive the return of the hated Tedeschi; and mothers and wives asserting, that if the city were again to fall into Radetzky's hands, they would rush to the Duomo with their children, jewels, and most precious effects, and, setting fire to the building, perish all together.

I believed they spoke the truth, and I said so in my correspondence. The hatred to German rule was undoubted, and the same animosity prevailed in every class of society, but the rest was all an empty boast; and when the Austrians did return, not a single victim appeared—no funeral pile was lighted—and the Duomo remained untouched and untenanted by their ashes.

Old English residents were deluded as well as the correspondent of the *Times*; and they too were impressed with a profound conviction of the good faith of these devoted patriots. Judging from outward appearances, there was no cause of suspicion; and who could doubt the professions of the people when he saw all men preparing for the campaign, and found women and children, of every rank, occupied day and night, manufacturing cartridges and making lint? The latter was a harmless employment, but the former made all visitors after sunset not a little nervous.

Only imagine a large basket or bowl full of gunpowder, placed on a work-table, close to a lamp or wax-light, and one, two, or half a dozen ladies sitting round the table, filling the paper models furnished for the purpose, and conceive your horror in reflecting what must be the consequence if a spark from the lamp or the candle fell into the magazine. The ladies were totally unconscious of the danger, or rather they were pleased with the excitement its close vicinity created; and every now and then one of the wildest would place her portion of the work, by way of bravado, near the light.

As long as military processions paraded the streets, and embroidered colours were exhibited in the Corso, the campaign was considered as progressing most favourably. Regiments on paper were formed, and non-

existing battalions enrolled, but not a company was fit to take the field until about a week after the termination of the campaign, when some hundred raw recruits appeared on the borders of the Mincio. Even the Princess Belgiojoso's three hundred crusaders lost their martial ardour on reaching the modern Capua, and turned fiddlers, singers, and improvisadores! *Te Deums* were sung in the cathedral, and the foreign consuls joined the processions. "What a stupid fellow I was," says "Our Own," "to mistake all this child-play for national enthusiasm! but others were humbugged in the same manner, and actors and spectators were alike imposed on."

The main evil to the Italian cause, arising from all this folly, was, that whilst all this nonsense was going on at Milan, Radetzky was conducting his retreat in a masterly manner. Charles Albert, having thrown off the mask, instead of pouring all his force along the right bank of the Po, and getting before Radetzky to the Mincio, was, at the same time, following the Austrian commander at a careful distance, leaving him to take up his positions undisturbed. There was, at the onset, no cordiality betwixt Piedmontese and Milanese. At the very opening of the war, each detested the other as much as the Austrians. "Our Own" relates, that when he joined Charles Albert, he wore a little Milanese *berret*, or cap, which became the rage on the Corso as soon as the town was free; it was soon intimated to him at head-quarters that his doing so gave offence to the whole army, and the sooner he changed it the better. Of course, he lost no time in getting a white hat from Milan.

"Our Own's" head-quarters during the campaign were at Valleggio, and as we intend to give some examples, in his own words, as to how "an active campaigner can find good quarters when other men lie in the fields," we must premise that he had provided himself with a letter to Dr. Ercole, and then quote his own narrative.

The communication being at length restored, I was allowed to pass, and in a short time found myself on the height leading to the destined quarter of Valleggio, and in a few minutes I was in the street looking out for a lodging, and offering silver and gold for a night's shelter. In vain I applied to every house; in vain I implored the *podestà* or mayor; in vain I besought the *paroco*, or parish priest, even for three chairs and a bolster; nothing of the kind was to be obtained, and retreat and defeat were present to my mind. The doctor to whom I had been addressed was in the country visiting his patients, and it would seem that men and gods conspired against me.

At that time speaking very indifferent Italian, I made no way in the shape of conciliation, and nothing like a good Samaritan appeared in any street. At length, as the day was drawing to a close, *Il medico* Ercole arrived, and as he spoke French, I made him clearly understand the full extent of my embarrassment. I kept the object of my visit in the background, as well as the probability of fixing my head-quarters in that vicinity, and made the whole burden of my lament one or two nights' lodging.

The doctor had the kindness to search among the persons having usually apartments to let, but in all the same answer was given, and I began to think of retiring on Volta or Dezanano. At last Ercole exclaimed, "Let us see what my brother's wife can do;" and the phrase, "a brother's wife," sounding well in all languages, I gladly complied with the suggestion, and in an instant we were before the best house in the village.

Donna Lucia did not hesitate in offering a bed for one night only, as the officer to which it belonged, by right of billet, was that day absent, and I lost no time in transporting bag and baggage, having made up my mind not to leave such admirable quarters, as long as the army remained within ten miles of the Mincio.

"It's all very fine, Donna Lucia," said I to myself, in the spirit of a true campaigner, "opening your house for one night only; but if there be blarney on an Irishman's tongue, or the least taste in life of softness in your heart, it is neither this week nor the next that I mean to take my leave. Have I not," I continued to myself, "a very pretty young Italian to deal with, and if soft sawder fail, cannot a very bad *could* confine me to my room, and opening the war with a Napoleon fee, make it the doctor's interest to retain me? Human nature is the same at Valleggio as at Folkestone, and why should not honest Mike's lesson be put into practice here?"

I took care, in the first place, not to alarm Donna Lucia's housewifery by any demands on her hospitality, or her domestic time. I sent in a small lamp and some wax-lights, dined at the Albergo, and passed up and down stairs with a velvetstep, though I had nearly six feet height and fourteen stone weight to carry. The result was, that when I met the signore and the signora next day in the passage, I was most kindly received by both, and the only complaints they made were, that I did not avail myself more fully of the accommodation of the house, and give more freely orders to their servant.

Of course I replied in the most courteous terms, after which Don Pietro made me a low bow, and I remained alone with the signora. Now or never was the battle to be fought, and so thanking Donna Lucia for her hospitality, I made believe to take a final leave; but it is not every day in the year that wild Irishmen are seen on the banks of the Mincio, and my charming hostess would not let me depart without obtaining some information about foreign parts.

"Where was I born?"

"In Ireland."

"Of what religion?"

"A Roman Catholic, of course."

"You are then a Christian?"

"An ugly man, but a good Christian."

"Did you know the great O'Connell?"

"Did I not? he was my first cousin."

"*E' vero?*"

"*Verissimo.*"

"Oh! what a blessing it is to have a cousin of the great O'Connell under our roof!"

A low bow on my part, and an eulogy of the character of the Agitator, in which I exhausted my power of rhetoric, and all the Italian I possessed; after which Donna Lucia continued:

"He was a great man, an honest patriot, and a true Christian. He died at Genoa. It was in Italy he breathed his last sigh. How I love his memory! What can we do to show respect for his great name, or to do honour to his cousin?"

"Our Own" again affecting to bid adieu:

"Adieu, Donna Lucia, eternal thanks for your kind hospitality; I must look out for a bed in the village, as I have business that detains me some days, and I cannot leave until I see the king."

"No, signore, no; your bed is here: when the officer returns, we will find him other quarters, but the cousin of the great patriot shall not leave our house. Oh! Don Pietro," to her husband, now returned, "only think, this gentleman is an Irishman, a Christian, and a cousin of O'Connell's."

"Of the great O'Connell? give me your hand, signore; I am truly glad to see you, contentissimo."

"He wants to leave us, Don Pietro, but I say no; the cousin of the illustrious Hibernian must remain here."

"Certainly, my dear wife: you will do us that honour, signore?"

"If I do not derange you."

"We loved him whilst he lived; we cherish his memory now; one of his blood is dear to us."

"You overpower me; I thank you in the name of his family and of my country; you affect me almost to tears."

It was thus I won my battle of the Mincio, and it was thus I established head-quarters which served me to the last day of the campaign. Of course the reader is angry, and the would-be fine gentleman is indignant; but the person who writes a personal narrative must tell the whole truth, and as no great man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, a seeker for adventures, like myself, must not be over nice in explaining how he contrived, whilst others had neither bed nor board, to find a good roof over his head, a clean bed, and abundance of good cheer every day during the campaign.

It is needless to repeat the oft narrated stories of the affairs of Pastrengo, Santa Lucia, Peschiera, Curtatone, Goito, Alpo, Rivoli, Somma Campagna, and Custoza; according to our uncompromising correspondent, every engagement, however unimportant, or however serious, only served to show the utter incapacity or imbecility of Charles Albert. Even the Duke of Savoy himself said, "*N'est ce pas, Monsieur Honan, nous sommes mal menés.*" For "our own" part, we get distrustful of so much and such oft-repeated detraction. There was no doubt of Charles Albert's courage, although he may not have been gifted with great military genius; but he could scarcely have always done precisely that which was wrong. Most likely his opponents made things so; at all events, we have seen too often in "our own" times the presumed incompetency of the commander made the loophole for the cowardice of an army. "Our Own" exhibits more practical wisdom in an asseveration of another order:

If Charles Albert had taken the same precautions to provide quarters and food for his gallant troops, as I did for myself, or if the Provisional Government of Milan had sent beef and mutton instead of varnished boots to the Mincio side, the war would have been successful.

I never wanted a bed, a breakfast, a dinner, during the whole campaign, and as I bore up against more fatigue than would have killed any ordinary man, how, in the name of common sense, could I have got through my work unless health was maintained by creature comforts?

If the Italian kitchen be bad even in every large city from Milan down to Naples, you may imagine how execrable it was at our village restaurant. I found, however, that Angela was perfect in the management of a *coteletta di vitello à la Milanese*, and that was a constant and ever-grateful plat.

First take your cutlet, and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then, having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew.

The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part; and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid like "young child," as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odiferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry hard bread, or a well larded woodcock served at the *Trois Frères* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain.

I have since that period travelled much in Italy, but even in the most wretched inn this dish is well cooked—not so nicely to be sure as Angela did it for her *caro Inglese*, but quite well enough to please a hungry man.

We had daily several hundred persons demanding dinners from my fair friends, but not half the number were ever supplied. Angela barred the kitchen door, and made one of her adorers keep guard with the poker and drive off the hungry customers; but an exception was made in my favour, and the *subito* and *presto* were regularly heard.

Sweet goddess of fried chops and melted butter, who could imagine that a man who loved half the prima donnas in Europe, should have descended to the kitchen and sighed to you? Who could believe that exactly the same arts, and same flattering words, that won—like Mr. Dickens's hero—so many demmed fine duchesses, should have been expended on an umctuous cook?

But you will not believe me, dear madam, that human nature is still the same—above stairs and below, in the drawing-room as in the dairy—and that the mistress and the maid are won in the same manner. To be sure my reward was merely a Milanese cutlet, but the means are the same, though the end proposed may be very different.

So much for a receipt which we shall certainly put in practice, and shall christen *Cotelette à la Honan Custoza*. During the whole of this campaign of skirmishers, "Our Own" continued to enjoy, with an occasional excursion into the field of turmoil, all the comforts of Valleggio, the gossip of the camp, sometimes strange visitors, among whom most notorious were some English Amazons, and, above all, delightful *al fresco soirées* with Donna Lucia, her beautiful children, "haughty Maria" and "tender Julia," and certain aides-de-camp, among whom the finest-hearted, best-tempered, and greatest dare-devil was an English officer of the Piedmontese lancers.

Characters of more doubtful respectability, both male and female, also sometimes visited the town of Bacchi and Bambini; among the latter the ox-eyed Juno, as "Our Own" designates a beautiful silent and mysterious lady; and among the former, a gentleman ever in search of a younger brother.

I met a person at Valleggio, who more than once crossed my path under circumstances that I fear excited strong doubt in my mind that he was nothing better than a spy, though he might have been in reality the character which he affected.

During the last civil war at Oporto, this same Belgian called on me, saying he understood I had some influence with the Junta, and praying my assistance to trace out a younger brother, who, in a feigned name, he had reason to believe, on account of differences with his family, had enlisted as a common soldier.

I gave him all the aid in my power, and the minister of war, and his secretaries, went over the muster-roll of the whole forces, and allowed him to go through the several barracks and inspect the men. No brother, however, was found, and, as I now suspect, no runaway of the name existed.

I found the same gentleman playing the same game in the *bureaux* of Marshal Saldanha at Lisbon, when Donna Maria was in the ascendancy, but the brother was not forthcoming, though his relative searched for him in every voltigeur's knapsack.

What was my astonishment to meet him once more at Valleggio, going from general to general, from aide-de-camp to aide-de-camp, like Peter Schlemil in search of his lost shadow.

"What, sir," said I one day, in presence of the quartermaster-general, "have you not yet found that scion of your race, whom you looked for in the rival armies of the Junta and Donna Maria? Pray, sir, let us have his precise *signalement*."

The Belgian returned that night to Milan, and I resumed active operations.

At last the reverses at Custoza drove "Our Own" from the scene of so many pleasing adventures, and after seeing Donna Lucia and her children into a carriage, and "receiving the sighs of the good Angela, the young cook at the Trattoria," he betook himself, with a wonderful degree of resignation under the circumstances, to Dezanano, with a balcony over the lake, stewed eels, fried eels, boiled eels, trout in abundance, *cotelettes à la Honan Custoza*, and capital bordeaux. Well may he sometimes linger for a few sombre pages over the fatigues and privations of a newspaper correspondent!

The rapid advance of the Austrians, however, drove him quickly from inns, eels, and bordeaux, first to Brescia, and then to Cremona, where he

was reduced to carrying on the retreat, harnessed to a wheelbarrow, singing snatches of Irish songs on the way. Well may he, under such reverses, exclaim :

Oh, you colossal *Times*, oh, you wonder of the age, you miracle of invention, what would you have said, if you had seen your "Own Correspondent" harnessed to a wheelbarrow, and navigating his precious load over the rocks and stones of the dry bed of a mountain torrent? And you, who read the *Times*, you ministers of state who tremble at its dictum, you members of parliament who gain immortal fame only through its columns, what would you have said on knowing that the pen whose account of the campaign gave the only information then to be depended on, was performing the duty of a dray-horse?

At Plaisance "Our Own" was taken for a spy, was mobbed, and for a moment his life was in danger; but his usual good luck, or rather quickness, saved him, and he was let off as a "spy" on the right side. We have given one or two examples as to how "Our Own" got good dinners whilst many were half-starved, and good wine, though the king's staff were reduced to half rations. We must now give an example as to how he obtained a bed, and that on more than one occasion, when others had to sleep in the streets. This was at Codogno—the city of cheeses.

I had no difficulty in finding enough to eat and a glass of wine, but where was a bed to be had? as the quartermaster-general had secured every lodging at the hotels and private houses, and I met only refusal wherever I applied.

Resolved, however, to sleep under a good roof, and have a place where I could in quiet prepare my correspondence, I formed a little plan, and calling the coachman to my aid, gave him orders to walk his horse slowly on the right hand of the High-street, and, wherever I stopped, and gave a certain signal, to unload the carriage without further orders, as well as to carry the luggage up-stairs. If nothing occurred on that side of the street, he was to cross over to the left, and repeat the same manœuvre.

The plain truth is, my dear madam, I have long since made up my mind, that the only true friends we have in the world are the women-kind; and I never was in a difficulty during the long course of my operations, without applying to that unfailing source of comfort and consolation, and, I may say, without being once disappointed.

I was now bound on discovering a suitable subject on which I might operate; one not too young, for what favour could a man of my years expect from youth and beauty?—and not too old, for the old are generally cross and spiteful, and such were not the materials from which I could spin, a good mattress and a moderate supply of clean linen. I sought for a buxom, tidy widow, or wife, about thirty-five or forty, for that is the grateful age, with blue eyes if possible, a sweet smile, and a general *ensemble* of good-nature.

I went down the High-street at one side, and up the same street on the other, without finding anything that suited my book, though I looked sharply at every daughter of Eve I saw within each shop-door; and I was sorely beset with doubt. I repeated, however, the manœuvre, and I had not gone many yards on the second turn, when I beheld a full and portly dame, chatting with her husband, and playing with her child, who was the very object I sought for.

She was at least eight-and-thirty, but she might pass for five years less; she had mild blue eyes, fair hair, soft skin, and a rosebud complexion, with lips like two cherries, and a general expression of goodness that won my heart at once. Her husband was a well-favoured cheese-making soul, about fifty, with a look of curds-and-why, which showed that whatever the fair dame said was law to him.

Stopping the carriage, and giving a hint to the driver to be on the alert, I jumped out, and with much respect, and a certain easy frankness, walked into the shop, pushing the half door gently before me, with the air of a friend who knew the ways of the house.

"Ah, madam," said I, taking off my hat, and making a low bow, "what beautiful eyes you have! I am sure that such fine eyes indicate a good heart. Is it not so, Signor Marito?"

"Why, sir," said "curds-and-whey," all taken aback, "my wife has, you see, most expressive eyes, and I can answer for the excellence of her heart."

"I thought so, caro signore, and for that reason only I address myself to her, and to you."

The wife blushed and seemed uneasy, but I saw at a glance that she was not displeased—what woman at forty ever is, when the compliment to her person is well applied?—and she said,

"We have little in our power, Mr. Stranger, to offer; but what can we do for you?"

"The fact is, cara signora, I am a stranger in Codogno; I know not where to lay my head this night, as all the inns and lodging-houses are occupied by the army, and unless you consent to take me in, like a good Samaritan, as you are, and give me a bed, a sofa, or let me sleep on the floor, I must lie in the fields, and perish with cold."

I saw looks interchanged between husband and wife. His said "No;" hers said "Yes;" so that, taking the matter as settled, in one second I gave the signal agreed on to the coachman; in one minute the luggage was on the shop-floor, and in another twinkling of an eye, with a few *caros* and *caras*, it was going up the staircase to an excellent chamber, with a most comfortable bed.

I have often wondered since at the coolness and courage which I assumed on this occasion, and the effrontery it required to take a man's house by storm;—but who will sleep in the streets if he can get a bed; and is not soft sawder as ready change as coined tin? This I consider to have been my *cheval de bataille*—my masterpiece, my *capo d'opera*. Who but myself would have arrived in a town close on nightfall, without knowing a single person in it, with every bed taken by royal orders, and have still found a most comfortable home, and, as the result proved, a hearty welcome?

"Our Own" practised precisely the same device at Lodi, passing up the streets on the left hand, and down on the right, till he could meet a face that pleased him, and with the same success, only that in this instance he had a frail wife and a jealous husband to deal with. Here he stayed till "Our Own Correspondent" was all that remained of the "grand army," and at length, on the 4th of August, he re-entered Milan, only two days in advance of the victorious army. "Our Own" complains sadly, notwithstanding the boast in his title-page, of the slavery attendant upon newspaper life—of exposure, fatigue, and consequent early sickness and exhaustion. "Above all," he says, "avoid the never-ending task of writing for a London newspaper, or of furnishing it with details of public events from the banks of the Elbe or the Vistula. Your pride and your pocket will be gratified, I admit; but what you gain in fame you lose in person, and the passing pride of a successful correspondence will be but poor compensation for disordered health and disjointed members." And might not this be said of almost any pursuit in life demanding extraordinary exertion, either mental or physical? Has not "Our Own" had his rewards?—his dinners and his flirtations; his obtaining an English lady with 30,000*l.* for a Piedmontese officer, thrice refused, by writing up his gallantry; his conferring fame on members of Parliament, and making ministers of state tremble! If "Our Own" is really so used up, we have only to express our hopes that his future campaigns may be limited to military promenades between the *Trois Frères* and the *Café de Paris*. As it is, he has produced a brace of very amusing volumes, for which we thank him.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

NO. III.—“CURRER BELL.”

OF the many among whom “Jane Eyre” made a sensation, not a few professed themselves a little shocked. The author was so wayward, so free-spoken, so unconventional. The book was to be read gingerly, with caution, with suspicion; it was evidently by some one not used, or willing, to run in harness of the old style—some one not cumbered with much serving to the prejudices, primnesses, and proprieties of genteel fiction as by law established—some one not over punctilious touching her p’s and q’s, not sedulously trained to mind her stops. The Sympson daughters, in “Shirley,” are described as having penetrated the mystery of the abomination of desolation: and what was it? They had discovered that unutterable thing in the characteristic others call Originality. The signs of this evil they were quick to recognise wherever developed—in look, word, or deed; whether they read it in the fresh, vigorous style of a book, or listened to it in unhackneyed, pure, expressive language:—and then they shuddered and recoiled at what, being unintelligible, must be bad. Many are the Misses Sympson of our reading world. And while they felt the power of this new aspirant, they were half-disposed to taboo her on the score of this same *βδελυγμα της ερημωσης*, Originality. “Let it be denounced and chained up.” When Shirley Keeldar sang to the Misses Sympson, and gave dramatic expression to the ballad, and breathed feeling into the softness, and poured force around the passion—what could *they* do but look on her as quiet poultry might look on an egret, an ibis, or any other strange fowl. “What made her sing so? *They* never sang so. Was it *proper* to sing with such expression, with such originality—so unlike a school-girl? Decidedly not: it was strange; it was unusual. What was strange must be wrong; what was unusual must be improper.” Even so thought correct and exemplary officials of the spinster guild, when canvassing the peculiarities of Currer Bell. She was not one-sided enough for them: how to take her measure they knew not; how to define her was a problem undreamt of in their philosophy. With the *toga virilis* she had put on a “ditto-to-match” demeanour, quite puzzling to folks

Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Especially was this antipathy in force at a time when she was the accredited author of that wild, wilful, and some think, wicked book, “Wuthering Heights”—written in a tone of such reckless defiance of ordinary canons of art. Now that she has expressly disclaimed the authorship of that nondescript tale, it may be easy for us to express our *ex post facto* opinion that there is no such evidence of identity in the origin of the two works (“Jane Eyre” and “Wuthering Heights”) as to justify the peremptory affirmative decision at which many arrived. Mr. Rochester is grim enough; but Heathcliff is positively unique in grimness—too big, black, foul a blot to have ever dropped from Currer Bell’s pen. The texture of his story is so abnormal, its warp so monstrous, its woof so grotesque, that it is almost a relief to know that Currer Bell did not, as we surmised she could not, perpetrate such a *lusus naturæ*. At the same time, there was sufficient resemblance in a certain general mode of ex-

pression, habit of fancy, and underlying current of thought, to warrant the conclusion that "Wuthering Heights" was composed under the same roof as "Jane Eyre"—that Ellis and Currer were close kinswomen, and had long taken sweet and sad and solemn counsel together, and together had studied rugged human nature as it lay, unshapely but characteristic enough, beside their sequestered northern homestead.

It has been said, that while Currer Bell has superiors in composition, in construction, in range of fancy, in delicacy of conception, in felicity of execution, in width of grasp, in height and depth of thought, she has no living rival in the faculty of imposing belief. Without subscribing unconditionally to this statement—for we think her sometimes unfortunate and unsuccessful in her attempts on our good-natured credulity—there can be no question as to the impressive effect of her earnest, realising manner. Those who scout her as forbidding and masculine, yet discover an inevitable spell in the hearty seriousness of her narrative. "We feel her power," they say, "though we do not like her." "*Like me, forsooth!*" we can suppose her to exclaim: "as if I wrote to tickle your palates, or provide matter for your albums, or quotations for your love-letters. Because I write a novel, am I to be herded with your Rosa Matildas? Because I please to write, must I write to please? When you like me, it will be high time for my pen to stop. It is to tell you things you like not, but wholesome for these times, that I use it at all. The true novelist must have something of the seer, and be in advance of the age. Like the romancers of Belgravia and Tyburnia as fast as you please, like the silver-fork school *ad libitum*; but I pray you have *me* excused. If you think me anxious to secure my bad book a place in your good books, you know not what manner of spirit I am of."

In many respects "Shirley" is a more "likeable" work than "Jane Eyre," but it is correspondingly deficient in power and freshness. The more elaborate is the least effective, and lacks the *ars celare artem* which its predecessor possessed in so genial a way. "Jane Eyre" has been compared to the real spar, the slow deposit which the heart of genius filters from life's daily stream; "Shirley" to its companion, made to order, fair to look on, but wanting the internal crystal.

The opening of "Jane Eyre" at once rivets thought and feeling. It will not let us go until we bless it for its truth—its pathetic truth to the thoughts and feelings of childhood. Chateaubriand has said, that children lose their features of resemblance only in losing their innocence, which is the same everywhere. This is true enough to ensure universal sympathy with details so instinct with fidelity as those of little Jane's early trials at Gateshead Hall. The tutelage of an Aunt Reed, with all its hard restrictions, and heartless principles, and debasing motives, might well grind to dust and ashes the quick young heart that leaps up when a rainbow spans the sky—might well make it a curse, and not a boon, that the child is father of the man—might well make it impossible that days begun in total eclipse of gracious sunshine and its genial warmth, should be bound each to each by natural piety. A blighted childhood, an antedated manhood, is one of the saddest sights under heaven. Full soon, creature of spring-tide and promise, shall the summer heat smite thee by day, and the autumn moon chill thee by night:

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Such experience to forestal is a dreary doom, whose blackness of darkness can be pierced only by the faith that looks through death, in years that bring the philosophic mind. Aunt Reeds flourish and multiply exceedingly in this work-a-day world; but what have they in common with the poetry and sanctity of life's matin-hours? They can gaze on a sleeping child as Peter Bell gazed on a yellow cowslip; nor to them will it ever occur, that even now within that baby-brow are lighted truths that wake to perish never; or that, as Wilson sweetly sings,

Things we dream, but cannot speak,
Like clouds come floating o'er its cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright.

It has been said of Man in general, that he is greater than he thinks. Of children we may add, they are greater than they are thought. The germ of the good, the beautiful, and the true, is swelling within those tiny bosoms; the light is shining, though through a glass darkly, and though ἡ σκοτία αὐτοῦ οὐ κατέλαβεν. A contemporary autobiographer, whose days are in the sere and yellow leaf, records how vividly there still lingers in his ears, from the time of infancy, the opening of Mrs. Barbauld's prose hymn—where some solitary infant is enticed into some solitary garden, with the words, "Come, and I will show you what is beautiful." This trifle, this shred of a fragment—for it is all he remembers—still echoes, he declares, with luxurious sweetness in his ears, from some unaccountable hide-and-seek of fugitive childish memories. Great is the mystery of childhood; and correspondingly mournful is its violation by coarse hands—the cutting of its Gordian knot by impatient worldliness. These thoughts are aroused, and kindred ones suggested, by the moving passages—so many daguerreotypic miniatures—of "Jane Eyre's" earliest years. Something abnormal and isolated there may be in her temperament, but the portrait is, after all, made up of touches of nature that make us all akin. Mark how the child's poetry *will* expatiate somewhere, *will* soar somewhither, *will* develop itself somehow, *will* glorify and idealise something: checked and stunted as it is—cabined, cribbed, confined, by household tyranny and killing coldness—still it must fasten upon some object, and that object (in default of a better) is the coarse and petulant Bessie, the house-drudge, who is so often pushing Jane about, and scolding her without cause, and whose temper is as hasty and capricious as her notions of principle and justice are lax; but sometimes Bessie is gentle, and speaks softly (an excellent thing in woman) to the ill-favoured orphan, and *then*, "when thus gentle, Bessie seemed to me," she says, "the best, prettiest, kindest being in the world."

Or again, take Jane's comfort in her doll. Justly it has been averred that a great psychologic truth is contained in that simple sentence, "I was happy, believing it to be happy likewise." Here, in the inanimate toy, the child's poetical instinct found scope for exercise, and her spiritual nature sustenance and solacement. That o'erfraught heart must, if it would not break, whisper its secrets to a cross nursery-maid, and wind its tendrils around a bruised and battered doll. Nobly has childhood been apostrophised as—

Thou vindication
Of God ; thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes ; thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps.*

And much have the Aunt Reeds of society to answer for in defeating this "everlasting promise," in playing the iconoclast with these yet unbroken household gods. Few are the Jane Eyres whose spirit survives the blight and malaria—whose constitution is at once sensitive and robust enough to outlive the dwarfing processes of such a home. Her lot, however, it is, to be cradled into right by wrongs, to have her strength made perfect in weakness, and herself made perfect through sufferings. The tracing out of this destiny, the illustrating it by manifold touches of spirit and life, the developing its subjective influences on an idiosyncrasy of memorable mould—how effectively Currer Bell has done all this ! And yet it is commonly felt that there is a something repulsive, or unlovely, or at least unfeminine, in Jane's character ; certainly, she is not the sort of girl with whom you could abandon yourself to the smallest of small-talk at a Christmas party, or who would simper appreciation of your threadbare jokes on Bloomerism, or consider you a conquest if you admired her achievements in crochet and Berlin-wool. Jane has a decided development of the strong-minded female about her. But these objections, from their very truthfulness, enhance the natural effect of the character—they guarantee its fidelity to life as it is—they vouch for the reality of the ideal. She is not the being whom, at a glance, all hearts worship ; she is no universal enchantress, to be raved about by all estates and degrees of men among us—the idol of Oxford gowmsmen and Manchester cotton-spinners, of army and navy clubmen and commercial travellers, of respectables who own a yacht, and respectables who keep a gig, of gentlemen and gents. Nine-tenths of them would probably find her only not disagreeable (and here a miss is *not* as good as a mile) in a *tête-à-tête*. All strong-minded females, it may be asserted, must be disagreeable. Jane, however, is redeemed from the disrepute attached to the class, technically speaking, by her freedom from the affectations and selfishness it conventionally involves. She is true to nature, to herself, to duty ; and if circumstances have made her somewhat abrupt, determined, and forbidding—so that bland and bespectacled young men, and dove-eyed maidens of lisping propensities, agree they could never (no, never !) love her—still, these things pertain to the surface ; they trouble not the strong under-current of character ; they little affect that within which passeth show, that deep devotedness, that impulse chastened by self-discipline, that sensitive hankering to duty,

Stern daughter of the voice of God ;

who, in all her sternness, yet wears

The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon her face—

qualities these, in Jane's character, which have an irresistible power of attraction, because of their entire genuineness. She is strong-minded ;

but she is not coarse-minded and cold-hearted. A woman with a mission, you may call her; but she acts out the mission, not preaches it. A woman with a purpose; but to fulfil that purpose, she communes with her heart in her chamber and is still—she strives and cries, but is not heard in the streets—she is in earnest, but makes no exhibition of her earnestness in newspapers and mechanics' institutes. Not unwounded, not unscathed is she in that weary strife of frail humanity from which she comes out more than conqueror; self-respecting she is, but not self-absorbed; her life is the realising of the prayer,

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give!

In this respect the tone of the book is more healthy and satisfactory than that of "Shirley," which has been rebuked as a pleading for passion—a denial of the power of duty and self-sacrifice to bless the human agent with a hopeful or serene spirit.

Readers, of Currer Bell's own sex, are said to admire the character of Mr. Rochester as wholly superior to that of Jane herself. This Mr. Rochester is one of the few heroes of contemporary romance whom we do not forget at the close of the third volume. His presence is not to be put by. Middle-aged, crippled, blind, morose, a poor and battered bankrupt—what a venture to make in a virgin novel! What a fluttering the descent of this grim, lawless eagle would have made among the dove-cots of the Minerva Press! How contrary to the æsthetics of novel-craft, to the etiquette of post-octavo and thirty-one-and-sixpence, to the antecedents and glorious constitution of fiction as by common law established, is this frowning, moody, impetuous master of Thornfield Hall! What *could* Rosa Matilda do with such a creature—unless to scream for the police, or destroy her manuscript? Whereas Currer Bell makes sweetness to come out from the strong, honey from the lion's carcase. Out of materials so cross-grained, so unshapely, to construct a "love of a man," *hic labor hoc opus fuit*. And verily, numbers of maidenly hearts *have* been strangely captivated by Mr. Rochester—awed by a certain mystic influence, susceptibility to which they have caught from the poor governess—fascinated by that steadfast, searching eye, and that tersely eloquent tongue, which look and speak things unutterable by the stereotyped handsome and unexceptionable heroes of ordinary fiction. The difference is felt to be that between *eau sucrée* and *eau de vie*—and the stimulant comes with infinite relief to the jaded and ennuied. A Byronic corsair, with his one virtue linked to a thousand crimes, makes a sensation, and becomes the lion of the coteries; and so does Mr. Rochester. If Desdemona believes her black man to be "beautiful exceedingly," what marvel that a gruff, time-soured, heart-seared English squire should be *à la mode*? Hero-worship is, in women at least, indestructible: show them a superior nature, with a beard, and incontinently they are on their knees—none so proud not to do him reverence. Currer Bell satirises male novelists as being often, the cleverest and acutest of them, under an illusion about women: they do not read them, she holds, in a true light; they misapprehend them, both for good and evil: their good woman is a queer thing, half doll, and half angel; their bad woman almost always a fiend. Women—she affirms by the mouth of

Shirley Keeldar—women read men more truly than men read women. Now, it has been very reasonably alleged, by a critic, too, of exceeding worth in the lady's declared opinion, that she, Currer Bell, thinks of the abstraction, man, with all the blissful ignorance of a boy's dreams of woman: to her, he is a thing to be studied present, and mused upon absent: he comes, and she owns her master; departs, and leaves the air full of vision. It was this very circumstance—this idealising of the lord of creation—that determined some of her male reviewers that Currer Bell was not of their own sex. Mr. Rochester could not have sat for his portrait to any but a female artist. "Only a woman's eye could see man as Currer Bell sees him. The landscape is too near to us to glow with purple light. We cannot make a religion of man, for to us he has no mysteries." Jane Eyre's state of feeling when she first sees Mr. Rochester, as she rests by the wayside in the gloaming, and overhears the tramp, tramp, of his steed along the winding lane—when, in utter unconsciousness of *who* is approaching, she invests the unseen presence with a halo of the supernatural—is significant of her entire habit of thought towards this "illustrious stranger." As the horse approached, and as she watched for it to appear through the dusk, she remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit, called a "Gytrash;" and the traveller's dog, as it glided by her, gave "form and pressure" to the tradition; nor is the illusion so utterly dispersed as Jane supposes, when the rider makes a clattering tumble—from the sublime to the ridiculous—and exclaims, *in transitu*, "What the deuce is to do now?"

The pre-Raphaelite brotherhood love to select prize specimens of ugliness, to represent Saint This or That. In something of the same spirit Currer Bell fixes on a Mr. Rochester—though *he* is not quite so far gone as some of the saints. Jane Eyre protests that she could not have stood by the unhorsed rider that night, and helped him to his feet, had he been a "handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman." "I had," she continues, "a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known, instinctively, that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic." We are to accept the hero as abnormal; *that* constitutes much of the spell; and regarding him accordingly from the autobiographer's *Standpoint*, we must all own that there is a spell about him—an attraction, or at least a power, which canonical heroes of Apollo proportions and twenty-one summers, the walking gentlemen of every-day fiction, are entirely devoid of.

Of the minor characters, several are hit off with considerable effect: Aunt Reed, for instance, and her two daughters; Helen Burns, the "early called," whose story,* apparently from real life, forms a touching

* The attachment formed between her and Jane is described with singular and unaffected interest—and in its refreshing reality it reminds us of Jean Paul's remark (*Die unsichtbare Loge*, § 10), "Wie heitern im steinigten Arabien der hassenden Welt Kinder wieder auf, die einander lieben und deren gute kleine Augen und kleine Lippen und kleine Hände noch keine Masken sind!" This must have been specially note-worthy at Lowood, under Mr. Brocklehurst.

episode; and Mr. Brocklehurst, the Lowood plenipotentiary, the temporal and spiritual despot of defenceless orphanhood, whom we are as reluctant to believe, as many are confident in asserting, to be an actual personage, veiled with a pseudonym, in deference either to charity or the law of libel. The other clergyman, St. John Rivers, is in no sense one of *our* fancy portraits; respect him we must, but we could hardly "sit under" him without a sense of suffocation, or meet him in his parish rounds without thinking of the austere man, who reaps where he has not sowed, and gathers where he has not strawed. His sisters make amends; they have not only *la lumière*, but *la chaleur* of sunshine—of which no ray can be spared in that dreary moorland home.

As a tale of woman's endurance, illustrating the triumph of righteous will and penetrating intellect over passion and the sophistries of passion, the merit of "*Jane Eyre*" is pre-eminent. The book is spirit and it is life. It demands spirit and life in the reader; its power almost creates them in the prostest of readers—in a dry-as-dust anatomy of a man, beneath the literal and fleshless ribs of death. Deep calleth unto deep; heart unto heart thrills its electric message. You feel yourself *en rapport* with a mind that has somewhat to disclose, and will disclose it in earnest, sincere, direct language. And for once the critics, too, might be earnest and sincere, when they proclaimed "*Jane Eyre*" the most extraordinary production that had issued from the press for years—when they set up their stereotyped formula, prophesying its destiny as *the* book of the season—and when they defined it as a work to make the pulses gallop, and the heart beat, and the eyes fill with tears.

Great was the expectation of the public from Currer Bell. The appearance of "*Shirley*" was an event. Sir Walter Scott*—a well-qualified observer—has remarked how often it happens, that a writer's previous reputation proves the greatest enemy which has to be encountered in a second attempt upon popular favour: exaggerated expectations are excited and circulated, and criticism, which had been seduced into former approbation by the pleasure of surprise, now stands awakened and alert to pounce upon every failing. The full-blown rose of literary triumph has thus its attendant thorn—sometimes its canker-worm too. Comparatively, "*Shirley*" was not a great success; positively, it was a book of distinguished vigour, originality, and eloquence.

It is rich in portraiture. Some of the figures seem to stand out from their frames, instinct with life and motion, like the elder Vernon, in "*Rob Roy*." Shirley Keeldar herself, her soul bent on admiring the great, reverencing the good, being joyous with the genial; her countenance, when quiescent, wearing a mixture of wistfulness and carelessness—when animated, blending the wistfulness with a genial gaiety, seasoning the mirth with an unique flavour of sentiment; ever ready to satirise her own or any other person's enthusiasm; indolent in many things, reckless, and unconscious that her dreams are rare, her feelings peculiar—one who knows not, nor ever will know, the full value of that spring whose bright, fresh bubbling in her heart keeps it green. "However kindly the hand," says the arbiter of her heart and fate, "if it is feeble, it cannot bend Shirley; and she must be bent: it cannot curb her, and she

* Memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe.

must be curbed.”* Is she an Amazon, then? No; she is a strange being—so fair and girlish: not a manlike woman at all (so her cousin Henry describes her)—not an Amazon, and yet lifting her head above both help and sympathy. And yet she is neither so strong, nor has she such pride in her strength, as people think; nor is she so regardless of sympathy; but when she has any grief (this is her confession, meant for one ear alone), she fears to impart it to those she loves, lest it should pain them; and to those whom she views with indifference, she cannot condescend to complain. Independence of all but one is a condition to her very existence. She seems to say,

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading—

It vexes me to choose another guide—

Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding,

Where the wild wind blows on the mountain's side.†

It needs a sort of tempest-shock to bring her to the point with “her master,” Louis Moore: fettered she is, at last, to a fixed day—conquered by love, and bound with a vow; but when thus vanquished and restricted, she pines like any other chained denizen of deserts. The substratum of character in Caroline Helstone is similar, notwithstanding circumstantial diversity. Quiet as the gentle Cary looks, there is, as Shirley sees and says, a force and a depth somewhere within, not easily reached or appreciated; and for the novelist it is to sound this depth, to gauge this vital force. Cary is so “delicate, dexterous, quaint, quick, quiet”—Raffaëlle in features, quite English in expression—all insular grace and purity. She is, in Louis Moore's figure, a lily of the valley, untinted, needing no tint; while Shirley is a rose, a sweet lively delight, guarded with prickly peril. But the contrast of this comparison is a little too broad; still more so in that between the mute monotonous innocence of the lamb or the nestling dove, and the fluttering and untamed energies of the restless merlin. There are many passages in Caroline's speech which are parallel to Shirley's most characteristic outbreaks: the difference is one in degree, not kind. So, too, with the brothers Moore. They are but a variation played on the same theme—one on a minor key. Neither of them is such a man as a man of genius would have drawn; but this no way negatives the claim of a woman of genius. None but a woman would, and none but a woman of genius could, have elaborated two such portraits. We do not believe in them; but we do believe in Currer Bell's faith in them, and in the reality of their features, as discerned by womanly vision. We see them, not as they are, but through the mystic and transfiguring medium of a dim religious light, idealised by the consecration and the poet's dream. These be thy gods, O woman!—gods of the mountain, and not of the plain—like stars, dwelling apart, dwelling afar off—indifferent to the strife of tongues, untainted by the madness of the people.

The other male characters, with one or two exceptions, are disagreeable; each forms, more or less, a nucleus for Currer Bell's powers of

* Similarly she speaks of herself, when rejecting the suit of Sir Philip Nunnely:—“He is very amiable—very excellent—truly estimable, but *not my master*. . . . I could not trust myself with his happiness: I will accept no hand which cannot hold me in check.”

† Ellis Bell.

sarcasm. Considerable pains the limner has evidently bestowed on Hiram Yorke, who doubtless had his prototype in substantial Yorkshire flesh and blood—a man difficult to lead, and impossible to drive—rude yet real originality marked in every lineament, and latent in every furrow of his unaristocratic visage. The analysis of his mental and moral frame is masterly; but, although he is the very last man whom one expects to see *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, there is a something too little, or too much, in the subsequent presentment of him: he seems to have occasioned doubt what to do with him, how to make so angular a personage dovetail with the story. His family circle is also, we suppose, taken from life, and a crotchety crew are they. The pages devoted to them and their eccentric ways are, to our taste, the least pleasing part of the work. Mr. Helstone is capitally done: a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little man—unsympathising, ungentle, prejudiced, and rigid—but true to principle, honourable, sagacious, sincere. A clerical Cossack, who ought to have donned a red coat, and not a black one. We have all of us seen the man in actual life, with his upright port, his broad shoulders, his hawk's head, beak, and eye; we have all heard the direct, outspoken, unpoetical sentences of the man, uttered in that unmodulated, rasping voice. His bewilderment when woman's heart is on the *tapis*, is felicitously rendered; when women are sensible, intelligible, he can get on with them, but their vague, superfine sensations put him sadly about. As he says in his invalid niece's chamber, when she pleases him by asking for a little bit of supper, "Let a woman ask me to give her an edible or a wearable, be the same a roc's egg or the breastplate of Aaron, a share of St. John's locusts and honey or the leathern girdle about his loins, I can, at least, understand the demand; but when they pine for they know not what—sympathy, sentiment, some of these indefinite abstractions—I can't do it; I don't know it; I haven't got it." Agreeable in company, he is stern and silent at home. As he puts away his cane and shovel-hat in the rectory-hall, so he locks his liveliness in his bookcase and study-desk; the knitted brow and brief word for the fireside; the smile, the jest, the witty sally for society. Nothing can be more true to life than this highly-finished portrait. The three curates, again, are racily hit off, with a dash of burlesque, but no special transgression of probability. The Irishman, Peter Malone, athletic, noisy, pugnacious—a cross of bear and baboon; the cockney, Donne, propping up his rickety dignity with a stilted self-complacency and half-sullen phlegm—an arrogant, insipid slip of the common-place; and little Sweeting, the ladies' man, who has the repute, with certain fair parishioners (*not* of the Shirley sort), of playing the flute and singing hymns like a seraph, and who is so handy and agreeable in a case of tea and turn out. Of the subordinate female characters, Hortense Moore, in her striped cotton camisole and curl papers, is cleverly sketched; and there are genial touches about Miss Ainley, which attract charitable regards towards that mild, meek spinster, that worshipper of the clergy, who, in her pure, sincere enthusiasm, looks upon the very curates (Malone and Co.) as sucking saints; albeit they, in their trivial arrogance, are unworthy to tie the good soul's patten-strings, or carry her cotton umbrella or her check woollen shawl. Joe Scott and William Farren deserve a good word; and *one* reverend gentleman there is whom it is possible to revere, in the person of Cyril Hall.

However faulty the story of "Shirley" may be as a whole, it abounds with narrative fragments of unquestionable power. Such are, for instance, the chapters recording the arrival of the rifled waggons at Gérard Moore's mill, and his subsequent interview with the deputation; Caroline and her uncle's first visit to Fieldhead; the midnight attack on the mill; Caroline in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death;" Shirley's interview with Louis Moore, when she anticipates the strange and speedy horrors of hydrophobia; and the *éclaircissement* between puffy, fussy, fuming Uncle Sympton and his indomitable niece. Currer Bell's humour makes for itself "ample room and verge enough," in its dry, hard way, in such scenes as Mr. Donne's encounter with dog Tartar, that gentleman's "Exodus," Malone's courtship, Martin's tactics, &c. The long, excursive diatribes concerning woman's mission and destiny, are strained and somewhat Margaret Fuller-ish in tone; nor are they any too healthy in doctrine, implying, as one reviewer has said they do, a denial of the power of duty and self-sacrifice to bless the human agent with a serene or hopeful spirit, and virtually constituting a pleading for passion, rather than an enforcement of that practical faith which, knowing life to be a conflict, accepts the conditions of struggle as a necessity not to be evaded, but to be lovingly, firmly, cheerfully borne. Happily for the repute of "Shirley," such a doctrinal tendency is latent or unobvious to the many, patent only to the meditative few. But so far as the strictures are valid, they are fatal to Currer Bell's claims as a sound and earnest moral teacher. The heroine who cannot submit, nor try to reconcile herself to a cross imposed upon her, but will rather pine in green and yellow melancholy, and, with an aspect certainly *not* smiling at grief, will rather cast herself from the monument than sit like Patience upon it, is no heroine at all. The novel that can make its favourites happy only by letting them have their own way *ad libitum*, is perchance a little rickety in truth and morals—objectionable both as a picture of life and as a guide in ethics. For, between our notion of a safe code of ethics, profitable for doctrine, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, and any Wertherean exponent of "aching discontents and vague ambitions," there is a great gulf fixed. But enough—perhaps something too much—of this:

Non ragionam di lor, ma guardae passa!

Apart from the overstrained expectations which were disappointed in "Shirley," as following in the wake of "Jane Eyre," there is an intrinsic inferiority in the former, much of it arising, we conjecture, from the author's solicitude to redeem the pledge already given. It is a common case; and an almost constant "corollary" is, that the author thinks best of the second venture, on account of the extra pains it involved. Scott has pointed this out as the explanation of that difference of opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt author and reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications.* In the complaint against

* "The author naturally esteems that most upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed; while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it." The reason of the greater "facility and truth" which characterise the first-born, seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in a second attempt of the same

"Shirley," of its slow and dragging narrative, its paucity of incident, its exuberance of didactic dialogue, and so forth, we very partially concur; knowing at the outset, that if we expect moving accidents by flood and field, and a sterling guinea and a half's worth of dashing dramatics, we have come to the wrong "store." We come to Currer Bell not for narrative, but for delineation of character. We want, not her plot, but her reading of the heart of man—or rather of woman. Between her and the mere narrative novelist there is all the difference which exists (to use an illustration of Dr. Johnson's) between a man who knows how a watch is made, and a man who can tell the hour by looking at the dial-plate. And when characters are fully developed, the narrative necessarily loiters.* The *forte* of Currer Bell lies in deep searchings of heart. She heads the school which devotes its fiction to this anatomy of psychology. The "strong-minded" "Jane Eyre" has been properly pronounced the most notable example of this school. "And if no question be raised of the *morale*, and if an undue reliance on self, unamiable, if not positively irreligious, in such a degree, can be excused, if allowance be made for a worse than unfeminine coarseness† of diction and even of sentiment, "Jane Eyre" with its more pleasing though less clever sister, stands at the head of this category, for their searching revelations of nature and deep vein of poetry."‡ A prejudice is apt to rise against the *chef* of any literary section, from the tiresome and exhaustless swarms of imitators who deluge the market with their Brummagem ware, and cause a reaction against the entire system. Just now our ears are dinned with peals meant to ring with the true Bell-metal; but it shall not make us careless of again hearing the silver, clear, church-tower chimes, whensoever they again summon us to devotion on ground where we have met already a Jane Eyre and a Caroline Helstone, and where we hope to see fresh faces, and to read new names in its book of life. We believe not what some allege, that these chimes have rung out all their changes. We shall yet hear them, we trust, on a new theme, and, as at the first, discoursing most eloquent music. Currer Bell is wise to restrain her hand for a season; but when once she has gathered enough from "fresh woods and pastures new," let her empty her bosom of its treasures, and confirm her part in the description—"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. See Scott's "Life of Smollett."

* "Whenever the narrative is rapid, which so much delights superficial readers, the characters cannot be very minutely featured." Disraeli, "Curiosities of Literature."

† Ellis Bell, in "Wuthering Heights," seems to revel in a gratuitous use of black-guardism in phraseology; Acton Bell affects it far too freely in "Agnes Grey" and the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall;" and Currer Bell is open to the same charge in a mitigated form. It is a compliment, however, to add, that when slang is introduced in "Jane Eyre" and in "Shirley," it is any but the slang a man would have indited. It is second-hand, and doesn't tell. But we would fain see the author's *delete* as a marginal reading to her bravura in this style.

‡ *North British Review*, August, 1851.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FAREWELL TO THE FLEET PRISON—THE LAST VISIT TO
BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

EVIL as Hartley was, and though he had followed his brother, during so many years, with bitter, relentless persecution, that brother mourned his untimely end. But it was a feeling of terror and awe, rather than of sorrow, which oppressed Hester and Julie, when they heard of the tragic occurrence.

Ere the scene described in our last chapter took place, the bill of exchange held by Hartley had been paid, and the day was now come when the prison doors were to be opened to the captive. Ten years had Somerset languished within those walls, but freedom had arrived at last. The morning was fair, and the sun shone as brightly as it could shine through the atmosphere of the city, when he took leave of the turnkeys of the Fleet. He grasped old Reuben's hand with the warmth and affection of a true friend; and Julie kissed his rough cheek again and again, assuring him he was still her foster-father, and that she would often come and see him.

Free! free! With what a buoyant step the grey-headed man walked off between his two daughters! The houses looked gayer, the people's faces happier, than formerly—he thought it was to welcome him. The heavens, too, seemed to smile upon them, and the very pavement on which they trod spread to their fancy fairer and smoother than it had appeared to do before. Free! free! The sense of liberty, the assurance that no black walls, locks, and bars, were to shut him out any longer from the breathing world, filled his heart with thankfulness and exuberant joy. How proud, too, was he of those children!—Julie, the lost one, and Hester, to whose energy, perseverance, and unconquerable spirit, he owed his release. Oh, yes! Mr. Somerset now felt the true magic of that word—liberty. He was free! he was free!

They took lodgings in a pleasant part of London. The old man looked around his room, made cheerful and comfortable by the busy hands of his daughters, and rendered happy by their happy faces. What was wanting to complete his satisfaction? The presence of another—the partner of his life. The chair she should have filled by his side was vacant; and yet Isabella lived.

"We will go," said Mr. Somerset to his daughters; "it is right Julie should see her. She recognises you, Hester, and your voice has always a soothing effect upon her. Oh! that she could remember me! How would it rejoice my heart if only she would call me by my name! But, my children, we will go."

The porter opened the gates in front of Bethlehem Hospital. He always displayed more than his accustomed alacrity when he admitted Hester, for he had begun to regard her almost like his own child.

"Good day, miss; glad I am to see you look more cheerful than usual."

"I have reason to be cheerful, Martin," answered Hester, unwilling to check the old man's garrulity; "my father will not return to the place where, you know, he has been detained so long."

"Is it then so? God bless you, sir; and forgive a poor man like me wishing you joy. I have heard the story—'tis the dear child that has done it—'tis her noble work. You have an angel in that daughter, your honour, believe me. It is now nine years and upwards since I began to let her in through that gate, and here she is still, never a-weary coming to see her poor mother. I had a daughter once, so like her—gentle, kind, and loving; but she is gone," added the poor man, stooping his head; "she's in a better place now, and I have no comfort but her memory in the world."

Mr. Somerset said a kind and soothing word to the childless man, and passed on with his daughters to the asylum.

All there wore much the same aspect as when we visited the spot with Hester some years before. Several patients had left; new ones had been admitted, and others had passed with their distempered brain through the portals of death. The ruined merchant, whom we described, was still there, not tired yet of counting his ships, and piling his imaginary heaps of gold. But the young girl who had been forsaken by her lover had left the asylum cured, and was happy, for he loved her now, and they were married. The ambitious author, too, writhing in madness under the neglect of the world, had regained the brightness of his soul. He had exchanged his cell for a quiet and elegant study. The world, that had been deaf so long, heard him at length; fashion had whispered his name, and the works in which no one yesterday could see anything good or beautiful, no person to-day could sufficiently praise.

The father and his children were introduced into the room where Mrs. Somerset was lodged. They trod gently, and, without speaking, stationed themselves at a short distance from her. She was still habited in the dress of the establishment, but the long grey robe, fitting closely to her shape, became her well. Her luxuriant black hair had remained unshorn, and amidst it still the poor admirer of flowers wore her fragile rose.

Insanity had not emaciated her form, or rendered her features haggard. Though age was now stealing upon her, her commanding beauty was unimpaired. Her manner was tranquil, subdued, pensive, and her whole appearance was that of a nun—a Sister of Charity—rather than of a person of disordered intellect. She was engaged in embroidery-work, and bending over it, was so entirely occupied by the task, that, for some minutes, she did not remark the presence of the visitors.

"Here are some friends, ma'am, to see you," said the nurse.

With instinctive politeness the insane woman rose from her chair; Mr. Somerset advanced cautiously before his daughters, and took his wife's hand in his.

"Isabella!" he said, venturing only to pronounce her name.

She looked at him, shrank back, and shuddered.

"Are you come once more to persecute and torment me? I have told you again and again how I abhor and despise you. Wretched man, leave me!"

Sad was the countenance of the husband, as he gazed mildly and beseechingly on her.

"Dear mother!" said Hester, "this is no enemy—you mistake; this is my father—your own husband—Hugh——"

"Poor child, good child, you wish to deceive me. Come here, Hester, for you I know and love. Take off your hat, and let me look at your bright hair—so—thank you; how happy you look, and how joyfully shine your eyes! You are my child, my only friend, why do you, then, ever leave me—here alone? You once lived with me; others, too, who are lost, made a happy family. Oh! yes, I was happy then."

"Dear mother, I wish to live with you," said Hester; "we all anxiously desire never to be parted from you."

"Hush! hush!" said the poor woman under her breath, "how can we live together? Hartley, yonder, will still persecute me."

"Pause, Isabella—reflect; look at me," said Mr. Somerset, "and you will not mistake me for that man. I am not Hartley; he is no more; alas! Roland Hartley, my brother, is in the grave."

"You mean, then, to say he is dead—that Hartley is dead?" cried Mrs. Somerset, with vehemence. Suddenly she dropped on her knees, clasped her hands, and her lips moved as in prayer. The nurse was astonished at an action she had never witnessed before, and the others regarded her with breathless interest. After a few minutes she arose with a look of composure and dignity. "Then the blackest man that God ever suffered to walk this world has left it at last. I thank Heaven that such has been its will; I shall live now without fear for myself and my child. Whoever you are, sir," she exclaimed, addressing Mr. Somerset, "I will no longer believe you an enemy. You look too kind to do me or my child an injury. But who is this?" she continued, looking at Julie—"this young person? what does she here?"

"Mother," said Hester, "she is a dear friend—one who is greatly attached to me."

"Then for loving you, I will love her. Come here, little one—pardon me for looking so into your face. Fair is your hair, I see, and blue are your eyes. Ah! it is a fancy; I am in a dream, and yet I am not in my bed; tell me, nurse, am I in my bed? How much, girl, you resemble my daughter Hester!"

"Mother," said Julie, "I may well be a little like Hester, for I am her sister." Mrs. Somerset looked vacantly yet wonderingly around.

"What did you say?"

"That I am Hester's sister, and your own child."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the mother; "poor dreamer! I have only one child; but I will love you, I repeat, for Hester's sake."

"Isabella," said Mr. Somerset, "can you remember, long, long ago, that your eldest child was taken from you? Think of Brookland Hall—call to your mind an infant——"

Mrs. Somerset placed her hand on her forehead, and appeared striving to awaken thoughts that somewhere were sleeping in her disordered brain. Half of her mental malady seemed to have been an utter forgetfulness of persons and events; but the end of the chain of memory once caught, the links might be continued, and thus scene after scene, and face after face, might become familiar again.

"Brookland Hall, where is that? Stay, I know it—I think I lived there once; it was a lovely spot, the fine old house——"

"And the oak drawing-room, the terraces, the gardens," said Mr. Somerset, assisting her, "the quiet lawn, and the clumps of trees——"

"Yes, yes; but how should you know this, sir?"

"The infant that was carried away, and the fruitless search for it in London."

"Oh, yes, I remember all; that time comes back to me now like a dream long forgotten. What have I been doing all these years?"

Mr. Somerset made a sign to Julie, who drew close to her mother.

"Isabella! that infant had a peculiar mark on the arm; here, look here; say, will not this prove what we have stated?"

Mrs. Somerset stooped, and, looking at Julio's arm attentively, seemed lost in thought. The web of reason was evidently disentangling itself—one idea prompted another; trifles sometimes are impressed on the brain, when the recollection of great events is obliterated, and small incidents will bring about what years of training and discipline may have failed to accomplish.

The poor woman took Julie's hand; she also seized Mr. Somerset's, while Hester stood close behind them. She looked, bewildered, from one to the other, as if some light, for the first time, was pouring in upon her soul.

"What does this mean?" she cried, in a breathless accent. "You tell me this is Hester's sister; I am assured of it now—she is my lost child! A veil seems to be drawn back, and scales to fall from my eyes. The whirling and ringing have ceased in my brain, and I appear to be a new being, full of new thoughts, feelings, and energy. My child, my little one! you shall share my heart with Hester; and you shall both comfort your wretched—no! wretched no longer—you shall both be a delight to your restored and happy mother. Ah, blind that I was," she continued, turning to Mr. Somerset—"blind that I was; but I see you—I know you now. Hugh, Hugh, my husband!"

And the wife rushed into the opened arms of him who felt a rapture beyond the power of words to express.

"She is weeping," said the nurse. "This is the first time I have seen her in tears. No sign could be better."

And weeping, sobbing, she remained, nor did they strive to check that softened and tender grief. It was human, and betrayed that the functions of the mind and the fount of feeling had awakened from their torpid state. Yes, memory had first been roused, and its beautiful mechanism, as it were, being readjusted, imparted life and action to the reasoning powers: the godlike soul again claimed her sway, and Mrs. Somerset's intellectual faculties, by a process simple as effective, were completely restored. The next day she left the walls of Bethlehem Hospital, never to enter them again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HESTER AND THE PROFESSOR OF MUSIC—WE TAKE OUR FAREWELL OF MR. PIKE.

MR. SOMERSET, we have elsewhere observed, had felt very reluctant for his daughter to appear before a public audience, even as a singer at concerts; but, fortunately, Mr. Kellerman's representations, and Hester's earnest wishes in connexion with her great object, had borne down his scruples. What was she now to do? continue the career so successfully begun? Her own feelings were as much adverse as the feelings of her father to a line of life that unavoidably placed her in a public position. Yet her engagement with the musical professor could not be broken. Mr. Kellerman's good faith, the pains he had taken with her as a pupil, and his unvarying kindness, were also claims upon her no less strong than those of honour. Hester, then, was to sing another season under the name previously assumed, the professor, as agreed, receiving half her gains.

The duty was entered on; but more and more the sensitive and retiring nature of Hester turned with aversion from a public exhibition of her talents. Happy, indeed, was she when her last piece was sung, and her last instalment of money placed into the hands of Mr. Kellerman. In taking leave of that gentleman, she expressed herself in terms of the warmest gratitude; Mr. Somerset equalled his daughter in the fervour with which he acknowledged his obligations, and hoped, so long as he lived, that he should be honoured by the acquaintance of one who had proved himself to be his true friend and benefactor.

Meantime, the trial of Mr. Pike had come on at the Old Bailey; but in spite of all his talented pleading—for he defended his own cause—in spite of his innocent and demure looks, and the grievous wrongs which the deceased Hartley and other evil men—in short, the combined world—had showered upon his head, he, Mr. Pike, the inoffensive old man, whose only aim had been—"and surely, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "it can't be called a crime"—whose only aim had been to make a comfortable provision for his declining years—this excellent old man, we say, was found guilty of common housebreaking and an atrocious robbery. The judge passed sentence on the defender of English laws, the once respectable fundholder, and the man who had been such an active member of the Fraud-Preventing Society; that sentence was—"Transportation beyond the seas for the term of his natural life!"

Mr. Pike did not bear his fate with the equanimity and fortitude which might have been expected from a man of his education, and one who had been engaged in so many undertakings of spirit and daring. He shed tears one minute, and shook his fists at the judge and jury the next. But it was of no avail; his sorrow and his ferocious indignation were alike useless. They took him out of the court, and barred the respectable old gentleman in his cell; they took him away to the hulks, and in due time transferred him to the convict-ship. There they chained him to another felon, who proved to be the man of Greyhound-alley, whom he once served with a letter threatening prosecution for his maltreatment of the costermonger's donkey. So the ruffian was to be his companion, and

now, resolving to be revenged, swore and grinned at him, and mocked the sorrows of the fallen attorney. He asked Mr. Pike what had become of his office, and his papers tied with red tape, and all the poor lawyer could return in reply was to call him a foul insulting demon; he asked the ex-fundholder what had become of his property—and all the hard-working, penurious gentleman could do was to gnash his teeth, and howl out curses on his tormentor and those who had robbed him. So, while in this situation, one fine morning the vessel weighed anchor, and our old friend and companion—he who has accompanied us through so many scenes of this history—set out on his pleasant voyage to the far-off land of Botany Bay.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNFORGOTTEN LOVE—THE CONFESSION.

TEN years' imprisonment had unfitted Mr. Somerset for any active duties; though his health was pretty good, his frame had become enfeebled. He was, however, cheerful, and the restoration of his wife to the full enjoyment of her faculties was a source to him of supreme happiness. Still, it appeared, that on Hester devolved the task of supporting her parents; for Julie, who had obtained a situation, could do little more than provide for herself. Hester commenced teaching music in private families, and having no longer any enemies to contend with, her pupils steadily increased. Such a life might be laborious, but she greatly preferred the duties it imposed to any other mode of livelihood it had been her fate at different times to follow.

Yet, not unfrequently, a sadness came over the spirit of the ruined gentleman's daughter, and which neither her parents nor Julie were able to account for. The great object for which she had laboured, was obtained; the plans that hitherto had put her faculties on the stretch, were unneeded now; the turmoil, the fears, the bitter disappointments and sorrows, all were over. Why, then, was she not happy? In the absence of excitement, the spirit had time to think, and the past rose before her. There was an image impressed on her heart. Like the characters traced in sympathetic ink, though they may remain for years invisible, yet, place them before the fire, how the lines spring into sight, as if by the spell of a magician! So the image on the heart of Hester, never obliterated, though none knew of its existence, was now called forth in vivid colours by quiet and contemplation. It was the image of one with whom her early dreams and young affections were entwined—the image of one she strove to forget, but could not—the image of one loved in girlhood's days, when scarcely she knew what love meant, and whose memory still, through the mists of years, shone like a star. Talk not of the fickleness of woman, nor say the love of her childhood will never survive the joyous spring-time of life; marvel rather at her constancy, and confess that love, then formed, is the blossom of the heart—a blossom which in time produces the full and perfect fruit.

"Father, again you ask me why I am unhappy. I will conceal nothing from you; I will confess my folly—for such it is. Bear with me; do not condemn me, although I may deserve reproof."

"Reproof! never, my child—my benefactor—never shall you receive reproof from me."

As Mr. Somerset sat in his chair, Hester leant forwards, and rested her head on his arm. Oh! how he loved her. The idolatry of his affection might even be a sin, but the blot of such a sin the "recording angel" would surely wipe out with the tears of mercy and pity.

"Do you think he is still alive?" asked the girl, looking up.

"Who alive, Hester? I do not know what person you mean."

"Ah! how could I suppose you should? So many years have passed, and I have not even mentioned to you his name. I thought too, at one time, I had forgotten him; but I was mistaken. Well, father, you remember, long ago, when we lived at Brookland Hall——"

A shade overspread the countenance of Mr. Somerset; he turned in his chair and sighed. Brookland Hall, the seat of his ancestors, but long in the possession of strangers—what thoughts of happy hours, and pursuits of former days, did the name call up in the breast of the ruined man!—the old Elizabethan pile, the venerable rooms and family paintings, the slopes, the gardens, the trees, and sweeping park—the picture rose before his fancy in all the freshness of reality. But not for him—never again for him—must the scene spread its beauties; his eyes must close far away, and he must not even sleep in the old church where his forefathers for centuries have reposed.

Mr. Somerset stooped his head, and covered his face with his hands:

"Go on, Hester," he said, after a pause. "What of Brookland Hall?"

"You remember one of your tenants called Banks? He had a son, placed by you in the village-school."

"I recollect perfectly. Yes, I think too much and too often of Brookland Hall for any incident of old times to escape my memory. Banks—Lewis Banks, that was the lad's name—a bold little fellow, who called once at the hall, begging to be sent to school—a lad of most precocious intellect, smitten with the love of military life, forgetting to drive the oxen 'afield,' or hoe potatoes, in his ardour to read Vauban on 'Fortification' and the battles of Marlborough. You see my memory is good, Hester."

"I rejoice at it, father. But you sent him away afterwards, and dared him to trespass upon your grounds."

"So I did, poor youth; yet was I sorry in being compelled to do it. Bless me! I had almost forgotten that little circumstance. He took it into his head to love you, I believe, child. At that time I considered such a thing daring and presumptuous on his part; and, of course, situated as we then were, I was justified in my sentiments. But, Hester, why do we allude to all this now? What have the fortunes of a peasant's son to do with ours?"

"He went to a foreign land. He wrote me several letters; but when Brookland Hall was taken from us, none of his letters, if any more arrived, reached me in London. So perhaps he is dead, or has—has forgotten me."

A low sob burst from Hester; and when Mr. Somerset raised his child from her stooping posture, he saw that her face was bathed with tears.

Then he knew her secret; then he understood the cause of her melancholy—a love that was ill placed, and without hope.

"Do not yield to this distress. I will not, I cannot reprimand you," said the old man, tenderly. "Yet little did I imagine these recollections and early feelings would be cherished by you during so many years. But whether such constancy be a weakness or a virtue, your peace of mind and your welfare in life demand that you should make efforts to conquer an attachment which, in any case, can bring you no happiness. Most probably—I feel it my duty to speak plainly—the young man is dead. If he be alive, good conduct or cleverness may have advanced him to the rank of a corporal or a sergeant; but with such a person, you are aware, no female much above a menial servant could form an alliance. Therefore, I repeat, consult your mind and your judgment in this matter rather than your heart. Renounce feelings that can only be a source of disquiet, and forget that such a person as this poor youth ever existed."

"I will strive, father; but your advice will be difficult—very difficult—to follow. One thing let me say, the mind of Lewis Banks was not the mind of an ordinary person; it was noble by nature. And I will believe—— But it is enough. Let us speak no more of a subject which crushes my spirit while it gives you pain. Father," said Hester, after a pause, "I have a favour to ask of you."

"A favour? What would I not grant or do for you, my child?"

"I have long wished—my mother and Julie, too, are very desirous—we have long wished to go down to Norfolk, just to see the place where we passed so many years—to look once more on the well-known spots, and the old house——"

"What! go to Brookland Hall?" said Mr. Somerset, who turned pale, while his lip quivered—"the house that was once mine, but is now another's—the place so dear to my heart that scarcely a night has passed for twelve years without my dreaming of it? Oh, no!" he cried, waving his hand; "I could not bear the trial—I could not support the sight!"

"Now you are mistaken, father. You would be soothed and gratified; I feel confident of it. And perhaps the present owner is a kind man, and might allow us to look over the rooms. Let us pay a visit to Brookland Hall."

Mr. Somerset remained for a considerable time without speaking. At length he raised his head.

"Well, Hester, I confess that, while I have shrunk at the thought, I have sometimes longed to see that spot again. There is a strange fascinating interest about the home of my ancestors which attracts me to it. I *will* see the old hall again, and the sweet village, and the venerable ivied church, before I die. Yes, we will go down to Norfolk."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH OUR HISTORY DRAWS TO A CONCLUSION.

It was a beautiful afternoon in spring when Mr. Somerset, his wife, and two daughters, alighted from the stage-coach near the village of —, in Norfolk. They stood upon the slope of the well-known hill, contemplating in silence the scene before them. Lovely and picturesque, as in former days, spread the verdant landscape. The warm sun, shining

obliquely from the west, tinged with yellow light the tops of the tall elms that rose around the old Norman church, and threw its lustre on the stream which wandered away in the direction of Brookland Hall. The clear song of the blackbird was heard from the thicket, and the low of cattle came softly from the opposite hill.

The little party walked into the village. Every step they took awoke some old remembrance, except in the breast of Julie; yet she, having been born in the neighbourhood, could not consider herself a stranger; faces, however, were altered; the merry young children that had gambolled under the trees had grown into sturdy peasants, and the old slept in the village churchyard.

They entered the cottage where Mr. Somerset's tenant, honest Banks, had lived; he and his wife were no more, and the sexton occupied the hovel. Mr. Somerset differed so greatly in appearance from the jovial and rosy squire of a former day, that a recognition seemed improbable; even Hester and her mother might not have been remembered, but they took the precaution to draw their veils closely around their faces.

The sexton was very complaisant, considering himself honoured by this visit from strangers. "You seem tired, sir," he said. "And will the Ladies be pleased to rest themselves on this settle; 'tis a rough and poor seat, I confess. Any business, sir?"

"No," answered Mr. Somerset, endeavouring to calm his feelings; "my visit is merely one of curiosity. We knew this sweet neighbourhood well in former years."

"That was, maybe, in the old squire's time. Heaven bless him, be he dead or alive! Ah! sir, he was a man loved by us all."

"Who," asked Mr. Somerset, shading his face with his hand—"who occupies Brookland Hall at present?"

"Why, you see, it has had two or three owners since Squire Somerset left. About six months ago, a very rich man came into these parts, and bought up Brookland estate, the manor-house, and all; and a main curious gentleman he is, though kind to the poor."

"And why is he curious?" asked Mr. Somerset.

"You see, he's come from the East Indies, is Colonel Gordon—a fine handsome man, though burnt up by the sun, and cut about the face with a great many scars. He's been in a number of hot battles, they say, in that country."

"But why should this render him curious, good old man?" asked Hester.

"Anan? Oh! *you* spoke, miss. Well, you see the colonel isn't married, and all them bachelors are 'centric and queer. He'll walk by moonlight for hours, say the servants, along the terrace and under the trees in the park; while, instead of hunting or riding about, half his day is passed moping in an old ruined grotto made of spars and shells in the garden. Then he has begun to build another house at the top of the valley, nobody knows why or wherefore. Some say, too, he wants to find the old squire, and put him again in possession; and that for a total stranger to do for another, is, I think, the oddest thing of all."

Quitting the garrulous sexton, the party proceeded at once to the manor-house, which was situated about a mile from the village. Applying at the lodge, the keeper informed them they had liberty to walk in

the grounds. Many a sigh did old familiar objects call forth from Mr. Somerset. The fields that spread around them, the park studded over with trees, the shrubberies, and the gardens—all had been his own; and here once he was lord and master, while now he felt himself an intruder and a stranger.

They wandered on until they found themselves in front of the mansion. Mr. Somerset cast a rapid glance over the building, every window of which, every rusticated quoin, every arch, every stone, seemed dear to his heart. They were about to retire, when Hester's quick eye, which had been directed to the library-window, perceived a gentleman within, apparently engaged in reading.

"Father, look yonder! that is Colonel Gordon, no doubt."

Mr. Somerset saw him. Strange, but at that moment his thoughts flashed back on an incident which had happened long, long ago. There, just in that position, had he been studying fifteen years before; when, on the steps of the front door, he perceived the little peasant-boy, Lewis Banks, who had come to entreat him to place him in the village-school; his cap was in his hand—the porter was diving him away; but these retrospective meditations were disturbed, for Colonel Gordon, having evidently seen the strangers, rose to ring his bell; the next minute the hall-door opened, and a footman approached them.

"Sir, my master says if you wish to see the inside of the house, and the old paintings in the gallery, you are quite at liberty."

Mr. Somerset was embarrassed; his hand shook with emotion, and he glanced at his wife and daughters.

"Do as you please, my dear," said Isabella; "but we should very much like to see the rooms."

"Thank you," said Mr. Somerset to the man; "then we will avail ourselves of Colonel Gordon's kind permission."

As they entered the hall, Mr. Somerset started at seeing the portrait of his grandfather, which he thought had passed into the possession of strangers. But Colonel Gordon, attracted, perhaps, by the venerable appearance of the old gentleman, now introduced himself to them, as if for the purpose of being their *cicerone*. He was a man in the prime of life, and, notwithstanding the scars on his forehead, and the change which the burning suns of the East rarely fail to effect in the countenance of an European, remarkably handsome.

"You seem struck by that portrait," observed the colonel.

"I am," said Mr. Somerset, in a low voice, "for I knew the original."

"Indeed! then come into my library, and see whether you are acquainted with any of the pictures there. To tell you the truth, I have taken much pains, since my purchase of Brookland Hall, to collect the old family portraits that belonged to a former owner, for they had been sold without reserve to Jews and picture-dealers."

"This is one of his eccentricities, father, alluded to by the sexton," whispered Hester, as they followed the colonel into his library.

Several portraits were hung around the room, perfectly familiar to Mr. Somerset; but presently they came to a picture carefully veiled by a curtain; this being removed, an exquisite painting was discovered of a girl about twelve years of age.

"Do you know who this is?" asked Colonel Gordon, with no little

anxiety in his manner, for he believed he had met at last, in the gentleman before him, with some member, or at least acquaintance, of the lost family so long sought by him in vain.

"That," replied Mr. Somerset, sinking into a chair, apparently through fatigue—"that picture, I have reason to believe, the former occupier of this house would never have parted with, had it not been taken from him almost by force. It is a portrait of Mr. Somerset's daughter."

"You know all, my dear sir; I see, you know all," said the soldier, with increased warmth. "I hope you may be able to give me a little further information concerning this respected but most unfortunate family."

"They *are* unfortunate," said the old gentleman, with a deep sigh.

"I have written letters and employed lawyers to no purpose. All I have ascertained is, that, about a year and a half ago, Mr. Somerset was liberated—my heart bleeds to think he was ever in such a place—from the Fleet Prison. Since that time all clue of him and his family has been lost."

"Very likely. An obscure person, in an obscure street in the great metropolis, is almost like a shell on the sea-shore. It is not very extraordinary you should have failed to discover him."

"Then do you know where he really lives?" asked Colonel Gordon, eagerly.

"I do."

"Bless my soul! What is his address?"

"Pardon me if I do not answer the question," said Mr. Somerset, greatly moved.

Women are not, perhaps, so easily deceived as men, and, more quickly than they, recollect individual features, however altered. Whether Hester was affected by a strange misgiving as to the identity of Colonel Gordon, or by other feelings, we cannot say; but her agitation was increasing to such a degree that she retired to a recess in a window, and pressed her hands against her throbbing temples.

"If, Colonel Gordon," said Mr. Somerset, "you will be candid enough to tell me your motive for wishing to discover or drag these unfortunate people into notice—for, though unfortunate, they are proud—I may assist you in your search."

"Then, my dear sir, I *will* be candid; and, to gain your confidence, while I expect you to be communicative in return, I will state the fact, that the money which has enabled me to purchase this property was not all acquired by the sword. I rose in the army from a very low beginning, and not by purchase. Three years ago I had but an officer's pay, and also bore another name. But a gentleman of large fortune at Calcutta, and who had no family of his own, took a fancy to me, and made me his heir, on the proviso that I should assume his name. It was after returning from a campaign in the north of India that I followed my patron to the grave. His property then was mine. I returned to England; and this, sir, is my native place."

"Your native place? Impossible! There is no other seat or good residence, but the manor-house, in the neighbourhood."

"Nay, nay," said Colonel Gordon, smiling, "I was not born in a seat, or any proud mansion. But we will not talk of that now. My object in finding the old squire is simply to place into his hand a packet."

difficult to say which heart of the respective persons who made up that pleasing group overflowed with the most intense happiness.

On the following day, when it was known in the village and among the surrounding peasantry, that the good squire and his family had returned to them once more, old and young, linked together, walked up to the manor-house to welcome them back; and for days afterwards there was nothing but feasting and ringing of bells.

What has the chronicler now to add, ere he writes "end" to his history? It is this—while the once bitter-souled Hartley slumbered in his grave; while Abercrombie, the swindling director of the Great Diamond Company of Brazil, having spent all the money he carried off, begged his bread in a foreign land; while the poor girls in the Regent-street establishment, governed by Mademoiselle Harfleur, continued to toil and to die; while Mr. Moses, the picture-dealer of the Seven-Dials, industriously persevered in "making the old masters;" and while Mr. Pike laboured in chains on the shores of a penal settlement; at Brookland Hall the restored owner passed a peaceful old age, with his wife and daughter Julie. From the park they could see a neat cottage standing at the foot of a green knoll; there lived Reuben and his wife; and Mr. Somerset had given them a plot of ground for a garden: the ex-turnkey of the Fleet revelled among pinks, dahlias, and peonies as broad and red as his own happy face; and in his horticultural pursuits he was often assisted by Julie, who never failed every day to visit her foster-father. From the park, too, they could plainly see the new mansion built by Colonel Gordon; and there Hester, after all her struggles and trials in our "great metropolis," was blest in performing two parts harmonising with her loving nature—the part of a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and that of a faithful, devoted wife.

THE LAST NIGHT OF JAMES WATSON'S HONEYMOON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAMON AND CATAR; OR, THE TWO RACES."

The helmsman steered; the ship moved on.

Ancient Mariner.

It was the evening of Thursday, the 11th of September, 1851. My dear Lucy and I had been spending the last week of our honeymoon at Broadstairs, where we had lodgings in Chandos-place; and on this, our last evening, the two Miss Frazers, old school-friends of Lucy's, who happened to be stopping at Broadstairs too, dropped in to tea.

I was not curious then, nor am I curious now, about my wife's little confidences and secrets. Females will gossip among themselves and have secrets—men have—I myself have. There are many things which I do not tell Lucy; and I can quite cheerfully allow it to be the same with her. I despise the husbands who try to graft the Paul Pry upon the Romeo. It shows a pitiful ambition, I think, for *any* human being to endea-

your to become the depositary of another's secrets, whether he calls himself priest, or lover; and far worse, to endeavour to become ruler, or guardian, or keeper of another's mind. Every one has a separate and independent existence, and should keep it so. Individuality never ceases; and whoever strives to persuade another to confess to him is, I consider, an impostor, and should be treated accordingly. Our wives do not become one and indivisible with us in spirit, because we are tied together in the body. We shall all be in units, after death, however we may be united here.

I thought, therefore, that Lucy might like to have a little private chat with her old schoolfellows, and said so. She laughed, and did not deny it. Accordingly, I resolved to take a stroll after tea; and at about half-past eight o'clock I left the house, and walked down towards the pier.

I had, however, another motive. This, as above, was the last night of our marriage-trip. I was about to return to town to-morrow, and wished to think over a few matters relative to the world of business to which I belonged.

It had been a fine but rather boisterous day; and though the wind had now somewhat fallen, the sea still ran high. The sun had set among stormy clouds, and the weather-wise and the weather-unwise amateurs—both taking their cue from the boatmen of the place—shook their heads knowingly, and predicted a rough to-morrow.

Wise and foolish, however, were nearly all housed by half-past eight o'clock. A few stragglers were abroad, on the parade, but even these were now mostly making for home; for there are no tom-fool night-haunts in Broadstairs.

The evenings had begun to draw in very fast, and before I had taken many turns up and down the quaint old pier, the last gleams of day had faded from the sky. The moon, however, rose early and was nearly full, so that there was no lack of light.

I thought over my partner's late letters. Many of our chief transactions had been very profitable; the trains which I had laid before I left town, had, as far as they had had time to explode, done well; and though I was very happy in my marriage holiday, yet I was somewhat eager to be back again at the exciting game of business.

After I had walked for a short time, I saw another person coming up the pier; and as I did not wish to be disturbed, I turned, and sat down on the little jetty which has been thrown out from the pier-head.

At first I feared that he would join me, even here, and prepared to acknowledge, as surlily as I could, that it was a fine night, if he spoke to me. But he did not do so. I heard his footfall stop about the middle of the pier. I then heard him descend the rude stairs there, and soon after a sound as of stepping a mast in a sailing-boat reached my ears. Satisfied that he was not going to disturb my solitude, I leaned my head on my hand, and followed out the various thoughts which arose in my busy brain.

Among the many people with whom I had come into contact in the world was Alfred Waters. We had once been fellow-clerks, and there had been something about him which from the first drew me to him, and made me like him better than any other of my companions.

It was not his person; that was rude enough. It was no credit to be seen walking with him, as far as appearance went. He wanted "love's majesty," as much as *Richard* did; was, in fact, hideously ugly. The dress in which nature had clothed his mind was altogether unlike that mind. It was shocking and repulsive; his mind was, I often thought, very admirable.

I had, I say, drawn much to Alfred Waters; and acquaintanceship had ripened into esteem and friendship. I cared little that his person was uncouth, his head too big for his big body, his features coarse, his hair red, his eyes small and ferret-like; his character, as far as I could read it, was straightforward; his tastes were like my own, and his mind was deeply stored with those precious things which literature loves to give its votaries.

But a blank had suddenly, and quite lately, fallen over our friendship. I had crossed his path. It appeared that he had loved Lucy Hutchinson long before I knew her; loved her deeply, too. She had never in any way encouraged his attachment, and he certainly never spoke of it to her. But I heard that he had been set on winning her—that he had fully expected to succeed in time, until my interference, as he considered it, scattered his hopes and chances to the winds.

And whether I had shown anything like triumph in my bearing to him (I never made any boast of my success in words—of that I am confident), or whether some mutual friend had kindly stimulated his exasperation, he suddenly became very cool towards me. His self-esteem was, doubtless, sorely wounded, and perhaps I should not have alluded to the subject; but I did. I sought an explanation of his coldness. He refused to give any; and from that time he avoided me as much as possible.

This would not, perhaps, have mattered much, if he had stopped there. In the whirl of London life we do not feel the want of friendship. It is, indeed, sometimes in the way. We have not time to attend to it. Bacon's statement, "That if a man have not a friend, he may as well quit the stage," does not apply in modern Babylon. An acquaintance is quite as useful, often more so; quite as amusing, and more easily parted with; far more self-sacrificing, if there is any chance of a return.

My intercourse with Alfred Waters had been pleasant, and for a time I regretted that it was broken off. But, after all, I could do very well without him; and when I found that his coldness had merged into hostility, my feelings changed altogether. From a paragraph in one of my partner's letters, it seemed that my late friend had taken an offensive attitude in regard to some transactions between our respective houses.

Now, I am not easily angered; but I am not to be trifled with. I will bear a good deal, patiently; but once excited, I am not easily pacified. This conduct of Alfred Waters's had been much on my mind, and now, as I reconsidered matters, the double sting of it seemed more bitter than before, and I resolved to resent it.

I was thinking—my thoughts at full gallop—on this, as well as other things, as I sat on the jetty, when suddenly, as I thought, a boat came gliding round the pier, and I was hailed from it in a voice which was familiar, but whose it was I could not recollect.

"James Watson," it called, "are you game to-night? It's just the

time for a sail—a glorious breeze and a bright moon! Come, will you?" And the boat was thrown up out of the wind, and the next moment was beside me.

At first I was angry at being disturbed; but that feeling left me in a moment. It was still blowing very fresh; there seemed a sort of romance about the invitation, and the scheme altogether; above all, it was good-natured in the sailor to think of me. Yielding, therefore, to these, or other impulses—rather acting as if involuntarily—I rose, stepped forward, stepped down, and was aboard the little craft.

I sat down where I could; but my companion had to get the boat into the wind once more, and as the sail shifted it nearly swept me from my seat. When I recovered from the sudden shock, the little vessel was scudding away before the wind—the crisp waves were fuming and fretting against it as it flew along; everything around seemed full of life, and joyous.

I turned to look at my companion, but a large heavy cloud had suddenly risen up the heavens, and floated across the moon, and shut her light away. I could see nothing but the white sail above me and the lights on shore, and a few dim stars in the distant sky—all else was suddenly dark around.

And so it continued for a long time; longer than I can tell you. The boat went sailing on; the wind blew fresher, and ever fresher, as we got further from the shore; and now the short waves gradually changed into that longer and more rolling swell which sets, after stormy weather, between the Forelands.

And still the darkness was about us: darkness and silence too, save for the rushing of the vessel through the waves. I had frequently spoken, but either the wind drowned my voice, or my companion would not reply.

A sense of mystery was over me—seemed to gather dimly round me; and the motion of the boat, as it plunged and sprang onward, and the darkness brooding round us, joined, with the strange silence of the helmsman, to rouse a kind of vague terror in my heart. Who could he be?

Among the people at the little watering-place were several acquaintances. The Miss Frazers' brother was there—a wild, helter-skelter fellow. It might be Henry Frazer.

"What are you so confoundedly silent for?" I cried out. "Henry, do you think I don't know you?"

Still there was no reply.

"Not such a good night for a sail as you thought," I shouted, determined that he should hear. "It would have been much better if we had not lost sight of the moon."

No answer.

"How long were your sisters to stay with Lucy?"

Still no response.

"I wish you had brought them out too," I pursued, speaking at the full pitch of my voice; "we should have had some talking then. Why don't you *speak*, man?"

Not a word.

I strained my eyes to see him. In vain. The great cloud still hurried across the sky. It had, however, lifted a little from the horizon, and a

few stars were to be seen beneath; but no light reached us. I could not even make out where my companion was sitting; whether in the stern or close beside me. I did not know what tackle he had for steering; he might be at my side!

I strained my eyes to see the lights ashore: they were dim, and very distant now. The North Foreland light itself was a long way off, and one of the Goodwin beacons seemed very near; and the wind rose ever stronger, and the boat still flew over the seas; and still no sounds were to be heard but those of the waves, as they burst against the prow.

"Confound it!" I cried out at last, "this passes a joke, Henry. You are going out too far. I must get back to Lucy——"

The words had scarcely left my lips ere a sudden tempest of wind swept down upon the boat. With quick dexterity he steered her round into the teeth of the gale—momentary salvation!—but the boat shook and trembled all over with the shock, and falling off, sprang forward again at a frightful speed.

The cloud was broken up—broken and whirled away from the face of the sky. In an instant the whole firmament seemed to *open* before our eyes in the sudden light. Not a vestige of cloud remained; but the solemn moon looked down from among the stars on the wild waves, as they fought and struggled with the wind.

I turned and looked in my companion's face. It was that of ALFRED WATERS!

Instantly that he saw he was known, he sprang up, his hideous face working with passion; and while he still held the tiller of the rudder firmly with one hand, he pointed with the other to the sands, which we were so fast nearing.

It seemed as though he wished to speak, and could not. My tongue, too, appeared to be tied down in my jaws. I strove, but strove vainly, to say a word. But I also sprang up from my seat, and made as though I would advance to him.

What I intended to do I did not know; perhaps to wrest the tiller from him, to turn the boat right round, and once more make for shore. But before I could reach him, some power—what, I know not—he could not have done it, at least I thought so—struck me down upon one of the seats, where I remained, as though fastened to it—as though insensible, unable to stir a limb for a long time—how long I never knew.

But when I came to myself again, and looked up at him, I saw that he was once more in the stern-sheets of the boat, and seated as at first. The moon still shone brightly down upon us—the gale still blew; it was a fearful wind, and the boat was strained, and leaking in many parts, and the sea was constantly dashing over us. Still he sat steadily there, and steered her on towards the Goodwin Sands.

Steadily?—he sat too steadily there! At first, when I glanced at his face, and saw its repulsive features by the moonlight, and its wide open eyes, I thought there was a laugh upon it; but it was not so, the shifting of the lights and shades, by the motion of the boat, made this appearance. He was not laughing.

I looked again: the eyes seemed resolutely fixed on me—they appeared to glare from under their shaggy brows; but there was a rigidity about

their stare which appalled me. It never altered—it never varied. It rises up before my mind's eye now—I see it still.

And the thought came upon me like a lightning flash—quick, startling, frightful—that he was dead! And at every glance I gave towards him, still there seemed the same horror written on the motionless face and in the glassy eyes—Dead!

I dared not stir; my blood seemed all curdled in my veins; and still the boat rushed on. The moon was shining high in heaven, and the tempest of wind still raged below. The sea, lashed into higher and higher waves, rose in masses under our very feet; and when we seemed to be about to sink into the great smooth trough, we were suddenly raised on high again—raised into the full blast, to sink once more, and rise, and sink again.

But suddenly, as we reached the summit of a great wave, I looked out seaward, and saw the Goodwin beacon-light close by. The full horror of my situation rushed upon me. It was his revenge!—the dead was fulfilling the last wish of the disappointed man. We should at all events perish together; and if Lucy was to live happily, it was not to be any more with me.

Still we swept onward, ever onward, and the calm moon looked upon us while we rushed toward destruction. Destruction!—was there no means of escape left, then? Must I die? Must all these fair life-visions vanish, all be swallowed up, and in a few short moments, too, by the great monster, Death? Was there no way of escape?

Yes! With a wild scream I threw off the lethargy which had fallen over me—threw it off, and leaped to my feet. I sprang forward, stumbled over the seat, stood up, sprang forward again, tripped against the next seat, fell forward—fell over it, and was in the next moment up again. I caught hold of him; he was cold and stiff; I tried to dash him away from the tiller, he was immovable. I tore at him to get him away; the dreadful feeling of deadness which met my hands at every touch did not deter me—nothing deterred me; what should? Was it not for life? I renewed my exertions, when, suddenly, to my terror, I felt myself seized; he clung to me, grasped me to himself, while he exclaimed, with a tremendous voice, that seemed to echo through my heart,

“Now then, James, supper's ready!”

With a convulsive start, I was immediately awake. Henry Frazer had me in his arms, while Lucy and his two sisters stood, laughing, by. I had fallen asleep as I sat, and thought, upon the jetty, and they had come to look for me.

Anything further would be superfluous. Alfred Waters is still hostile, and next session our differences will carry us both into the Court of Common Pleas.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

CHAPTER X.

THE BIVOUAC.

AT the termination of the evolutions, we were ordered to bivouac for the night upon the field of action, the two sides being separated by a small, but noisy rivulet, which ran diagonally across the heath. Sergeant Dose, with his distinguished company, was entrusted with one of the outposts in the neighbourhood of this rivulet—an arrangement, which though it was intended as a sort of honourable distinction for our good services, was not appreciated as such, either by Dose or myself; for he was languishing after a larger audience to listen to his “poetical” and analytical exposition of his late achievement; and I had just been put upon the *qui vive* by catching a momentary glimpse of a certain four-wheeled carriage, painted green and black, and containing an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were driving about to gaze at our proceedings; but by being banished to an outpost, I feared that I should be beyond their range. However, despite our balked desires, we found the *coup-d’œil*, from the little elevation where our gun was posted, sufficiently interesting to banish regrets, and spirit-stirring enough to awaken the susceptibility of a mind even less “poetical” than that of Sergeant Feodor.

A full-orbed moon showered her silvery beams over the camp, with its circumjacent heath, and played upon a thousand bayonets and helms, which, flashing back her rays with redoubled brilliancy, created a rolling sea of light quite dazzling to behold. After enjoying all the pleasures and excitement of action, we could now gaze upon its picturesque accompaniments without suffering any of their attendant horrors. We were untormented by the sight of the disabled and the dying, nor were our ears assailed by their deep-drawn groans. Not a sound was heard that raised itself above the loud unvarying hum of the busy camp, save now and then some snatches of a song, or a peal of hearty laughter. No bayoneted friend or foe raised himself, half-man, half-ghost, to utter a painful sigh, and a “Grüße mein Lottchen, Freund,” or to implore the passer-by for a draught of water. The only articulate sounds that could be distinguished, were the impatient exclamations of hungry soldiers, clamouring for their schnapps and suppers, and throwing the toiling sutlers into a frenzy of bewilderment. The spectacle, too, was of an equally joyous and unlachrymose description. At no great distance from our post, the sentinels, with shouldered arms, were pacing up and down their beat; behind them, gaudy Uhlans, with their czapkas cocked upon their heads at such an extraordinarily low angle as might almost have justified one in representing them an exception to the Newtonian law, were leaning their rifles further off our comrades were limbering up their guns, while groups of officers were collected round blazing fires, which flickered on their faces, and brought them out in bright relief, rendering them quite distinct, though at a considerable distance. Such

a scene, viewed under a cloudless sky and a balmy air, was sufficient to have stirred a stoic's heart; but upon the impressive temperament of Sergeant Feodor it produced a most sublimating effect, making his heart beat high for poetry and patriotism, and bringing down upon my head an immediate improvisation of all the incongruous ideas that were suggested to his mind by the present circumstances, and the collective sense of which was very much like the hairs upon a serpent's skin, so fine that no microscope can make them visible. But ere long, to my great relief, the improvisator began to feel conscious of an internal vacuum, which stopped the flow of his poetical fervour, and we therefore applied ourselves *con amore* to the less romantic occupation of preparing and eating our supper; and I was glad to perceive that Dose's sentimental tenderness did not prevent him from making a furious onslaught upon some oily-looking compound that had been churning all day at his saddle-bow. While thus employed, I was heartily pleased to find, by the appearance of one or two strange horsemen near our gun, that we were not entirely lost to the many spectators who were scattered over the heath, and shortly afterwards a carriage or two approached to within a short distance of us. This again filled me brimful of restless expectation, and I kept a watchful eye upon everything in the shape of a vehicle that came within our view; but so many were the disappointments I had to undergo, that my stock of hopes was nearly exhausted when I saw an equipage drawing near, of much the same appearance as the one I was so devoutly wishing for. I was instantly upon my feet, and my mind became the battle-field for warring legions of "if's" and "but's." "If it was her carriage!" "If she should be in!" "If she should come near!" And all these hopeful "if's" were met by a serried phalanx of gloomy "but's," which overturned and crushed their nascent ardour.

The carriage came on at a gentle pace, and for some time I held my breath as carefully as though I was afraid of scaring it away by the beating of my heart. I then advanced towards it, and had scarcely had time to feel assured that I was not mistaken in its identity, before I heard the gentle accents of a well-remembered voice, addressing the coachman in tones so sweet that I thought it a shame they should be wasted upon him. "Where are we now, Frederick?" And when Frederick had informed her that they were close to an outpost, she directed him to drive round, that she might view it.

"Now or never," I thought, and immediately stepped forward to bid her good evening.

"Oh, are you there?" was her reply; and the words were spoken with a peculiar emphasis upon the "there," which made my vanity suggest that my appearance was not a totally unlooked-for or unexpected contingency.

Frederick immediately pulled up, and I could almost have hugged the excellent old fellow to my heart, as I heard him say, "Look, Gnädiges Fräulein; here is the young cadet that was at our house the other day. If you wish to see the outpost, he will be able to take you round them, whilst I can wait for you here."

These words threw me into a fever of the most agonising suspense, and I stood statue-like, with my eyes fixed immovably upon her lips, dreading to hear her decline the proposal. But, oh, Gott Amor! my dreams

were hardly equal to my fortune. After a moment's hesitation she acquiesced. I quickly opened the door, let down the step, supported her on my arm, and assisted her to alight. My first sensations upon finding myself in such a felicitous position were, I must confess, of a somewhat bewildered description. My heart beat in a wild, tumultuous bliss, and my brain reeled under the immensity of my good fortune. The stars, too, seemed to participate in my excitement, for they rolled about in the most eccentric orbits. Even sober Cynthia wore a laughing face, and all sub-lunary objects seemed to be under the tarantula's influence, landscape and horses, men and guns, whirling around in the maddest of gyrations. Whether I was the prime cause, or merely a participant of this general vertigo, the effects were the same. It most effectually dammed up the enthusiastic and fervid flow of words which I would fain have poured out, and produced nothing but some miserable abortions, dry and disjointed specimens of the merest commonplace. In the most profound ignorance of what I was saying, I ran over some of the driest details of our outpost services, mingled with occasional scraps of our morning's adventure, in all of which, however, the amiable Fräulein was good enough to profess great interest. But when at last my mind was disencumbered of its misty mantle, and when, by the gentle pressure of the Fräulein's arm, as she shrank back in alarm at a plunging horse, I became more alive to the happy realities of my situation, I succeeded, much to my own satisfaction, in giving a more entertaining and more coherent style to my discourse, and in discharging the duties appertaining to my enviable post of cicerone, I attained, for some few minutes, the very *ne plus ultra* of felicity. But they were minutes, alas! which passed like seconds; and it was only by hearing the old coachman impatiently cracking his whip that I became at all aware that we had described a tolerably wide circle round our outpost, and had arrived nearly at the point from which we set out.

"Good night, my dear-est Fräulein," I uttered, in a tentative and half-doubting tone; and being answered by another "good night," in a whispered but most satisfactory tone, I conducted her to the carriage; and again bidding her good night, she drove away to rejoin her uncle.

CHAPTER XI.

STEPS NUMBERS TWO AND THREE ON THE LADDER OF PROMOTION.

HAVING ascertained from the Fräulein that both she and her uncle would be at home on the following morning, I determined to follow up my progress with the niece, and at the same time discover what sort of a reception my credentials would have procured me from the uncle. These I found had operated as efficaciously as could be hoped, and had produced most vastly satisfactory results. The kind-hearted count was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing the ward and relative of his old friend Von B., begged I would always consider myself a welcome visitor at the Schloss, and concluded by inviting me to dinner for that afternoon, informing me that his niece was walking in the garden, and would, no doubt, be glad to see me, if I liked to look for her. It may be imagined that there was no very long debate or close division in my mind

upon the merits of this proposition, and five minutes later I was strolling down the gravel-walk, the Fräulein's arm within my own, and with the air of one who had nothing more to wish for.

But my happiness was too great to last. I had not been long in the enjoyment of my terrestrial Walhalla before my path was crossed by a most odious apparition, whose malevolent aspect seemed sadly out of place among these blissful shades. "Oh dear! that adjutant is coming," were the ominous words which diverted my eyes from their feast of pilfered glances at the Fräulein's face, and turned them upon Herr Honigthaucht's ill-favoured features, his native ugliness being by no means mitigated by the contrast under which he was presented to my view, or by the choleric fumes which were boiling in his breast. A cross-grained lieutenant is the positive of a certain predicate which shall be unwritten; a jealous ditto is the comparative; but a cross-grained lieutenant who is jealous of an inferior, is the superlative. Lieber Himmel! And Lieutenant Honigthaucht was at this moment in the highest degree superlative. His first impulse, no doubt, was to take a run and apply his foot to the fundament of the impudent interloper who had thrust himself into the place which he so often sighed for; but, fortunately for his reputation, he discerned us whilst yet at some little distance, so that the first effervescence of his rage had time to escape, and he succeeded in keeping within the bounds of decorum and politeness. But his wish to annihilate myself, and at the same time to play the amiable before the Fräulein, produced an odd incongruity in his demeanour. Into his left eye, which was turned towards the Fräulein, he tried to throw a kind of ogle, which resulted in an awkward, amorous leer. He smiled most graciously out of the corresponding corner of his mouth, while with the hand he executed a would-be graceful and gallant salute. To this contented calm the raging tempest on the other side offered a striking contrast. There, a twinkling, restless eye lunged forth Toledos and Damascenes; the tip of his moustache, curled upwards like a tiger-cat's; the corner of his mouth was slightly opened, displaying a pair of jagged, yellow tusks; and the fist was closed with a threatening gesture. Such an eccentric figure did my lieutenant cut, while his heart was cooking poison at finding himself supplanted by his impudent subordinate. But alas for my subordinacy! By virtue of his epaulettes, Lieutenant Honigthaucht was enabled to turn my smile of satisfaction, which he, no doubt (and perhaps not incorrectly), construed into one of triumphant mockery, to a sober stare of blank surprise.

"Here, Mr. Cannoneer," (!) said he, in a tone of the most aggravating depreciation, at the same time pulling a packet from his pocket, and handing it to me—"here, take these despatches to the commander of the brigade at Wilhelmstadt, and wait for any that may have to be returned."

Here was an abrupt and dreadful finale to the hopeful commencement of the morning. This time Mr. Adjutant-Lieutenant Honigthaucht had undoubtedly succeeded in turning the tables upon me, and I felt considerably crestfallen in consequence. But in the midst of my vexation it was an immense comfort to perceive that, though the enemy had ousted me from the position which I had occupied with so much confidence, yet he

was not able to maintain it himself. On the proffer of his arm and company, he was met by a polite but immediate "No, thank you," together with an intimation of the Fräulein's intention to return to the house, which was given with a look that plainly showed she did not appreciate his politeness in thus unceremoniously depriving her of her escort.

Much reanimated by the sight of my antagonist receiving such a check, I made my adieus to the Fräulein, expressing my sorrow at being obliged to leave her so unexpectedly; and, hastening to our stable, I was soon on my charger's back, spurring him towards Wilhelmstadt. Arrived there, I dismounted before the door of our head-quarters, and, after ascending the steps, was proceeding to traverse the lengthy corridor which led to the bureau where I had to deposit my despatches, when I was arrested by the sound of Von Teschchenschech's voice issuing from a side-room, whose door opened upon the passage.

"Hollo, there!—halt! Come here."

I immediately obeyed the summons, and, entering his den, I found the old colonel, pipe in mouth and cap on head, luxuriating in an easy chair, seeming to be on remarkably good terms with himself.

"Well, bombardier, where are you come from?"

I announced myself officially, with the usual salute. "An ordonnance, Herr Oberst, from the Fettenweiden Battery, to deliver despatches at 'the Brigade Commando.'"

"Let me see them."

I delivered them into his hands. After hastily glancing through them, he threw them back, saying,

"Well, take them to the bureau, and let them give you an answer."

I made my salute, and was proceeding to make my exit, when he surprised me by saying,

"Softly, softly, Mr. Bombardier; whither away so fast? Don't be in such an outrageous hurry. I want to have a few words with you. You have been nearly a year in my brigade, haven't you?"

"Yes, at your command, Herr Oberst."

"Well, well, drop 'at your command;' 'yes' will be sufficient. I can't say, Mr. Bombardier, that I am sorry I received you, notwithstanding all your scatter-brained exploits. I can afford you youngsters a liberty now and then, always provided you are cheerful and lively—no sulkers or head-hangers. Now you had better go to the bureau, and get the return despatches; and, whilst there, you may as well employ your time by glancing at the promotion-list."

Throughout the interview I had been sorely puzzled by the colonel's unwonted suavity of manner, for which I could not at all satisfactorily account; but these last words were suggestive of an electrifying idea, the bare conception of which shot a delightful thrill throughout my frame. Ah! a sergeant, was I? No longer Bombardier, but Sergeant B.! What would Emilie say? This brilliant fancy had no sooner shot across my mind than I jumped to the conclusion that it was an accomplished fact, and took it for granted that I was in verity Sergeant B., with only one step between me and a pair of epaulettes. That step was soon surmounted—in imagination; and, with visionary outlines of marshals' batons, Fräuleins' faces, and other agreeable objects, floating before my

eyes in chaotic confusion, I stood awhile in the corridor, erecting magnificent *chateaux* in the air. But my satisfied self-complacency was suddenly changed into fear for the fate of my aerial structures, by the recollection that they had as yet no secure foundation-stone to stand upon. How did I know I was a sergeant? Where was the protocol? The colonel never said I was promoted to a higher rank. Perhaps his majesty, in consideration of my good services, had been graciously pleased to transfer me to a guard-brigade stationed far away from Schloss Liegenditsch; and, indeed, the colonel's words were of a valedictory rather than a congratulatory nature. This last supposition was intolerable, and instantly aroused me from my dreamy lethargy. With headlong eagerness I darted down the corridor, and bolted into the bureau in such irreverent haste as gave great umbrage to my sweet friend Captain De Foe, to whom I had to deliver my despatches. I had no sooner disburdened myself of these than I hastily clutched hold of the promotion-list, which was handed to me, unasked, by one of the clerks, and there I found, to my inexpressible delight, that my first conjecture was correct. At the very top of the list stood "Horatz Albrecht B., bombardier, to be Sergeant." These few words I read and re-read, and read again and again, hardly able to persuade myself that they were not the creation of my heated imagination. But no, there could be no mistake about the matter. All the letters stood out in the clearest Roman type, and steadily maintained their places, instead of dissolving into some other combination, as I was apprehensive they might. I was at last compelled to give credence to the irrefragable evidence of my optics; and then, had it not been for the refrigerative presence of Captain De Foe, I do not know into what extravagances my excessive exhilaration might not have launched me. His baleful glances, however, were sufficient to throw a damp even over my glowing ardour; and the expression of his countenance, which showed plainly enough, by its dolorous contortions, what excruciating tortures he was suffering from the sight of my satisfaction, was so remarkably malevolent as to divert my thoughts for a while from my newly-acquired dignity, and fix them upon him. So great, too, was the contrast between the mild though stiffish zephyr that I had met with in the colonel's room to this rude, borean blast, that I could not help instituting a mental comparison between the two—two men so similar in some respects that a casual observer might have pronounced them both off the same model, but in all essential particulars as opposite as the poles. They were both great blusterers on parade, and seemed to make a point of finding fault wherever it could be done. But their motives in this were totally dissimilar. With the colonel it arose from a real though mistaken and antiquated love for discipline and order; and half the punishments which he imposed were generally remitted either immediately after the imposition or on the first convenient opportunity. With De Foe, upon the other hand, arrests and extra drills were the consequences of that rancorous spite which he seemed to bear to almost every soldier in the ranks, a few sycophants excepted, and which was generally contracted within a few days, at the furthest, after his entrance into the captain's company; and when once a feud arose between Captain De Foe and an inferior, it would infallibly last as long as they both continued in the brigade. Re-

conciliation and forgiveness were principles totally alien to his nature, and words, probably, of which he did not fully understand the meaning. He could never say, with our bard of bards, in his noble hymn :

Groll und Rache sey vergessen,
Unserm Todfeind sey verziehn.
Keine Thräne soll ihn pressen,
Keine Reue nage ihn.

Unser Schuldbuch sey vernichtet!
Ausgesöhnt die ganze Welt!
Brüder—überm Sternenzelt
Richtet Gott, wie wir gerichtet.*

But Von Teschchenschech, however much he might declaim and rave against some offending wretch, was always ready to bestow an approving grunt at the first signs of amendment, and always liked a man the more for looking him boldly in the face, and not seeming to be frightened by his threats, whereas such conduct towards De Foe would almost have so far induced the necessity for a strait waistcoat to curb that worthy's maniac frenzy. It was, perhaps, a happy thing for me that his bile on this occasion was so abundant, as I might otherwise have been less cautious, and might easily have afforded him a pretext for discharging some of his venom at me. As it was, the almost imperceptible smile of satisfaction which I permitted to cross my lips gave him an opportunity for letting off a little of the spleen with which he was almost bursting,

"Hollo, sirrah! what are you laughing at there? Remember where you are, you young Scum-of-the-earth. I'll take some of your sauciness out of you, you young mongrel."

Having somewhat eased his mind by the emission of this accumulation of pronouns and elegant epithets, he subsided into his former hissing state without damage done to any one. As soon as my despatches were prepared, I lost no time in quitting this uncongenial atmosphere, and I again carried the papers into Von Teschchenschech's apartment to procure his signature. As soon as he saw me re-enter, he exclaimed with a waggish grin,

"Well, Mr. Sergeant B., how goes it now? What is your opinion of affairs? Nun gut! Only keep out of the old gentleman's kitchen, and you'll get something better soon. And then"—this he said in a tone which bordered on the sentimental—"and then, when you have got my epaulettes upon your shoulders, think sometimes of old Teschchenschech, who was always a friend to you young dogs, though he does rail at you sometimes."

Contrary to all the established rules of discipline and etiquette, I laid

* Be rancorous hate remembered not,
Pardon to our mortal foe;
Let every tear be all forgot,
And nothing known of woe.

Let our debt-book cancelled be,
Let the world harmonious live;
Brothers, above yon starry sea
God forgives as we forgive.—SCHILLER—*To Joy**

my hand upon my heart and thanked him with great *empressement*, at which he took a mighty suck at his meerschauum and ejaculated,

"Na, na, you are a bold young dog."

After he had put his name to the papers, I remounted my charger, and the exuberant activity of my spirits communicating itself to my spurs, the fortress was soon a long way behind me, and the Fat Meadows just under my nose. After delivering my despatches to the major of the day, I arrayed myself in the whole armour of dandyism (not forgetting my new sergeant's stripes), and then took my way to the Schloss. Great was the astonishment of Lieutenant Honigthauicht, when he saw me enter the drawing-room in dining trim, and when he heard the count introducing me to the guests as a young friend of his. This was the crowning stroke to my previous impertinences. My presence there was gall and worm-wood to his soul—I was a monstrous eyesore; and he was so plainly writhing under the infliction, that my compassion predominated over my dislike, and I actually felt some regret that I should have proved such a mar-joy to the wretch. The only time that an unforced smile ever crossed his lips that evening was when he succeeded in taking the Friulein's arm to lead her in to dinner—an honour which, of course, I was compelled to yield to my superior; but even this pleasure was a very fleeting one, for a minute afterwards the count chanced to observe my new stripes, and then the lieutenant was almost flayed alive by the congratulations which were bestowed upon me.

Not long after my elevation I received a letter from my guardian, of a very amphibological, or in the vernacular, a many-sided kind. There had evidently been a well-fought conflict in his mind between satisfaction and disappointment—satisfaction at my success, and disappointment at the falsification of his own predictions. He had constantly maintained the impossibility of my rising, and now that he had the indisputable fact before him, he was wonderfully taken aback, and the only solution by which he could satisfy his own mind was, that it arose from the principle *Fortuna favet fatuis*, "Fortune favours fools." He commenced his letter by expressing happiness at my promotion, but then, as if the admission of such a self-damnatory consummation required extensive qualification, he immediately began to expatiate upon the impossibility of my ever getting a step further. The only method, according to him, of obtaining a commission within any reasonable length of time, was to expend a considerable amount of hard cash, and he dilated upon the folly of venturing my modest peculium in a lottery of such problematic success. This train of thought entailed a lengthy disquisition (in which he indulged his *penchant* for pessimism to the utmost) on the very true and very trite subject of the necessity of gold for getting on in this matter-of-fact world, interspersed with a few quotations as old and hackneyed as the subject they were intended to elucidate. There was some validity in these remarks, and I myself was rather daunted when reflecting on the length of time I might still have to remain in the ranks. But almost contemporaneously with my reception of this epistle, came the unexpected news that some Mexican bonds which had been an intended possession, but which had long been regarded as so much waste paper, had by some marvellous and almost unaccountable piece of good luck been converted into hard cash for not less than half their value, so that I was now in possession of a

respectable patrimony, quite large enough to warrant the employment of some of it in furthering my promotion. This lucky occurrence, which by-the-by strengthened my guardian's faith in the before-mentioned adage about the blind caprice of fortune, educed another missile from his höchsteigner hand, in which he again urged me to shake off my chains and put myself at my own disposal once more, re-enunciating, by way of argument, the impracticability of obtaining a commission. But to prove this, he was now obliged to change his tactics, and he accordingly tried hard to demonstrate that "influence at court" was a *sine quâ non* for the attainment of promotion, and that unless, by a wondrous casualty in the world of chances, some friend or relative should be summoned to court, like the flea of which Mephistophiles sung in the cellar of Leipzig, and, like that great-hearted flea, should distinguish himself by heaping patronage upon all his connexions, I might repounce all hopes of a pair of epaulettes, without a long and wearisome bondage under the stripes.

By all this it was very evident that, for some reason or other, my guardian had determined to get me out of the king's service if possible, and would, consequently, make no effort for the furtherance of my promotion. But I was now less inclined than ever to lose all the benefit of my long apprenticeship to his majesty, and by no means relished the idea of having so long endured the capricious bullyings of Messrs. Honigthaucht and De Foe for nothing. Besides that, there was a sentence in this very letter, the thought-pregnant contents of which were alone sufficient to counter-vail all the stores of elaborate logic by which it was accompanied. In this single sentence, on which I bestowed more attention than on all his other letters together, he informed me that he had lately received a letter from Graf Lieginditsch, who expressed great interest in my unworthy self, and told him that I and his eldest niece seemed to be on very friendly terms, and that, when we were two or three years older, who knew, &c., &c. "This," added my guardian, in the most matter-of-fact way, "is an affair which should not be neglected." Neglected, indeed! If he could only have foreseen the effect which this communication produced upon me, he would probably have hesitated before letting me know anything about it. He urged it upon me as an additional reason for following his advice. But, alas for his calculations! it had a precisely opposite effect. It immediately determined me not on any account to quit the brigade whilst stationed in the neighbourhood of Wilhelmstadt.

After coming to this resolve, I lingered on for several weeks at the Fat Meadows in a state of dubious anxiety, excogitating all sorts of crude and incongruous schemes for hoisting a pair of epaulettes on to my shoulders, and for stirring up my guardian to take a little active interest in the matter. Our brigade was still detained around the fortress, though my heart beat anxiously each morning at appell, lest I should hear the marching order read out. The difficult and tiresome knot was at length cut by a hand from which I had not ventured to expect so great a boon. One happy morning, on arriving on my matutinal visit to the Schloss, I was directed by the count to go immediately in quest of his niece, as she had something particular to deliver into my hands. I was, as usual, a very short time in looking for her; for, strange as it might appear to others, I knew each morning, as if by intuition, the exact spot of the house or grounds where I should find her. I now made straight for a

little *boudoir*, where I expected to find her sitting either alone or in company with the countess. I was not wrong. There I found her; and I cannot say that I was disappointed to find the countess—not there. As soon as the first morning salutation was passed, she surprised me by putting into my hands a packet of most portentous dimensions, sealed with a prodigious expenditure of wax, impressed by the great seal of the brigade. Such a packet had been too often present to my imagination for me not to recognise its genus at a glance, and, without breaking the seal, I knew that I was now “Sub-lieutenant B., of his Majesty’s Artillery.” My joy may be imagined. My first impulse, an irresistible and an unresisted one, was to throw my arms round the fair donor’s neck, and impress my gratitude upon her lips in its fullest fervency. This first kiss led to another and another, and then to a long conversation, the purport of which shall be left to the reader’s own lively imagination. Suffice it to say, that it terminated as it had commenced, in a rapturous kiss, and that when I quitted her side it was to betake myself to the count, and, after thanking him for his splendid gift, to exhibit my unblushing insatiability by requesting a favour ten times as valuable as the one I had just been overwhelmed with. He replied, however, in the most encouraging terms; and though he deferred giving a decided answer for the present, yet I had every reason to be satisfied with the position of affairs.

Such was the happy finale to my *Lehrjahr* in the ranks. The next time I saw Von Teschchenschech, his congratulations were as eager and as boisterous as if I had been a bosom-friend for half a lifetime, and he gave me such a hearty hug round the shoulders as made me almost doubt whether I had not got between the paws of a half-famished bear. Captain De Foc, upon the other hand, displayed a queer mixture of shyness and indignation, and often looked as if his feelings would be immensely relieved by the old pleasure of prescribing me an extra drill or watch. To Herr Adjutant-Lieutenant Honigthaucht this last was, as may be guessed, the bitterest one of all the nauseous pills that I had compelled him to swallow, and my name and title always stuck so fast in his throat, that, whenever positively compelled to address me, he was forced to have recourse to the most roundabout methods of calling my attention to him—a purpose, by the way, which he generally found most difficult of accomplishment. As to my old crony, Sergeant Feodor, he soon afterwards accepted the offer of retirement which was made to him at the expiration of one of his periods of service, and, in lieu of a pension, he accepted the appointment of postmaster in the town of Wilhelmstadt, as a situation where he could have abundant scope for the play of his literary abilities. When I and Mrs. B. (*née* Emilie Lieginditsch) last passed through the town, we found that he had provided himself with a fat and fruitful Frau, and he was then engaged in poetising upon the remarkably romantic occurrence of the birth of a second batch of lusty twins within two years after his marriage.

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.*

A NEW work from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne seems to be welcomed in the United States with somewhat of the fervour that once awaited a Waverley Novel in the mother country. It is an event of such importance as to be now heralded simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, and we esteem ourselves fortunate in being enabled to give to our readers, almost contemporaneously with its publication, some idea of the last new romance of the author of the "Scarlet Letter," and the "House of the Seven Gables."

"Blithedale," in the author's own modest estimate, is "a faint and not very faithful shadowing" of Brook Farm, in Roxbury, which (now a little more than ten years ago) was occupied and cultivated by a company of Socialists. "Blithedale" is thus a Socialist romance, removed from the highway of ordinary literary performances, and claiming interests peculiarly its own. The chief personages are few in number; the author, or Miles Coverdale, as he designates himself, beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which, dying out with his youthful fervour, have yet left behind a conviction that that Socialist experiment was certainly the most romantic episode in his life—at once a day-dream and a fact; a weakly maiden, whose tremulous nerves endow her with Sibylline attributes; a high-spirited woman, bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; an intellectual, self-willed, egotistical philanthropist; that is nearly all; yet around these he has thrown more than his usual amount of soul-engrossing interest; translating also, with more than usual psychological subtlety, the mysterious harmonies of nature into articulate meanings.

"The greatest obstacle," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, "to being heroic, is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove oneself a fool." Yet in face of this, it was in the heart of a pitiless snow-storm that the bachelor-poet and romancer left his snug town quarters to go into the wilderness in search of a better life. "The better life! Possibly," he says, "it would hardly look so, now; it is enough if it looked so then."

Whatever else I may repent of, therefore, let it be reckoned neither among my sins nor follies that I once had faith and force enough to form generous hopes of the world's destiny,—yes!—and to do what in me lay for their accomplishment; even to the extent of quitting a warm fireside, flinging away a freshly-lighted cigar, and travelling far beyond the strike of city clocks, through a drifting snow-storm.

There were four of us who rode together through the storm; and Hollingsworth, who had agreed to be of the number, was accidentally delayed, and set forth at a later hour alone. As we threaded the streets, I remember how the buildings on either side seemed to press too closely upon us, inasmuch that our mighty hearts found barely room enough to throb between them. The snow-fall, too, looked inexpressibly dreary (I had almost called it dingy), coming down through an atmosphere of city smoke, and alighting on the sidewalk only to be moulded into the impress of somebody's patched boot or overshoe. Thus the track of an old conventionalism was visible on what was freshest from the sky. But when we left the pavements, and our muffled hoof-tramps beat upon a desolate extent of country road, and were effaced by

* The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two Volumes. Chapman and Hall.

the unfettered blast as soon as stamped, then there was better air to breathe. Air that had not been breathed once and again!—air that had not been spoken into words of falsehood, formality, and error, like all the air of the dusky city.

Our "world reformers" were, however, soon seated by the brisk fire-side of an old farm-house. It does not appear that the great Socialist experiment was performed at any remarkable distance from the busy haunts of men—indeed, we may gather from incidents that occur further on, not much more than a long morning's walk. It was, indeed, a right good fire, built up of great rough logs and knotty limbs, and splintered fragments of an oak-tree; and there was also a stout farmer, Silas Foster by name, lank, stalwart, uncouth, grizzly-bearded, whose only remark was, "Well, folks, you'll be wishing yourselves back to town again, if this weather holds."

"Zenobia" was already with the Community. This, it is needless to say, is an assumed name, given to a literary lady, a pupil of George Sand, a great advocate for the rights of her sex, a "world reformer," imperial in figure and deportment—whence her name; for "our Zenobia—however humble looked her new philosophy—had as much native pride as any queen would have known what to do with." Margaret Fuller Ossoli is here apparently intended. And now for our romancer's first introduction to Socialism.

"I am the first comer," Zenobia went on to say, while her smile beamed warmth upon us all; "so I take the part of hostess for to-day, and welcome you as if to my own fireside. You shall be my guests, too, at supper. To-morrow, if you please, we will be brethren and sisters, and begin our new life from daybreak."

"Have we our various parts assigned?" asked some one.

"O, we of the softer sex," responded Zenobia, with her mellow, almost broad laugh—most delectable to hear, but not in the least like an ordinary woman's laugh—"we women (there are four of us here already) will take the domestic and in-door part of the business, as a matter of course. To bake, to boil, to roast, to fry, to stew; to wash, and iron, and scrub, and sweep; and, at our idler intervals, to repose ourselves on knitting and sewing; these, I suppose, must be feminine occupations, for the present. By-and-by, perhaps, when our individual adaptations begin to develop themselves, it may be that some of us who wear the petticoat will go a-field, and leave the weaker brethren to take our places in the kitchen."

"What a pity," I remarked, "that the kitchen, and the house-work generally, cannot be left out of our system altogether! It is odd enough that the kind of labour which falls to the lot of women is just that which chiefly distinguishes artificial life—the life of degenerated mortals—from the life of Paradise. Eve had no dinner-pot, and no clothes to mend, and no washing-day."

"I am afraid," said Zenobia, with mirth gleaming out of her eyes, "we shall find some difficulty in adopting the Paradisiacal system for at least a month to come. Look at that snow-drift sweeping past the window! Are there any figs ripe, do you think? Have the pine-apples been gathered, to day? Would you like a bread-fruit, or a cocoa-nut? Shall I run out and pluck you some roses? No, no, Mr. Coverdale; the only flower hereabouts is the one in my hair, which I got out of a greenhouse this morning. As for the garb of Eden," added she, shivering playfully, "I shall not assume it till after May-day."

Assuredly, Zenobia could not have intended it;—the fault must have been entirely in my imagination. But these last words, together with something in her manner, irresistibly brought up a picture of that fine, perfectly developed

figure, in Eve's earliest garment. Her free, careless, generous modes of expression often had this effect, of creating images, which, though pure, are hardly felt to be quite decorous when born of a thought that passes between man and woman. I imputed it, at that time, to Zenobia's noble courage, conscious of no harm, and scorning the petty restraints which take the life and colour out of other women's conversation. There was another peculiarity about her. We seldom meet with women, now-a-days, and in this country, who impress us as being women at all ;—their sex fades away, and goes for nothing, in ordinary intercourse. Not so with Zenobia. One felt an influence breathing out of her such as we might suppose to come from Eve, when she was just made, and her Creator brought her to Adam, saying, "Behold! here is a woman!" Not that I would convey the idea of especial gentleness, grace, modesty, and shyness, but of a certain warm and rich characteristic, which seems, for the most part, to have been refined away out of the feminine system.

In leaving the "rusty iron framework of society" behind them, and breaking through those hindrances which are powerful enough to keep most people on the weary tread-mill of the established system, one of the first purposes of the Community—a generous one, certainly, and absurd in full proportion to its generosity—was to give up whatever each had heretofore attained, for the sake of setting mankind the example of a life governed by other than the false and cruel principles on which human society has all along been based.

And first among these, they were supposed to have divorced themselves from pride, and to be at full liberty to supply its place with familiar love. This will explain the latter part of the romancer's rather critical observations upon Zenobia's person, and we shall see how the principle works practically hereafter. Next they were to lessen the labouring man's great burden of toil, by performing their due share of it at the cost of their own thews and sinews. If Zenobia and the pale mysterious Priscilla represented the first principle, stout Silas Foster embodied the latter. He seldom mingled in the conversation; but when he did, it was to destroy, at one fell swoop, some splendid castle in the air that literary ladies and young poets and philanthropists had been weaving among the fervid coals of the hearth.

"Which man among you," quoth he, "is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton fair, and buy half a dozen pigs."

Pigs! Good Heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this? And, again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market:

"We shall never make any hand at market-gardening," said Silas Foster, "unless the women folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven't team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no; I tell you, we should have to get up a little too early in the morning, to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston."

It struck me as rather odd, that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labour. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves.

With so sharp a scrutiniser of human nature as Miles Coverdale, the presence of Zenobia, at the very onset, caused the "heroic enterprise" he had engaged in, and for which he had sacrificed everything, to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given them to live in. "I tried," he says, "to analyse this impression, but not with much success."

"The pleasant fire-light! I must still keep harping on it." And well he might, for by its fervid glare Zenobia had a glow on her cheeks that made the poet think of Pandora, fresh from Vulcan's workshop, and full of the celestial warmth by dint of which he had tempered and moulded her. It was the first practical trial of their theories of equal brotherhood and sisterhood; and yet, while he felt as if something were already accomplished towards the millenium of love, the poet did not refrain from questioning, in secret, whether some of them—and Zenobia among the rest—would so quietly have taken their places there, save for the cherished consciousness that it was not by necessity, but choice:

Though we saw fit to drink our tea out of earthen cups to-night, and in earthen company, it was at our own option to use pictured porcelain and handle silver forks again to-morrow. This same salvo, as to the power of regaining our former position, contributed much, I fear, to the equanimity with which we subsequently bore many of the hardships and humiliations of a life of toil. If ever I have deserved (which has not often been the case, and, I think, never), but if ever I did deserve to be soundly cuffed by a fellow-mortal, for secretly putting weight upon some imaginary social advantage, it must have been while I was striving to prove myself ostentatiously his equal, and no more. It was while I sat beside him on his cobbler's bench, or clinked my hoe against his own in the corn-field, or broke the same crust of bread, my earth-grimed hand to his, at our noontide lunch. The poor, proud man should look at both sides of sympathy like this.

Wise reflections, such as these, were, however, interrupted by the arrival of two important characters in these Socialist experiences—Hollingsworth, the philanthropist, and the mysterious Priscilla. And first for the philanthropist. Is this intended as a portrait of Dana?

Hollingsworth's appearance was very striking at this moment. He was then about thirty years old, but looked several years older, with his great shaggy head, his heavy brow, his dark complexion, his abundant beard, and the rude strength with which his features seemed to have been hammered out of iron, rather than chiselled or moulded from any finer or softer material. His figure was not tall, but massive and brawny, and well befitting his original occupation, which—as the reader probably knows—was that of a blacksmith. As for external polish, or mere courtesy of manner, he never possessed more than a tolerably educated bear; although, in his gentler moods, there was a tenderness in his voice, eyes, mouth, in his gesture, and in every indescribable manifestation, which few men could resist, and no woman. But he now looked stern and reproachful; and it was with that inauspicious meaning in his glance that Hollingsworth first met Zenobia's eyes, and began his influence upon her life.

Next for Priscilla. Who is the original of this admirable sketch?

The cloak falling partly off, she was seen to be a very young woman, dressed in a poor but decent gown, made high in the neck, and without any regard to fashion or smartness. Her brown hair fell down from beneath a hood, not in curls, but with only a slight wave; her face was of a wan, almost

sickly hue, betokening habitual seclusion from the sun and free atmosphere, like a flower-shrub that had done its best to blossom in too scanty light. To complete the pitiableness of her aspect, she shivered, either with cold, or fear, or nervous excitement, so that you might have beheld her shadow vibrating on the fire-lighted wall. In short, there has seldom been seen so depressed and sad a figure as this young girl's; and it was hardly possible to help being angry with her, from mere despair of doing anything for her comfort. The fantasy occurred to me that she was some desolate kind of creature, doomed to wander about in snow-storms; and that, though the ruddiness of our window-panes had tempted her into a human dwelling, she would not remain long enough to melt the icicles out of her hair.

Another conjecture likewise came into my mind. Recollecting Hollingsworth's sphere of philanthropic action, I deemed it possible that he might have brought one of his guilty patients, to be wrought upon, and restored to spiritual health, by the pure influences which our mode of life would create.

As yet, the girl had not stirred. She stood near the door, fixing a pair of large, brown, melancholy eyes upon Zenobia—only upon Zenobia!—she evidently saw nothing else in the room, save that bright, fair, rosy, beautiful woman. It was the strangest look I ever witnessed; long a mystery to me, and for ever a memory. Once she seemed about to move forward and greet her—I knew not with what warmth, or with what words; but, finally, instead of doing so, she drooped down upon her knees, clasped her hands, and gazed piteously into Zenobia's face. Meeting no kindly reception, her head fell on her bosom.

I never thoroughly forgave Zenobia for her conduct on this occasion. But women are always more cautious in their casual hospitalities than men.

Zenobia proclaimed her a sempstress from the city; whence her paleness, her nervousness, and her wretched fragility. But the impress of a magnetic patient is forced upon the reader at once. "Let her take the cow-breach at milking-time," was the sensible and benevolent remark of old Silas, "and in a week or two she'll begin to look like a creature of this world."

The description of the influence of things around and about this sensitive girl is perfect in its way:

When the strong puffs of wind spattered the snow against the windows, and made the oaken frame of the farm-house creak, she looked at us apprehensively, as if to inquire whether these tempestuous outbreaks did not betoken some unusual mischief in the shrieking blast. She had been bred up, no doubt, in some close nook, some inauspiciously sheltered court of the city, where the uttermost rage of a tempest, though it might scatter down the slates of the roof into the bricked area, could not shake the casement of her little room. The sense of vast, undefined space, pressing from the outside against the black panes of our uncurtained windows, was fearful to the poor girl, heretofore accustomed to the narrowness of human limits, with the lamps of neighbouring tenements glimmering across the street. The house probably seemed to her adrift on the great ocean of the night. A little parallelogram of sky was all that she had hitherto known of nature, so that she felt the awfulness that really exists in its limitless extent. Once, while the blast was bellowing, she caught hold of Zenobia's robe, with precisely the air of one who hears her own name spoken at a distance, but is unutterably reluctant to obey the call.

As to Hollingsworth, habituated to the sole and intense contemplation of one leading, soul-engrossing idea—a plan for the reformation of criminals, through an appeal to their higher instincts—he sat wrapt in his

own thoughts, only occasionally glaring upon his Socialist brothers and sisters from the thick shrubbery of his meditations, like a tiger out of a jungle, and then betaking himself back into the solitude of his heart and mind.

The beginning of our romancer's Socialist labours were for some time delayed by sickness. The progress of his experiences, however, went on just the same.

"Most men," says our cynical author—"and certainly I could not always claim to be one of the exceptions—have a natural indifference, if not an absolutely hostile feeling, towards those whom disease or weakness, or calamity of any kind, causes to falter and faint amid the rude jostle of our selfish existence." But the stern Hollingsworth gave the sick poet a more than brotherly attendance, for which the cynic rewarded him by allowing what he calls a horrible suspicion to creep into his heart, and sting the very core of it, as with the fangs of an adder. He wondered whether it were possible that Hollingsworth could have watched by his bedside, with all that devoted care, only for the ulterior purpose of making him a proselyte to his views!

As to Zenobia, she brought the oatmeal pottage every day, and sat and conversed with the invalid, startling him with the hardihood of her philosophy. She made no scruple of oversetting all human institutions, and scattering them as with a breeze from her fan. "A female reformer," our poet justly remarks, "in her attacks upon society, has an instinctive sense of where the life lies, and is inclined to aim directly at that spot. Especially the relation between the sexes is naturally among the earliest to attract her notice." On his side, the poet allows that he perplexed himself with no end of conjectures as to whether Zenobia had ever been married. In his then state of illness he felt the fact by mesmeric clairvoyance, "Perpetinaciously the thought, 'Zenobia is a wife—Zenobia has lived and loved! There is no folded petal, no latent dewdrop, in this perfectly-developed rose!'—irresistibly that thought drove out all other conclusions, as often as my mind reverted to the subject."

To more fully understand why Coverdale vexed himself with so impertinent an inquiry, we should be aware of his notion that a bachelor always feels himself defrauded, when he knows, or suspects, that any woman of his acquaintance has given herself away. Yet Miles Coverdale could not have loved Zenobia, and her pottage was wretched stuff; but still the riddle made him so nervous, that he ended by wishing she would leave him alone.

With Priscilla matters stood differently. There, there were mesmeric relations, but the two subtle streams would not unite or flow on smoothly together. The more vigorous nature of Hollingsworth asserted its power over the tragedy-queen and the frail girl alike; and as Priscilla recovered strength and health, and with them beauty and spirits, she would hurry out to meet the shaggy-browed man, clapping her hands with that exuberance of gesture "which is common to young girls when their electricity overcharges them."

The progress of events in the modern Arcadia may be readily surmised. Hollingsworth, like many other illustrious prophets, reformers, and philanthropists, made proselytes among the women only. Young girls, and women of enthusiastic tempers, are as perilously situated within

the sphere of such a man, as the maiden whom, in the old classic myths, the people used to expose to a dragon; and the poet was soon enabled to revolve in his own mind, that for a girl like Priscilla, and a woman like Zenobia, to jostle one another in their love of a man like Hollingsworth, was likely to be no child's play.

The manner in which nature is made to assert her supremacy over philosophical theories is well told. Zenobia was, as usual, declaiming on the injustice which the world did to women:

"It shall not always be so!" cried she. "If I live another year, I will lift up my own voice in behalf of woman's wider liberty!"

She, perhaps, saw me smile.

"What matter of ridicule do you find in this, Miles Coverdale?" exclaimed Zenobia, with a flash of anger in her eyes. "That smile, permit me to say, makes me suspicious of a low tone of feeling and shallow thought. It is my belief—yes, and my prophecy, should I die before it happens—that, when my sex shall achieve its rights, there will be ten eloquent women where there is now one eloquent man. Thus far, no woman in the world has ever once spoken out her whole heart and her whole mind. The mistrust and disapproval of the vast bulk of society throttles us, as with two gigantic hands at our throats! We mumble a few weak words, and leave a thousand better ones unsaid. You let us write a little, it is true, on a limited range of subjects. But the pen is not for woman. Her power is too natural and immediate. It is with the living voice alone that she can compel the world to recognise the light of her intellect and the depth of her heart!"

Now—though I could not well say so to Zenobia—I had not smiled from any unworthy estimate of woman, or in denial of the claims which she is beginning to put forth. What amused and puzzled me was the fact, that women, however intellectually superior, so seldom disquiet themselves about the rights or wrongs of their sex, unless their own individual affections chance to lie in idleness, or to be ill at ease. They are not natural reformers, but become such by the pressure of exceptional misfortune. I could measure Zenobia's inward trouble by the animosity with which she now took up the general quarrel of woman against man.

"I will give you leave, Zenobia," replied I, "to fling your utmost scorn upon me, if you ever hear me utter a sentiment unfavourable to the widest liberty which woman has yet dreamed of. I would give her all she asks, and add a great deal more, which she will not be the party to demand, but which men, if they were generous and wise, would grant of their own free motion. For instance, I should love dearly—for the next thousand years, at least—to have all government devolve into the hands of women. I hate to be ruled by my own sex; it excites my jealousy, and wounds my pride. It is the iron sway of bodily force which abases us, in our compelled submission. But how sweet the free, generous courtesy, with which I would kneel before a woman-ruler!"

"Yes, if she were young and beautiful," said Zenobia, laughing. "But how if she were sixty, and a fright?"

"Ah! it is you that rate womanhood low," said I. "But let me go on. I have never found it possible to suffer a bearded priest so near my heart and conscience as to do me any spiritual good. I blush at the very thought! O, in the better order of things, Heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in charge of women! The gates of the Blessed City will be thronged with the multitude that enter it, when that day comes! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with the religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity, refined from that gross, intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian—save only One, who merely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, divine—has been prone to mingle it. I have always envied the Catholics their faith in

that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of his awful splendour, but permitting his love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness. Have I not said enough, Zenobia?"

"I cannot think that this is true," observed Priscilla, who had been gazing at me with great, disapproving eyes. "And I am sure I do not wish it to be true!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Zenobia, rather contemptuously. "She is the type of womanhood, such as man has spent centuries in making it. He is never content, unless he can degrade himself by stooping towards what he loves. In denying us our rights, he betrays even more blindness to his own interests than profligate disregard of ours!"

"Is this true?" asked Priscilla, with simplicity, turning to Hollingsworth. "Is it all true, that Mr. Coverdale and Zenobia have been saying?"

"No, Priscilla!" answered Hollingsworth, with his customary bluntness. "They have neither of them spoken one true word yet."

"Do you despise woman?" said Zenobia. "Ah, Hollingsworth, that would be most ungrateful!"

"Despise her? No!" cried Hollingsworth, lifting his great shaggy head and shaking it at us, while his eyes glowed almost fiercely. "She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of the sympathiser; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition, withheld in every other manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own voice, pronouncing, 'It is well done!' All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither man nor woman!—if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!"

Never was mortal blessed—if blessing it were—with a glance of such entire acquiescence and unquestioning faith, happy in its completeness, as our little Priscilla unconsciously bestowed on Hollingsworth. She seemed to take the sentiment from his lips into her heart, and brood over it in perfect content. The very woman whom he pictured—the gentle parasite, the soft reflection of a more powerful existence—sat there at his feet.

I looked at Zenobia, however, fully expecting her to resent,—as I felt, by the indignant ebullition of my own blood, that she ought—this outrageous affirmation of what struck me as the intensity of masculine egotism. It centred everything in itself, and deprived woman of her very soul, her inexpressible and unfathomable all, to make it a mere incident in the great sum of man. Hollingsworth had boldly uttered what he, and millions of despots like him, really felt. Without intending it, he had disclosed the well-spring of all these troubled waters. Now, if ever, it surely behoved Zenobia to be the champion of her sex.

But, to my surprise and indignation too, she only looked humbled. Some tears sparkled in her eyes, but they were wholly of grief, not anger.

"Well, be it so," was all she said. "I at least, have deep cause to think

you right. Let man be but manly and godlike, and woman is only too ready to become to him what you say!"

I smiled—somewhat bitterly, it is true—in contemplation of my own ill-luck. How little did these two women care for me, who had freely conceded all their claims, and a great deal more, out of the fulness of my heart; while Hollingsworth, by some necromancy of his horrible injustice, seemed to have brought them both to his feet!

For a time, the scene is made to change. Weary with Arcadian toils, ill at ease with the domineering philanthropist, beloved by neither Priscilla nor Zenobia, Miles Coverdale betook himself to town again, whither he was soon followed by the more important personages of the Community. Zenobia was once more a wealthy woman of fashion, and a woman of the world. Pretty Priscilla had fallen once more into the hands of Professor Westervelt, but was rescued by Hollingsworth from her ignoble mesmeric performances in the character of a Veiled Lady. There is also another character introduced to us, in the person of a moody old uncle of Zenobia and Priscilla; for the heroines of Blithedale turn out to be half-sisters.

But this little interlude soon passes away, and we are once more at Blithedale. Hollingsworth is in his working-dress, Zenobia and Priscilla in the rural simplicity of an Arcadia revisited. But the fatal truth had come out. Hollingsworth loved Priscilla, and Zenobia was discarded. Unable to bear with such an irretrievable defeat on the battlefield of life, the proud spirit of the woman succumbed beneath the blow, and sought refuge in death. Zenobia drowned herself in the stream that watered their Arcadia. The feelings of the poet and the cynic upon such a catastrophe, such a climax to a reformed world of love, are strangely unsympathising. They had just recovered the body from its watery grave:

We took two rails from a neighbouring fence, and formed a bier by laying across some boards from the bottom of the boat. And thus we bore Zenobia homeward. Six hours before, how beautiful! At midnight, what a horror! A reflection occurs to me that will show ludicrously, I doubt not, on my page, but must come in, for its sterling truth. Being the woman that she was, could Zenobia have foreseen all these ugly circumstances of death—how ill it would become her, the altogether unseemly aspect which she must put on, and especially old Silas Foster's efforts to improve the matter—she would no more have committed the dreadful act than have exhibited herself to a public assembly in a badly-fitting garment! Zenobia, I have often thought, was not quite simple in her death. She had seen pictures, I suppose, of drowned persons in lithe and graceful attitudes. And she deemed it well and decorous to die as so many village maidens have, wronged in their first love, and seeking peace in the bosom of the old, familiar stream—so familiar that they could not dread it—where, in childhood, they used to bathe their little feet, wading mid-leg deep, unmindful of wet skirts. But in Zenobia's case there was some tint of the Arcadian affectation that had been visible enough in all our lives, for a few months past.

This, however, to my conception, takes nothing from the tragedy. For, has not the world come to an awfully sophisticated pass, when, after a certain degree of acquaintance with it, we cannot even put ourselves to death in whole-hearted simplicity?

Slowly, slowly, with many a dreary pause—resting the bier often on some rock, or halancing it across a mossy log, to take fresh hold—we bore our burden onward through the moonlight, and at last laid Zenobia on the floor

of the old farm-house. By-and-by came three or four withered women, and stood whispering around the corpse, peering at it through their spectacles, holding up their skinny hands, shaking their night-capt heads, and taking counsel of one another's experience what was to be done.

With those tire-women we left Zenobia!

The cynic enjoys also, at the last, an imaginary triumph over his swarthy rival in Arcadia :

But Hollingsworth ! After all the evil that he did, are we to leave him thus, blest with the entire devotion of this one true heart, and with wealth at his disposal, to execute the long-contemplated project that had led him so far astray ? What retribution is there here ? My mind being vexed with precisely this query, I made a journey, some years since, for the sole purpose of catching a last glimpse at Hollingsworth, and judging for myself whether he were a happy man or no. I learned that he inhabited a small cottage, that his way of life was exceedingly retired, and that my only chance of encountering him or Priscilla was to meet them in a secluded lane, where, in the latter part of the afternoon, they were accustomed to walk. I did meet them, accordingly. As they approached me, I observed in Hollingsworth's face a depressed and melancholy look, that seemed habitual ;—the powerfully-built man showed a self-distrustful weakness, and a childlike or childish tendency to press close, and closer still, to the side of the slender woman whose arm was within his. In Priscilla's manner there was a protective and watchful quality, as if she felt herself the guardian of her companion ; but, likewise, a deep, submissive, unquestioning reverence, and also a veiled happiness in her fair and quiet countenance.

Drawing nearer, Priscilla recognised me, and gave me a kind and friendly smile, but with a slight gesture, which I could not help interpreting as an entreaty not to make myself known to Hollingsworth. Nevertheless, an impulse took possession of me, and compelled me to address him.

"I have come, Hollingsworth," said I, "to view your grand edifice for the reformation of criminals. Is it finished yet?"

"No, nor begun," answered he, without raising his eyes. "A very small one answers all my purposes."

Priscilla threw me an upbraiding glance. But I spoke again, with a bitter and revengeful emotion, as if flinging a poisoned arrow at Hollingsworth's heart.

"Up to this moment," I inquired, "how many criminals have you reformed?"

"Not one," said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed on the ground. "Ever since we parted, I have been busy with a single murderer."

Then the tears gushed into my eyes, and I forgave him ; for I remembered the wild energy, the passionate shriek, with which Zenobia had spoken those words—"Tell him he has murdered me ! Tell him that I'll haunt him !"—and I knew what murderer he meant, and whose vindictive shadow dogged the side where Priscilla was not.

Such is the "*Blithedale Romance*:" a story of great power, which will rivet the interest of thousands. There is an infinite fund of stern, philosophic truth in these sketches of a Socialist Arcadia—truth spoken in a language that will often sound harsh and discordant in the polished ears of the Old Country, but that is not the less true for the undercurrent of scepticism and cynicism that flows beneath. What man is there who regards the thoughts or feelings, the sorrows or the sickness of another, if he wants his services ? What woman is there that will let even a sister stand in her way, when her heart is bent on an imaginary hero-worship ?

As we have intimated, the author is self-portrayed in Miles Coverdale ; in Zenobia we fancy we recognise the lineaments of the gifted but unfortunate Margaret Fuller ; while Hollingsworth, we presume, is intended for Dana or Channing.

THE MAN OF COINCIDENCES.

*
AN EVERY-DAY SKETCH.

THERE are some people who, without being absolutely fatalists, indulge in "coincidences" to so great an extent as to make their passion for them quite a monomania. Nothing occurs to them in the regular order of things; and their events, if not actually pre-ordained, are always so singularly timed as to justify (to themselves) the supposition of their pre-ordination. Such occurrences are usually termed "remarkable coincidences," and they grow "as plenty as blackberries," to be had for the mere trouble of picking.

There are those who will extract the materials for their favourite theme from the commonest affairs of life; who will find "something extraordinary" in seeing cauliflower and roast mutton on the same table, a green coat worn with brown trousers, or a poodle-dog leading a blind man; they remember "something of the kind happened once before," and they call it "a remarkable coincidence."

There are others who cherish particular sayings, who "bless their stars" when some well-filtered commonplace is a second time entangled in the sieve of their memories, and assumes a coincidental aspect. It is termed "a very surprising fact." If half a dozen people are assembled, on any particular occasion, who were all born in the same county, or each in a different part of the globe,—who can all speak French, or are every one ignorant even of their mother-tongue,—who happen to be all tall or short, or amongst whom neither tallness nor shortness predominates,—in any case, the "coincidence" is termed "remarkable."

The coincidentalist is he who marshals the names of a party at dinner, and "from the cross-row plucks the letter G," to prove the mysterious influence of combination. He it is, who, every now and then, sends a paragraph to the newspapers, informing the public that "nine old women drank tea together last week at Haggleton-cum-Warlock, whose united ages amounted to seven hundred and seventy-seven years,"—by which process of grouping he seems to have persuaded himself that he has rolled all his old tea-drinkers into one of patriarchal longevity. This gentleman is the contriver also of the announcement that "there is now living at Chawbakenham, in Staffordshire, "a *respectable* farmer, who has——," of course, no end to children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, &c., to the tune of—how many shall we say?—one hundred and fifty-seven persons,—the aforesaid "respectable farmer" being "in the enjoyment of all his faculties," which is more than can be said for the writer of the paragraph.

The life of the coincidentalist is a perpetual succession of wonders, though nothing, after all, is new to him. His ideas are always undergoing a kind of Pythagorean reproduction. He lives dually, not on the present alone, but on foregone conclusions. If you mention to him some casual circumstances, too trivial for remembrance beyond the moment of its occurrence, he receives it like an old acquaintance, and describes to you "a curious resemblance" which is

As like
As the extremest ends of parallels.

He finds a subject for comparison in everything, and nothing happens that is not extraordinary, surprising, or remarkable. He is for ever illustrating the three degrees of comparison: he is positive in his assertion, comparative in his reference, and superlative in his conclusion. His motto is *lucus à non lucendo*; he is a perfect *à propos* of nothing at all, lives in a state of constant and purposeless excitement, and—to borrow phrases from Rabelais—goes on *matagrabolising* (studying or uttering a vain thing) and *incornifestibulating* (troubled with an uneasiness of mind) to the end of the chapter.

It was our fate, one day last week, to encounter an individual of this description.

Owing to a necessity which had in it nothing "remarkable," we found ourselves the other day journeying in an omnibus from Chelsea to the Bank. Until we reached the corner of Coventry-street, no one else appeared, but at the usual halt a stout elderly personage rushed into the vehicle, charging at empty space with his levelled umbrella, as he would have charged at the eyes of the passengers, had there been any in his way, and the first words he uttered as he plumped down, after staggering from one end of the bus to the other, showed clearly enough that coincidences were the meat he fed on.

"'Strord'nary thing! here I am! Got in at Coventry-street to-day; was at Coventry this day twelvemonth! It's wonderful what things *do* occur! I call this a very remarkable coincidence," with a lengthened prolongation of the penultimate syllable, as he squared his shoulders and settled himself down as our *vis-à-vis*.

It is not to be supposed that this gentleman was a Carthusian or Trappist; he had already given me a proof that, like Cowper's duck, he "row'd garrulous" wherever he went, and thus he resumed, in a voice that made itself heard above the din of conflicting wheels and pavement:

"Well! strange things *do* happen! Who'd have thought I should have been here to-day? The 5th of May! The very day that Bonypart died at St. Helena!"

As his remark appeared to challenge an inquiry, we ventured to ask if he had ever been at that island,—

"Perhaps he was there when the event he spoke of happened?"

"Bless your heart, no!" was his reply, "I wasn't there; never been out of England in my life."

"Some friend or relation died in the island at the same time?"

"Not that I know of," he returned.

"What, then," I asked, "recals the circumstance so forcibly?"

"Why," replied the man of coincidences, "on this very day one-and-thirty years ago, I was bound 'prentice to Miller, the tea-dealer, in Fleet-street."

"And had that anything to do with the Emperor Napoleon?" we innocently inquired.

"Why, don't you see what a strange coincidence it is altogether? Did I ever think, when I tied my first pair of strings round my body, that I should be travelling through the streets of London, Bonypart dead and buried, his nephew President of France, and me President of the Sociables—my club, sir, meet every Tuesday at the Essex Serpent."

We confess that, unlike Mrs. Malaprop, "the similitude" did *not*

"strike us directly"—nor has it yet penetrated to the seat of reason; but we questioned no further, and the stranger pursued his comparative theme as, with an accession of passengers, we rattled on towards Charing Cross.

"Ah! there's Farrance's," exclaimed he, when we came in sight of the well-known shop—"that's odd enough!"

Considering that the respectable pastrycook who enlivens Spring-gardens—"Spring decked with sweets"—has been a fixture since the beginning of the present century, within our own remembrance, and will most probably delight the town when we are no more, we ventured again to demand the cause of this oddity.

"Why, isn't it odd? Knew Farrance's when I was a boy—lived *exactly* half-way between that and Birch's; served my time in that predicament; and think of my seeing 'em both quite by chance to-day—as I *shall* see Birch's by-and-by!"

This mode of coincidentalising *à priori* was novel, though, as a matter of second-sight, not remarkably fortuitous.

"Queer things come to pass," pursued the man of coincidences. "I recollect when *that* was the Queen's Mews," pointing to the spot where Nelson's Column stands; "ah, and the Golden Cross stood *there*: now the Mews is nowhere, and the Golden Cross has got into the Strand! If anybody had told me that before they passed the Reform Bill, I shouldn't have believed 'em. I call that something remarkable!"

On we went, and, luckily, nothing turned up to strike the man of coincidences till we came to Exeter Hall. That well-known spot, however, awoke his recollections.

"There's Exeter Hall—it used to be called Exeter Change: I think it's Exeter Change *now*," and the elderly individual grinned at his base pun. "Very odd, somehow, I say that every time I go by—curious fact *that*, isn't it?"

We remembered Lord Byron's complaint against his father-in-law's standing-joke, and said nothing, devouring our rage in silence.

Would it not be tedious to drag the reader through the mazes of the labyrinth of coincidences which filled the honeycomb beneath this old gentleman's wig?

Waterloo Bridge was strange, because the Hungerford Suspension was so unlike it. Somerset House was stranger still; for *he* was born at Bath, and that was in Somersetshire (we wished him there as he spoke). It was "curious" that the New Church in the Strand should be older than his youngest boy; and with regard to Temple Bar, it was "most extraordinary" that it was at *that* end of Fleet-street.

Our patience here began to fail, and we meditated an escape at the first favourable moment. We passed the *John Bull* office in Fleet-street; and the Man of Coincidences, whose eyes had been fixed upon us very intently for the last minute or two, as if in search of a resemblance, suddenly exclaimed, "There's the bull's mouth. Well, that is most surprising. I've been looking at you for some time, and now I've found out that your——"

Before he had time to finish the disparaging comparison, "Stop! stop!" we shouted, in the most frantic accents, to the conductor; and, heedless of projecting limbs and corn-developed feet, trampled towards the door, reaping a harvest of curses, "not loud, but deep," which we mentally transferred to the Man of Coincidences.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XXX.

MAJOR GUINEAFOWLE was a great man—a very great man; indeed, most of our characters are great men, somehow or another. The major, however, was a great man in a small compass; and here we may remark on the admirable dispensations of Providence, that whenever a man is troubled with an extra deal of consequence, it is generally put into a small body. But for this, the world could never get along; all the roads and thoroughfares would be stopped and choked, if great, gigantic life-guardsmen fellows went strutting and fuming about like the little bantam-cocks of creation. But to the major. Though it would be difficult to say on what particular point our little great man was greatest, there were few upon which he was greater than that of being a master of hounds—"five-and-twenty years master of hounds, *without a subscription*," as he emphatically adds, puffing out his cheeks, and diving into his pockets. And, certainly, "five-and-twenty years master of hounds, without a subscription," sounds well in these poverty-stricken, money-scraping times. Five-and-twenty years master of hounds, without a subscription, shows that a man is a keen, steady-going sportsman, clearly above the wants and exigencies of this most necessitous world. When, in addition, a family man—a grown-up family man, too—a double-barrelled family man, indeed, dispenses with a subscription, there is every reason to think that, in the language of servitude, "money is no object." So it was with Major Guineafowle.

He had buried his first wife, who, though quite a suitable match for him at the time he married her (he having then recently failed as a wine-merchant, and set up as an auctioneer at Tewkesbury), was, perhaps, rather below the advanced position he subsequently attained by the unexpected descent of the Carol Hill Green estate, in Mangelwurzelschire, which also obtained for him the majority of the militia—an honour that very materially added to his consequence; "Major Guineafowle, master of hounds, of Carol Hill Green," sounding much better than "Mr. Guineafowle, auctioneer and appraiser, High-street, Tewkesbury." His dear wife having left him three daughters, all fair, rather reddish-haired girls—Mrs. Guineafowle being white, and our major rather gingery—and our friend being then quite in the "morning in life," as the quack doctors say, resolved to send the girls to school, and in due time to have another venture in the lucky-bag—passing for a bachelor or otherwise, as circumstances might favour. Accordingly, he placed the girls at the elegant Miss Birch twig's "seminary for a select number of pupils," at Maida Hill, London, where, for fifty guineas per annum, and about as much more for extras, with "three months' payment always in advance," they were to be taught everything; and while Miss Birch twig was fulfilling her part of the contract, the major mounted a dead gold button with a bright border, and the letters "C. H. G. H." (Carol Hill Green Hunt) in bright also, on a green cut-away coat, with a buff vest, and proceeded to disport himself at the watering-places. Like a wise man, he did not take a servant from home with him, but picked up the first

likely-looking one he fell in with, when, arraying him in his livery—green and gold—with a cockade in his hat, he gave him such a dose of his consequence—"moy hounds, and moy horses, and moy country, and moy regiment"—and so on, that the man was glad of a let-off at the sadler's, blacksmith's, and other importance-propagating places. The result was, that the major very soon grew into consequence, and wherever he went, he was always pointed out by those who take a pleasure in the sports of the field, and indeed by some who do not, but who like to be thought knowing, as the "great Major Guineafowle, the master of hounds," or the "great Major Guineafowle, the gent who hunted Mangelwurzelshire. The major, too, used to aid the delusion and gratify his own curiosity, by lounging into the shops, under pretence of buying a knot of whipcord, a set of spur-leathers, or some trifle of that sort, when he would worm out all the secrets of everybody, and everybody's establishment—how many daughters Mrs. Longhead had—whether there were any sons—why Mrs. Meggison didn't live with her husband—what Mrs. Winship gave her coachman, and how many suits Miss O'Flaherty's footman had. The wages of everybody, too, he knew; and, altogether, there was scarcely anything that didn't seem to be worth the major's cognizance. The curiosity, however, was not all on his side, for many were the questions raised and observations made upon our sportingly-dressed, consequential little cock. Mrs. Mantrappe thought it a pity he should be so devoted to hunting; Mrs. Mouser heard he was very rich; Mrs. Soberfield supposed he was a "great catch;" while Jack Lawless asserted that he had the finest pack of hounds in the world.

Thus our bachelor-widower friend passed about from watering-place to bathing-place, and from bathing-place back to watering-place, always as the great Major Guineafowle, always talking about "moy hounds," and "moy horses," and "moy huntsman," but always keeping his weather-eye open for an heiress or a widow. Several good finds he had, and several smart bursts he ran, always, however, ending in trouble and disappointment. The inquisitive, ferreting women invariably turned up the daughters, and then all the big talk about "moy hounds," and "moy horses," and "moy huntsman," went for nothing. Mrs. Doublefile, who, while he passed for a bachelor, didn't think him a day too old for their Sarah Jane, then discovered that he was a nasty made-up old fellow, who she wouldn't let her daughter think of on any account. Mrs. Grinner, who had hounded her daughter on with all the vehemence of a petticoat, then *pirouetted* and said, "It would be a pretty thing for her beautiful Bridget to go and tackle with a nasty ugly old foggy like Guineafowle, with a ready-made family. At length the major had been so often repulsed that he began to lose heart, especially as he felt that each fresh defeat only increased his difficulties; women's tongues, as he said, being bad to muzzle. He almost began to wish he had gone on the honest tack.

At length the famous Rumbleford Wells befriended him. To it there came, just as the major had inflated himself to his fullest extent, and mastered everybody's affairs in the place—what Colonel Filer gave his coachman, what Mr. Gobleton his cook, and why Miss Mantle's maid was leaving—to it there came, we say, just as the major was thinking of packing up his portmanteau and going, the once capital but then slightly waning beauty, Miss Longmaide, with her fortune of sixty thousand pounds.

Miss Longmaide had overstood her market, and would gladly have recalled some of the earlier suitors whom, in the arrogance of youthful beauty, she had rejected. Her serenity was at this time more than usually ruffled by the last of these—the charming Captain Balmeysbucke, of the Royal Gentle Zephyrs, having come in for a large fortune, and married the “dear confidante” who strongly advised Miss Longmaide not to have him. Under such circumstances a woman is very pregnable, and the major was just the man for the occasion. He was in the Imperial Hotel yard as her green travelling-chariot came jingling in (for this, of course, was before railway times), and soon learnt, through the usual course of hotel communication, all, how, and about her. He paused and drew breath as he pondered on the vastness of her wealth—sixty thousand pounds—sixty, not fifty, which made it look more real—but he presently recovered his equanimity, and felt he was equal to whatever it was. He thought it seemed the very thing. Here was a lady no longer in her *première jeunesse*—a lady too, apparently, all in her own disposal, without being environed by troublesome busybodies, whose sole object seemed to be the suppression of matrimony. The major had undergone much persecution, and seen much service in the wars of Cupid—more than he was ever likely to see in the militia, if he lived to be a thousand. He determined, however, to have another *coup*—the last—the very last, as he always said when he buckled on his armour. He therefore altered his plans, and took his lodgings on for another week.

This being in the days of bags, when every lady carried one, there was never any difficulty about an introduction; a lady having nothing to do but drop her bag in the library, or other approved lounge, when down would go the gentleman for it. Sometimes a couple would cannon with their heads, which made it all the more interesting. On this occasion, however, the major had it all to himself. Miss Longmaide visited Creammaid and Satinwove's library at an earlier hour than the *beau monde* frequented it, and found the major busy, as usual, with the *Morning Post*, reading the fashionable parties, the Duchess of So-and-So's; Stud sales—“Messrs. Tattersall will, &c., the entire stud of Mr. Doneup, who is declining hunting”—and so on. She had marked the little man from her window; indeed, had met him strutting in the street the day before, when, though she thought him a queerish-looking cod's-head-and-shoulders little man, still the glowing account her maid gave of his worth and his wealth, his hounds and his horses, above all, of his exalted position, made her look complacently on him, instead of “eyes right”-ing as she passed.

Moreover, Miss Longmaide was tall and stately, and the major little, which, perhaps, made them incline to each other. She now came rustling into the library, extremely well got up in a close-fitting black satin dress and a white chip bonnet with a graceful white feather reclining over the left side. There being a couple of steps up to the library-door, and this being before the nasty draggle-tail days, she slightly raised her dress as she ascended, showing very symmetrical, *bien chaussé* feet and ankles. She passed her lavender-colour gloved hand down her Madonna-like dressed hair, and in lowering her arm, dropped her bespangled reticule at the little major's feet. “Old Flexible Back,” as they called him, from his great bowing capabilities, pounced upon it like a hawk, and in an instant

was restoring it, with a profusion of grimaces, to the smiling, beaming-eyed owner. They then struck up an acquaintance, and watering-place courtships always proceeding with railway rapidity, at the end of a week—during which time the major plied her well with “moy horses,” and “moy kennels,” and “moy hounds kept without a subscription”—Miss Longmaide, whose Bath and Cheltenham experience had made familiar with the Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Fitzhardinge's establishments, concluded he must be very rich; and having her affections well in hand, despairing of ever supplying the place of the elegant charmer she had lost, she thought might just as well share the honours and attentions that our major represented were so freely lavished on himself. Indeed, we believe the gallant officer and liberal sportsman might have brought the affair to an earlier termination, had he not thought it prudent—due to himself, as he said—to get his lawyers, Keenhand and Blunderby, of Tokenhouse-yard, to “cast their eyes” over the will of the late Marmaduke Longmaide, of Slumpington Grove, in the county of Somerset, under whom she claimed. These worthies, who did all the major's amatory business gratis, on the understanding that they were to have his settlement when he married again—a chance that they thought rather long in coming—reported that Marmaduke had died “seized and possessed” of several capital estates—to wit, of Slumpington and Squashington, in the county of Somerset; Scratchington, in the county of Salop; and Rushington, in the county of Kent; together with a colliery, or coal mine, near Leeds, in the county of York; all of which he devised to trustees in trust for his daughters, Blanch, Clementina, Rosamond, and Priscilla, our fair lady, in equal shares and proportions. They further reported that, with regard to the Slumpington and Squashington estates, their client, Mr. Heavybille, of Glastonbury, knew them well, and reported that they were not only very large, but capable of great improvement,—an assertion that may be safely hazarded of three-fourths of the estates in the kingdom; and, altogether, Keenhand and Blunderby, though they “didn't advise,” thought it “very promising.”

The major turned the thing quickly over with his mental hay-rake, and though he felt it would have been better—more satisfactory—if the excellent Marmaduke had had his money in the funds, so that it might have been seen at a glance what each daughter was worth, yet when he came to reflect on the honours of land-ownership, with the perils and dangers of protracted courtships, the repulses he had suffered—repulses more galling and humiliating than anything Sir Harry Smith has since encountered at the Cape—he thought it wouldn't do to haggle about it. In this view he was confirmed by recalling the particulars of the mishaps of some of his former adventures—how Miss Willowtree had jilted him at the last moment, in favour of the captain of Heavy Dragoons, because, she said, he had been too inquisitive about her fortune, and she didn't want any man to marry her for her money; how the rich widow, Mrs. Quickly, would have taken him off-hand, if he had only had the courage to close with her at once, instead of waiting to ascertain the value of her Bridgewater Canal shares, thereby affording time for her too assiduous friends to find out about his daughters. Worse than all, he thought with horror of the long lawyer's bill that accompanied the return of his proposals for a marriage with the eldest daughter of Mr. Buttermail, the

retired cheesemonger, whom the major thought would only have been too glad to have a gentleman of his *calibre*—a major and a master of hounds—for a son-in-law. These, and many more mortifications, flashed across his mind as he sat before the mirror, making his morning toilette, taking an alternate scrape of his chin and a glance at Keenhand and Blunderby's letter. He remarked, with a sigh, that his once gingery whiskers were getting rather grey, and the roof of his round knowledge-box was not so well thatched as it used to be; that times graver was biting furrowing lines deep in his once fat face; while Backstrap, the trouser-maker, had asked permission to pass the measure round his waist, the last order he gave him—clearly intimating that he thought he was getting *ray-ther* stout.

The consequence of all this meditation and experience was, that the major determined to risk it; and making an elaborate toilette—a cream-coloured cravat, whose diamond-pattern'd tie was secured with a gold pointer pin, a step-collar'd, canary-coloured kerseymere vest, with a new light-green cut-away with velvet collar and “moy hunt” buttons, above fawn-coloured doeskin trousers and patent leather boots, his whiskers well trimmed, so as to show as much ginger and as little grey as possible, and his hair brushed out to the greatest advantage, he stuck his punt-hat jauntily on one side, and sluicing his blue bird's-eye kerchief with lavender-water, he drew on a white doeskin glove, and whisking the other in his right hand, set off on his sixteenth crusade.

Arrived at the Imperial Hotel, he was received by Timothy Tenpence, the head-waiter, who, with a profusion of bows—“marked respect,” as the major said—passed him on to Miss Longmaide's pretty maid, Emma Springfield, into whose little hand the major, with admirable tact and judgment, well worth the imitation of all similar suitors, at an early day had managed, with no great difficulty perhaps, to insinuate a sovereign; and Emma had made it her business to ply her mistress with all the pleasant importance-giving stories she could raise relative to our gallant master of hounds.

Emma smiled as she saw how smart the major was, knowing full well what was coming; indeed, she thought him rather slow, and had lost half a dozen kisses to Alderman Portsoken's “gentleman,” whose master was staying in the house, that “Old Ginger Heckle,” as they called the major, would offer on the Tuesday, this being Thursday. However, the kisses were neither here nor there; so with an arch smile, as she answered the major's observation about the weather—asking if her mistress was at home being now quite out of the question—she ushered him into the sitting-room, where the fair lady was already arranged with her company-work to receive him. Emma then withdrew; and passing gently into the adjoining bedroom, which was only separated from the sitting-room by folding-doors, with the aid of the keyhole, she saw and heard everything, just as well as if she had been in the room. He commenced with that steady old friend to stupidity, the weather, expatiating on its favourableness to agricultural purposes, which led him to hope for an early harvest, which would enable him to begin hunting early, which was very desirable for masters of hounds, as it enabled them to get their packs in good order before the great influx of sportsmen arrived, who were sometimes rather unreasonable in their expectations, and did not

make allowance for the difficulties masters had to contend with. Indeed, he sometimes wondered that gentlemen could be found willing to make the great pecuniary and other sacrifices necessary for their maintenance, for nobody knew what keeping hounds was but those who tried; that Lord Petre's observation to Delmè Ratcliffe, that a master of hounds would never have his hand out of his pocket, and must always have a guinea in it, was most correct; and so he went maundering and saundering on, the fair lady contrasting his matter-of-fact egotism with the impassioned languishings of Captain Balmeysbucke, who worshipped her eyes, and worshipped her nose, and worshipped her lips, and worshipped her teeth, and worshipped her hand, and worshipped her foot, and worshipped everything belonging to her.

Indeed, the gallant master of hounds dwelt so long on the scent, that Emma Springfield began to wish he might get done before the servants' dinner-bell rang, and she couldn't help wondering her mistress didn't give him a lift. Emma was a dashing little girl with her own suitors, and always brought them to book within the third day. However, the major went towl—towl—towing on, never, as he would say, with a burning, but still with a good holding scent, but making, apparently, very little progress. At length the lady, looking up from the broad-bordered kerchief she was hemming, touched a chord to which the major's heart responded. Gentle reader, that word was—*'TURNIPS!'*

A gardener's waggon was passing with a load, and Miss Longmaide observed on its height. The major went off at a tangent. He grew turnips, the finest in the country; indeed, whatever he did, or had, or grew, or bought, was always the best, the very best, far better than anybody else's. He grew turnips, the finest, the very finest in the country; nobody could hold a candle to him in that line. He had some beautiful turnip-land at Carol Hill Green, worth three-pound-ten an acre of anybody's money. "Three-pound-ten an acre," he repeated, sucking his breath, as if he were kissing the land. Indeed, if Emma's eye hadn't been to the door, she'd have thought he was kissing her mistress. However, that was shortly to come. From the merits of the turnip-land the major proceeded to expatiate on the beauties of "his place," Carol Hill Green; its lovely situation—its splendid avenue of ancient elms—its healthy climate—its glassy lake—its conservatories—its pleasure-grounds—its mossy slopes and purling brook—conversation that was much more interesting and intelligible to the fair lady than either the hound or the turnip discussion. She therefore chimed in with the subject, getting up a good cry, asking many particulars about the roses, of which the major assured her he had every sort under the sun, feeling confident he could get them at short notice should circumstances favour their requirement. From the roses, the lady led him with considerable adroitness to enter upon a description of the gardens of the neighbouring gentry; from whence she speedily diverged to their houses, and was assured by the major that he had the run of them all—could do what he liked with the owners of every one of them, all of whom looked up to him with the greatest respect, and arranged their parties in the winter to suit the meets of his hounds. Altogether, he made himself out to be a very great man, and Miss Longmaide, being heartily tired of single blessedness, and despairing of ever cobbling up her feelings to what they were before the Balmeys-

buake catastrophe, decided that she might just as well invest herself with our consequential friend, and receive whatever honours and attentions he could spare from himself. She therefore encouraged him to proceed, helping him on just as he would his hounds with a failing scent.

Miss Longmaide, who had had nearly as much experience in matrimonial matters as the major, hung her head when he came to what the old Chancery lawyers used to call the "charging part," but, being a bad hand at blushing, she gave her chair a slight wheel, so as to get her back to the light, when, clearing her sweet voice with a prefatory *hem*, she proceeded to recapitulate her acknowledgments of the compliment the major had paid her, which "was, indeed, so (*hem—cough—hem*) unexpected, that it had taken her quite (*cough—hem—cough*) by surprise. Though their (*cough*) acquaintance had only been of short (*hem*) duration, she might admit (*hem*)—candidly state, perhaps (*cough*)—that he was not indifferent to (*hem*) her;" whereupon she attempted to conceal her face in the company-kerchief, which the gallant major resisting, a slight scuffle ensued; whereupon Emma, rising from her knees, with a mental ejaculation of "Wot a couple of old fools!" proceeded to tell all she had seen down stairs, and in less than an hour the news was all over the town.

The proceedings, however, did not terminate with what Emma saw, for Miss Longmaide having had several most promising offers, most undeniable proposals, all of which melted like snow before the firey search of the too scrutinising lawyers, although the turnips and mastership of hounds inspired her with considerable confidence in this case, still she thought it would be well to get some more definite ideas of the major's circumstances, were it only to enable her to make the most of him on the fine-scented, rose-coloured, royal note-paper she had already prepared to write to her friends upon. After the first transports of joy were over, and little Flexible Back had again subsided in his seat, now drawn close to our fair friend's, she began, in a very pretty, simpering way, to banter him on his boldness in engaging with a lady he knew nothing about; intimating that she thought it only fair to give him such information as she could supply without the aid of her lawyers, Messrs. Roaster and Pinner, of Sackville-street, to whom she begged to refer him for the remainder. But the gallant major, knowing full well that if he went to Roaster and Pinner's, they would not only roast and pin him as to his own affairs, but very likely give him the sack into the bargain, protested most vehemently against such a proceeding, vowing that he didn't care a farthing about money; that he'd be too happy to take her without a copper; that he was above all mercenary considerations, as might be inferred from the fact of his keeping a pack of hounds, without a subscription; and he went on at such a rate that Emma, who had now returned to her post, declared she never heard such a man, and expressed her belief that he could "talk a table off its legs." Miss Longmaide remonstrated, but the major was stanch; he would have nothing to do with Roaster and Pinner, or any confounded parchment-faced lawyer, who, he said, were fit for nothing but spoiling sport; adding, that he would like to rub half of them over with aniseed, and run them down with his hounds, who, he was certain, would give a good account of them. To be sure, when he had driven Miss Longmaide off the lawyer line, as he thought, and got

calmed down a little, he showed a disposition to exchange Carol Hill Green information for that appertaining to her property; but he'd have "no pen, ink, and paper work—no schedules, no rent-rolls, no balance-sheets, no bankers' books; it should be the very soul and essence of honour and confidence on both sides."

So he kept steadily to this point, urging on the match with the greatest importunity, and refreshing the little maid with another sovereign. Circumstances favoured our friend. Miss Longmaide attributed the loss of the divine Captain Balmeybucke a good deal to the interference of her ever-zealous friends, who persuaded her that the contingency which had since arisen was one of those remote possibilities it would never do to marry upon; and she began to suspect that her friends, as they called themselves, were leagued together to prevent her marrying, in order that they might share her money among them. The idea of this she couldn't endure; and though the gallant major was as unlike any of her former lovers as anything could possibly be, still she believed him to be a worthy, warm-hearted, disinterested man, most ardently attached to her, and with whom she made no doubt she could live in comfort and respectability. So she faltered "yes," to the major, and further yielded to his urgent solicitations of an immediate marriage. Another sovereign to the maid overcame all difficulty about dresses, and Rumbleford Wells rose in repute by the match.

Great was the day when the little major, in the full uniform of the Mangelwurzelshire Militia, strutted up the flags of St. Bride's Church, looking so arrogantly bumptious, that if he hadn't been going to be tamed by matrimony, he ought to have been taken before a justice, and bound over to keep the peace. He strutted, and sidled, and fumed, like a turkey-cock at the sight of a red coat. But if he went in great, how much greater did he come out! with the tall, elegant, Italian-complexioned angel leaning on his arm, thinking, perhaps, of some one far different to the pocket Adonis who now guided her steps, while amidst the merry peal of the bells, the shouts of the populace, and the silvery showers of the shillings,* the little major hugged himself with his astonishing, Waterloo-like victory. He had, indeed, accomplished wonders, and felt revenged for all the slights and snubbings of former times. So *hooray!* for Rouge and Noir, as Miss Jaundice called the happy couple, as they stepped into their travelling-carriage and four. Crack go the whips, round go the wheels, and back the white favours stream.

What a pity to leave such a charming theme, to return to the dull realities of life! However, we must do it.

We are free to admit that there was a little disappointment on the part of the lady when she arrived at Carol Hill Green, for instead of approaching through a long avenue of venerable elms, as the bridegroom represented, the chaise suddenly stopped ere she was fully aware they had entered the grounds, the dozen or two trees, of which the straight avenue was composed, being all passed; neither was the mansion very imposing. Indeed, had it not been for the determined stop of the carriage, she would have thought the tidy little whitewashed house, they stood before was the lodge. However, like a wise woman, she kept her opinions to herself, feeling, perhaps, that the disappointment would be reciprocal when the major came to find how the colliery, or coal mine,

near Leeds, in the county of York, kept down the rents of the Slum-pington and Squashington estates, in the county of Somerset. Scratchington, in the county of Salop, and Rushington, in the county of Kent.

The existence of the daughters was an after-fund, and perhaps our readers will allow us to dispose of that discovery as one of those catastrophes that are more easily imagined than described. Still there was the consequence of the hounds to console her; and perhaps our sporting friends will do us the favour of accompanying us to the kennel. Kennel did we say? There was no kennel—only an old root-house, with a bench in it. The following was the rise and progress of “moy establishment:”

When Carol Hill Green descended on the auctioneer, there was then in the neighbourhood a small trencher-fed pack, called the “Jolly Rum-magers,” from the independent way they scrimmaged over everybody’s land, and which had got into sad disrepute, as well for their trespasses as for their propensity to mutton. In fact, they were under sentence of capital punishment, when it occurred to the butchers, bakers, publicans, beershop-keepers, and people they belonged to, that it would be a good thing if they could get the major (then Mr. Guineafowle) to head them, which would give them respectability and greater liberty over the land. Accordingly they waited upon our friend, and represented to him the great advantage these hounds were of to the country in a public (house) point of view; expatiated on their anxiety to promote the sports and amusements of the people, than which there could be nothing more legitimate or more truly national than the noble pastime of the chase; and they concluded by informing our friend, that if he would only consent to lend them his name—let the hounds be called his, in fact—they would indemnify him against all costs, charges, damages, and expenses whatsoever. Honour on such easy terms not falling to the lot of man every day, the auctioneer, after due consideration, acceded to their proposal, and forthwith the hounds became his. He then struck the fine gilt button, and established a uniform—green, with a red waistcoat and white breeches—and proceeded to qualify for his high office, by reading all the books he could borrow on the subject.

Before taxing-time, however, came round, most of the worthies had vanished, and our friend was left sole master of the establishment. They were now Mr. Guineafowle’s hounds, in every sense of the word. Many men, with no more taste for hunting than our friend, would have revived the old sentence of extermination; but our Guineafowle, having tasted the sweets of office, didn’t like to lose it so soon. He therefore agreed, among his own and some of the neighbouring farmers, that if they would keep the hounds, he would pay the tax; and that his groom cow-keeping-gardener, Jonathan Falconer, should collect them the evening before hunting, and distribute them after.

This was thought very handsome of our friend, seeing that each hound would cost him fourteen shillings, and there were seven or eight couple of them. To be sure, as between the public and the tax-gatherer, there was always a slight discrepancy; the major, when on his high horse, at market-tables and other public places, talking of them as a full pack, five-and-thirty or forty couple; while to the tax-gatherer he used to say, with an airified toss of his head, that there were only a few couple,

that he kept out of charity, and he wished he was rid of them altogether. Indeed, he once went so far as to try to pass them off as fox-hounds, in order to escape the then certificate duty—alleging that they only condescended to hare in the absence of fox; but this the surveyor wouldn't stand, and our master didn't think it prudent to risk an appeal.

A very severe contest having taken place for Mangelwurzelshire shortly after our friend's accession to the Carol Hill Green estate, in which he particularly distinguished himself, by voting for the Whig candidate, after promising and canvassing with the Tory one, he was rewarded by the majority of the militia, in lieu of being placed on the commission of the peace, as he wished; the justices of his petty-sessional division vowing they would all resign if he was. However, he got his majority; and then the hounds were Major Guineafowle's, and Jonathan Falconer got a cockade and a fine gold band for his hat.

Many of our sporting readers, we dare say, will remember "Major Guineafowle's, the Carol Hill Hounds," figuring away in the papers, along with the packs of dukes, and lords, and other great men, making quite as great a figure on paper as any of them. A pack is a pack, in the eyes of the uninitiated, just as a child thinks a cherry is a cherry, when it eats a baking one. The major got leave over more land, too, though Lord Heartycheer—at the earnest solicitation of whose steward, Mr. Smoothley, our friend had voted as he did—said, in his usual haughty way, when applied to for some, that "though the man undoubtedly ought to have something for disgracing himself, he didn't know that letting him maraud over a country was the right sort of payment."

His lordship's natural fox-hunter's contempt for a hare-hunter had been greatly heightened by hearing from Dicky Dyke that the major classed their establishments together, and talked of Heartycheer and "oi" hunting the country.

Very telling, however, the major's talk was when the first batch of daughters were emancipated from Miss Birchtwig's, and began twisting and twirling about to the music of the watering-place bands; the major still haunting the scenes of his early career—still talking about moy horses, and moy country, and moy hounds kept without a subscription.

Offers came pouring in apace, each suppliant feeling satisfied that a five-and-twenty, or four-and-twenty, or three-and-twenty years (as the case might be) master of hounds "without a subscription" could want nothing but amiable, well-disposed young men for his incomparable daughters, and that was a character they all could sustain—at least, for a time. Mrs. Guineafowle, being anxious to get the first brood off before her own beauties were ready to appear, favoured all comers, bringing men to book with amazing rapidity, and never letting one off without a thorough sifting. She took possessions, reversions, remainders, and contingencies into consideration, with all the acuteness of an assurance-office keeper. Having been done herself, she was not going to let any one do her. If the unfortunate passed the ordeal of her inquiries—the Commons of the Guineafowle constitution—he was passed on to the Lords, in the person of our great little major, now "five-and-twenty years master of hounds without a subscription."

Then the major, having got up as much consequence as a newly-

made sergeant, would receive the smirking, simpering simpleton with an awfully stiff bow, and motioning him into a chair, would invite him to unbosom himself—just as a dentist invites a patient to open his mouth.

“Of course,” Guinea-fowle would say, with a puff of his cheeks, and a dive into the bottom of his pockets, as he stuck out his little legs before him—“of course I don’t want you to go into elaborate detail—minutiae, in fact—to tell me the townships, acreage, and all that; what I want is *merely* a general outline of your p-r-o-p-erty and means of living, so that I may be able to judge whether you have the means of maintaining my daughter in the elegant luxury and comforts to which she has been accustomed; the lawyers will look to the detail of the matter, see that things are all right and on the square;” with which comfortable assurance Guinea would again inflate his cheeks and—“pause for an answer.”

Bless us, how that ominous speech used to scatter and annihilate the hopes and aspirations of sighs, and glances, and squeezes, and supper-dances! Guinea knew how to wield the terrors of Roasters and Pinners, and had been done too often himself to let any one do him. But, to be brief; the consequence of all this was, that men whom our master of hounds without a subscription thought good enough for his daughters, did not think the daughters good enough for them—at least, not unless he came down with a good many guineas, which he always most peremptorily refused to do, doubtless considering it honour and glory enough for any one to marry the daughter of a master of hounds without a subscription, the owner, as he used to insinuate, of Slumpington and Squashington, and all the other places.

Guinea-fowle had bowed out so many insinuating young men, who, as they snatched up their hats as they rushed through the entrance-hall, felt quite shocked and grieved that there should be such a mercenary spirit in the world, that Mrs. Guinea was about tired of passing bills for her lord and master to reject; and the young ladies themselves had resolved just to accept offers without falling in love, until such times as there was a possibility of the suitors passing the upper house. This, however, they did not do, and Mrs. Guinea-fowle saw with concern her own dark-haired, dark-eyed beauties now treading on the heels of the light-haired angels of the former marriage.

Miss Birchtwig had returned Laura, the eldest of the three dark ones, whom, like the street orange-women, she only counted as two, making up, perhaps, in extras what she took off the other end—Miss Birchtwig, we say, had “finished and polished” Laura, and returned her with such a glowing description of her virtues, that any one reading it would immediately exclaim, “Why, this Maida Hill establishment must be a real manufactory for angels!” Laura was “obliging, enchanting, engaging, endearing, and so remarkably attentive to the instructions of her music, dancing, drawing, French, and Italian masters, that they all regretted her departure. Indeed, she had endeared herself to every one, while Miss Birchtwig doubted not, that having had to come in contact with some whose tempers were not quite in unison with her own, would have a beneficial result in exercising her patience;”—much such a circular as

she sent to the parents of all the "select number of pupils," leaving them, of course, to believe as much of it as they liked, according to their individual capacity for gammon. Best of all, Laura was a perfect beauty; an elegant sylph-like figure, with raven-black hair, a clear Italian complexion, and the largest, deepest, Lola-Montes-like blue eyes, with flashing fringes, that ever were seen. The whole country rang with her beauty. Dicky Thorndyke's report of her to Lord Heartycheer was so encouraging, that his lordship, who had always kept that "pompous, pot-hunting humbug"—as he profanely called Major Guinea-fowl—at a distance, observed, with a pout of his lips and a hoist of his snow-white eyebrows, that he "didn't know that there would be any great harm in letting Captain Guinea-pig towl over Barkinside Moor, and so up to their covers at Snipeton and Firle."

And now, after this wide hare-hunting circumbendibus, made for the purpose of introducing our distinguished friend, we again break off at the major's invitation to Tom Hall to partake of a hare-hunt, leaving our fair friends to put whatever charitable construction they like on his motive.

So ends this terrible long chapter.

THE CEDAR IN THE PALACE GARDEN.

BY W. BRAILSFORD.

[This celebrated tree, probably the largest of its kind in this country, was planted by Dr. Uvedale, about the year 1680. It stands in the garden of the palace, once the abode of Edward the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth, and is a very conspicuous object in the town of Enfield.]

UNDERNEATH the quiet night
Gentle thoughts will flow aright,
When the belted silver stars
Charm away the old-world scars,
And the silence of the time
Leads the heart to joys sublime.

Underneath the solemn shade
By this stately cedar made,
Ere the moonlight fades away,
And the ruder glare of day
Calls us into active life,
Let us pause, apart from strife
Or the taint of earthly press,
To rejoice with thankfulness
In this noble relic won
From the ancient Lebanon.

Standing like a symbol vast,
Given from the buried past,

Of a man's enduring will,
Jubilant o'er mortal ill,
Scathed and worn, it seems to be
Great as Hope's reality ;
Storms and winds have raged in vain,
And the dreary fleeting rain ;
Summer's sun, and winter's snow
Have not wrought its overthrow.
Time, who chills the flowers of June
To a woful autumn tune,
Sounding through the gloomy wild
Like the sobbing of a child—
Time, who never fails to come
With his touch of change and doom,
Seems to lose his wonted spell
Round this leafy citadel.

Songs of love and legends old,
Deeds of knights and gallants bold,
Underneath this lofty tree
May be chanted merrily ;
Hither oft, when day has fled;
Poets may be dreaming led,
In their idlesse bent to weave
Phantasies for summer's eve—
Thoughts of subtle sway and power,
Kindled at that mystic hour,
When the mind with daring-art
Travels to some distant part,
And beholds bright visions blent
With the charms by fancy lent
For the spirit's ravishment.

Lordly monarch, sylvan king,
Joyous be the songs we sing,
All about the dewy grass
Where thy waving shadows pass,
Not a sound of care to wake
Discord in the lays we make ;
Ages yet to come, mayst thou
Still uplift each spreading bough,
That when loving rovers come
To their happy Enfield home,
Thou wilt be the first to show.
Home is home where'er we go.

THE BURMAH WAR.

THE immediate contact of civilised and of barbarous nations almost inevitably entails war. The facts of history and the example of different countries attest the same thing. It was so at the time of the Greeks and Romans, it is so in the present day. It exists with regard to the English in India and at the Cape, as it does with regard to the Anglo-Saxons in America and the French in Algeria. As the hand of Providence may be traced in all things here below, it was probably so intended. The barbarian is bigoted in his prejudices, opposed to improvement; blinded by self-conceit, and ignorant of his enemy's resources, he treats a civilised as he has been wont to do his uncivilised neighbours, and he adds contempt to insult, and deceit to defiance. Civilised nations almost as invariably increase this self-sufficiency and arrogance by observing the rules of decorum towards such an enemy. The different missions to the Burmahs attest this in a very forcible manner. At length, no resource is left but to check this overweening confidence and insulting demeanour by the strong arm of power. These are not the ethics of the Aborigines' Protection Society, but they are the logic of fact and experience as opposed to well-meaning but vain and empty theories.

Who are the Burmahs, or Burmese, who now for nearly the hundredth time dare the force of British arms, after repudiating for a century or more all social or commercial intercourse? A warlike tribe of unknown origin, who settled on the Upper Irawady, or in Ava Proper; were till the 16th century subject to the King of Pegu. At that time a successful revolution made the Burmahs masters of Pegu and Martaban. But in 1740 the Peguans revolted against their new masters, and war was prosecuted on both sides with savage ferocity. In 1750 and 1751, the Peguans, with the aid of arms imported by Europeans, and the active services of some Dutch and Portuguese, beat their rivals, and in 1752, Ava, the capital, surrendered to them at discretion, and the last of a long line of Burmah kings was taken prisoner.

The conquest had, however, scarcely appeared complete and settled, when one of those extraordinary characters whom Providence sometimes raises up to change the destinies of nations, appeared. This was a Burman called, like the present usurper at the head of the empire—Alompra—a man of obscure birth, but known prowess, being, like the founder of the Assyrian empire, designated as “the huntsman.” This Burmah Nimrod collected a few followers and defeated the Peguans in small skirmishes. These successes attracted more followers, till in the autumn of 1753 he was enabled to attack and gain possession of Ava. After this, he defeated the King of Pegu in several engagements, invaded his territories, and took his capital, which he gave up to indiscriminate plunder and carnage. Like all adventurers, Alompra did not know where to stop, but seizing on the first pretext, he wrested the province of Tenasserim from the Siamese, and then invaded Siam itself, but was carried off by sickness.

Alompra was succeeded by his son, Namduji Prah, a minor; but Strembuan, the uncle of this prince, brother to Alompra, acted as regent, and on the death of the nephew, assumed the crown. Strembuan de-

clared war against the Siamese, and took their capital, in 1766, but did not retain permanent possession of the country. He also subdued Kasay in 1774, and died in 1776. His son and successor, Chenguza, a debauched and bloody tyrant, was dethroned and put to death in 1782, in a conspiracy headed by his own uncle, Minduji, who took possession of the government. This prince was the fourth son of Alompra. In 1783 he sent a fleet of boats against Arakan, or Arracan, which he easily conquered. He then marched against Siam, where he met with some checks; and, finding himself unable to retain possession of the interior, was obliged to content himself with the dominion of its western coast, as far south as Mergui, including the two important seaports of Tavoy and Mergui, which were ceded to him by a treaty of peace in 1793.

The occurrence of hostilities with the neighbouring kingdom of Ava (says Professor H. H. Wilson, in his excellent and well-timed "*Narrative of the Burmese War in 1824-26*"*) was an event which was not unforeseen by the British government of India, as the probable consequence of the victorious career and the extravagant pretensions of the Burman state.

Animated by the reaction which suddenly elevated the Burmas from a subjugated and humiliated people into conquerors and sovereigns, the era of their ambition may be dated from the recovery of their political independence; and their liberation from the temporary yoke of the Peguans was the prelude to their conquest of all the surrounding realms. The vigorous despotism of the government, and the confident courage of the people, crowned every enterprise with success, and for above half a century the Burman arms were invariably victorious, whether wielded for attack or defence. Shortly after their insurrection against Pegu, the Burmas became the masters of that kingdom. They next wrested the valuable districts of the Tenasserim coasts from Siam. They repelled, with great gallantry, a formidable invasion from China, and by the final annexation of Arakan, Manipur, and Assam, to the empire, they established themselves throughout the whole of the narrow but extensive tract of country which separates the western provinces of China from the eastern boundaries of Hindustan. Along the greater part of this territory they threatened the open plains of British India, and they only awaited a plausible pretext to assail the barrier which, in their estimation, as presumptuously as idly opposed the further prosecution of their triumphs.

It is most important, for truth-sake and for the honour of a civilised country, that it should be understood that the Burmahs are not the aborigines of the territories which we now hold from them—the delta of the Irawady and of the Saluen, or of Tenasserim, Arracan, or Assam; and that war has in no instance been voluntarily undertaken by the British for purposes of aggrandisement or of commercial development, but has been invariably forced upon us by the arrogance and the open acts of hostility of a vain and ambitious people. Even the adventurer Alompra was not satisfied with disdaining the proffered alliance of the Company, but he authorised a barbarous massacre of their "servants," on the island of Negrais, and which act of barbarism was not at the time resented by the British government.

The next act of aggression on the part of the Burmahs against the British government occurred in 1794. That year, a Burman army violated the British territory in pursuit of robbers, and, according to Professor Wilson, a force of 20,000 men assembled at Arracan to sup-

* W. H. Allen and Co., London.

port the invasion. It was upon this occasion that the embassy of Colonel Symes—so well known from the account published of his mission by the intelligent officer himself—took place, and the reception of the envoy, Professor Wilson justly remarks, as detailed by himself, clearly exhibits the interpretation given to it by the court, and they evidently regarded it as the tribute of fear, rather than as an advance towards liberal conciliation and civilised intercourse.

A next, and a far more prolonged subject of discord, arose from the numbers of aboriginal natives, more especially Mugs or Mughhs, who, flying before the oppressions of their conquerors, or to withdraw from their tyranny and exactions, sought shelter within our territories. These fugitives, gathering together on the frontier, soon increased so in numbers as to begin to form marauding parties, and to carry on predatory incursions against their hereditary enemies. The British government made every possible exertion to prevent these breaches of the peace, and the Marquis of Hastings went so far as to permit a Burmah force to follow the refugees into the forest of Chittagong.* A concession so injudicious as this very naturally only increased the arrogance of the Burmahs, and Captain Canning was sent on an explanatory mission to Burmah, only to be treated with every possible indignity, even to putting his life in peril; and he was not allowed to proceed beyond Rangoon.

In 1818 the Burmahs invaded Assam, established a partisan on the throne, and left a force for his defence. Insurrection, however, succeeded to insurrection, till in 1822 a Burmah chief was appointed to the supreme authority, and the vicinity of a powerful and ambitious neighbour was substituted for a feeble and distracted state.

This forcible occupation of Assam was soon followed by parties of Burmahs committing serious devastations within the British territory, burning a number of villages, and plundering and murdering the inhabitants, or carrying them off as slaves. At the same time an island in the Brahmaputra, on which the British flag had been erected, was invaded, the flag was thrown down, and an armed force collected to maintain the insult.

To meet these difficulties, and to strengthen their eastern frontier, the British government resolved upon occupying Kachar, which, with the more important province of Manipur, had long ago claimed the protection of the British against the tyranny of the Burmahs. Active hostilities had by this time also broke out on the Naf river, which constituted the boundary between the provinces of Chittagong and Arracan. As usual, the Company asked for a commission of inquiry in the next

* Dr. Hamilton remarks upon this first collision with Burmah, that "the opinion that prevailed both in Chittagong and at Ava was, that the refugees were given up from fear; and this opinion has, no doubt, continued to operate on the ill-informed court of Ava, and has occasioned a frequent repetition of violence and insolence, ending in open war. These evils might possibly have been avoided by a vigorous repulse of the invasion of 1794, and a positive refusal to hearken to any proposal for giving up the insurgents, after the court of Ava had adopted hostile measures, instead of negotiation, to which alone it was entitled."—*Account of the Frontier between the Southern part of Bengal and Ava. Edinburgh Journal of Science.* So much for ultimate evils entailed by avoiding a lesser evil at first, and substituting negotiations, always mistaken for timidity or cowardice by barbarians, for a prompt and efficacious resentment.

cold season; which pacific request was answered by an attack upon, and capture of the British post of Shahpuri, an affair that was attended with considerable loss of life, and which was followed by a menacing letter from the Rajah of Arracan, to the effect that unless the British government submitted quietly to this treatment, it would be followed by the like forcible seizure of the cities of Dacca and Moorshedabad. The Company answered this overt act of invasion by calling upon the court of Ava to disavow the proceedings of its officers in Arracan. This last act of a mistaken and temporizing policy had no other effect, Professor Wilson tells us, than that of confirming the court of Ava in their confident expectation of re-annexing the eastern provinces of Bengal to the empire, *if not of expelling the English from India altogether!*

The island of Shahpuri was re-occupied by the British. The *Planet*, armed vessel, and three gun-boats, were stationed in the Naf, and the Burmahs prepared for war. As Mr. Laird stated, "from the king to the beggar, the Burmahs were hot for a war with the English." They collected their forces, and threatened the different exposed points of the Company's frontiers in Assam and Arracan at the same time. Yet the system adopted by the Company in this emergency was purely defensive; this, after a series of acts of rapine, cruelty, imprisonment, and murder, combined with tyranny and oppression of subjugated natives, and the most contemptuous and insolent rejections of all amicable overtures, such as are almost without example in the history even of barbarian states.

Early in January, 1824, the Burmahs moved nearly simultaneously from Assam and Manipur into Kachar and the Jyntea. Major Newton advanced on his side at the head of a small force against the invading party, and routed them after a smart action; but being unable to follow up the advantage gained, the fugitives soon rallied, and effected their junction with the troops from Manipur. On the 13th of February, Captain Johnstone drove the combined forces out of their stockades on the Surma, and this advantage was followed up by Colonel Bowen, who dispersed the Assam division; but the same officer met with a check in endeavouring to force the stockades of the Manipur division at Doodpatli.

While these events were taking place in Kachar, the occurrences in the southern extremity of the frontier partook of the same character. The island of Shahpuri had been once more abandoned, and the commanding officer of the Company's pilot-vessel *Sophia* had, with another officer and some seamen, been treacherously seized and sent prisoners to Arracan. Upon this, war was formally declared by the British government, and as readily retorted by the "golden feet."

The first hostilities occurred in Assam, into which country a small force advanced at once, under Brigadier M'Morine. The Burmahs retreated before the British, killing and barbarously mutilating the unfortunate Assamese, their fellows in arms, on the way. Another small force advanced at the same time up the Brahmaputra, and after several skirmishes, the first campaign in Assam ended by the occupation of a considerable tract of country between Goalpara and Gohati; Colonel Richards having succeeded to Brigadier M'Morine, who perished from cholera. A small force under Captain Noton had, at the same time, been defeated with considerable loss at Ramoo, on the southern extremity

of the frontier ; but the advantages gained at that point, and which, for a moment, spread a panic even at Calcutta, were not followed up by the Burmahs.

Early the ensuing season a powerful force, fitted out by the Presidencies of Bengal and Madras, took its departure, in prosecution of an offensive system of operations. The combined forces arrived off the mouth of the Rangoon river on the 9th of May, and on the 11th the town of Rangoon was taken possession of, after a very trifling resistance. The town was found, indeed, to be entirely deserted—a circumstance which was productive of serious inconvenience to the expedition, and disconcerted more than anything else the expectations which had been formed of its immediate results. The troops were posted in the great pagoda of Shwe-da-gon, which played an important part in recent events, and many unfortunate prisoners were discovered, forgotten by the Burmahs in the confusion of their retreat. Several sharp skirmishes followed upon the capture of Rangoon, and in the latter part of May heavy rains began to fall. The troops were accordingly cantoned in the numerous pagodas and religious buildings which connect the before-mentioned great temple with the town. The great pagoda was itself occupied by part of his Majesty's 89th Regiment and the Madras artillery, and formed the key to the whole position, from which the rains, and the impossibility of equipping a flotilla, put it out of their power to move. Add to this, nothing in the shape of supplies was to be procured, while the Burmahs, entrenched close upon the British lines, or concealed in the dense jungle that grew close to the posts, maintained a system of constant attacks—cutting off stragglers, firing upon the picquets, and creating alarms by night as well as by day. This harassing warfare was responded to by frequent sorties, fatiguing marches in jungle and rice-grounds, and attacks upon stockades, always attended by more or less loss of life. On one occasion a British column was mistaken for a body of Burmahs, as they moved through the thicket within gun-shot, and received a heavy cannonade from the armed vessels on the river. Of all the stockades, that of Kemendine was the most obstinately defended.

In the short interval that ensued between the capture of the last-mentioned stockade and the renewal of active operations, the British authorities had leisure to consider the position in which they were placed. An advance up the river, whilst either bank was commanded by the enemy in such formidable numbers and by strong entrenchments, was wholly out of the question ; as, although conveyance for the troops and ordnance had been provided, the impossibility of deriving supplies from the country was undeniable, and it was equally impracticable to maintain a communication with Rangoon. It was clearly necessary, therefore, to begin by annihilating the force immediately opposed to the invading army, before any advance could be attempted. But this was not so easy a task as was to have been anticipated from the superior organisation and valour of the British army.

In the field (observes Professor Wilson) the enemy were as little able as inclined to face the British force, but their perseverance and dexterity in throwing up entrenchments, rendered their expulsion from these an undertaking that involved a loss of time and sacrifice of lives, and the country and seasons stood them in the stead of discipline and courage. The vicinity of

Rangoon, except about the town or along the main road, was covered with swamp or jungle, through which the men were obliged to wade knee-deep in water, or force their way through harassing and wearisome entanglements. The rains had set in, and the effects of a burning sun were only relieved by the torrents that fell from the accumulated clouds, and which brought disease along with their coolness. Constantly exposed to the vicissitudes of a tropical climate, and exhausted by the necessity of unremitting exertion, it need not be a matter of surprise that sickness now began to thin the ranks, and impair the energies of the invaders. No rank was exempt from the operation of these causes, and many officers, among whom were the senior naval officer, Captain Marryat, the political agent, Major Canning, and the commander-in-chief himself, were attacked with fever. Among the privates, the Europeans especially, the sickness incident to fatigue and exposure was aggravated by the defective quantity and quality of the provisions which had been supplied for their use. Relying upon the reported facility of obtaining cattle and vegetables at Rangoon, it had not been thought necessary to embark stores for protracted consumption on board the transports from Calcutta, and the Madras troops landed with a still more limited stock. As soon as the deficiency was ascertained, arrangements were made to remedy it; but in the mean time, before supplies could reach Rangoon, the troops were dependent for food upon salt meat, much of which was in a state of putrescence, and biscuit in an equally repulsive condition, under the decomposing influence of heat and moisture. The want of sufficient and wholesome food enhanced the evil effects of the damp soil and atmosphere, and of the malaria from the decaying vegetable matter of the surrounding forests, and the hospitals were rapidly filled with sick, beyond the means available of medical treatment. The fatal operation of these causes was enhanced by their continuance, and towards the end of the rainy season scarcely 3000 men were fit for active duty.

It is of the highest importance to understand fully the difficulties and dangers which surround the present invading expedition; that the peculiarities of the country and the system of defence adopted by the Burmahs—that of picking off an enemy in detail, and leaving the remainder to die of exposure, fatigue, disease, and starvation—should be fully comprehended. There lies before an invading army a distance of at least 500 miles by river between the mouths of the Irawady and the capital of the country. The navigability of the river throughout by steamers has not yet been proved. There is every reason to believe that it is much interrupted, if not rendered altogether infeasible by banks and islands. Captain Lynch, who commands the East-India Company's steam contingent, has luckily had much experience in river navigation, having been among the first explorers of the Euphrates and Tigris.

It will be seen afterwards, that in face of all difficulties, Sir A. Campbell pushed on up the Irawady, as far as the town of Pagahm, or Pugam, not a hundred miles from Ava. If the expedition of 1825 reached Pagahm, the steam-boat expedition of 1852 should reach Ava and Amapura.

In 1825, an army of 10,000 men was also assembled on the Chittagong frontier under General Morrison, to enter Arracan, cross the mountains, and strike upon the Irawady, to form a junction with Sir A. Campbell. General Morrison, a brave and distinguished officer, after a smart action, captured the city of Arracan, the capital of the province, while Sir A. Campbell was advancing to Prome; but though the routed enemy had fled to the Irawady, the passage over the mountains was believed, upon a partial reconnaissance, to be impracticable, and all further attempt:

at co-operation was abandoned. General Morrison being thus compelled to remain in the swampy pestilential flats of Arracan, one-half of his army perished there miserably by disease, and the rest became so emaciated from sickness, that it was completely disorganised and useless.

The most annoying and extraordinary incident connected with this failure is, that after the conclusion of peace, Sir Archibald Campbell, deeming it to be of the highest importance that the inlet from Arracan to the heart of Ava should be known to us, in case of another war, he despatched Captain Trant, with a battalion of Sepoys and the elephants of the army, to explore the best route across the mountains, from Sembeghewn, on the Irawady, to Aeng, in Arracan. Captain Trant found a "superb road" across the mountains, which is marked on the map that accompanies Professor Wilson's work, and which had been executed by the Burmah government some years before, to facilitate the intercourse between Arracan and Ava, and which, as it was the channel of so great an inland trade as to be annually traversed, it is computed, by 40,000 persons, ought to have been as well known to our authorities in India as the high route from Calcutta to Cawnpore. The whole distance from the Irawady to Aeng is only 124 miles; and the detachment, as well as the elephants, accomplished a march which had been supposed impracticable, in eleven days.

On the present occasion, besides the advantage of steam, we have, then, the knowledge of this short and excellent road across the mountains, and it is said to be held by an efficient force. Sir A. Campbell's division having passed the rainy season at Prome with comparative impunity, the upper part of the river is, perhaps, looked upon as sufficiently safe; but while the mountains in the neighbourhood of Aeng and Talak must be a sanitarium compared with the valleys of the Arracan river and the Irawady, operations on the latter, to enforce any reasonable demands, would be immensely facilitated, at the same time that any permanent hold on Ava Proper would be impossible, without, indeed, securing the pass in question. The two great obstacles to the subjugation of Burmah, the unhealthiness of the river valleys and the system of jungle warfare, are to a great extent obviated by a descent from this pass; at the same time that the possession of Arracan insures a better provisioning to a division advancing from that quarter than to one advancing by the Irawady, and leaving deserted town and villages and a hostile population in its rear.

A correct notion of what an expedition up the Irawady has to encounter, can be best obtained from the experience obtained in Sir Archibald Campbell's case. On receiving intelligence of the occupation of Rangoon by the British armament, the court of Ava was far from feeling any apprehension or alarm; on the contrary, the news was welcomed as peculiarly propitious; the destruction of the invaders was regarded as certain, and the only anxiety entertained was, lest they should effect a retreat before they were punished for their presumption. "As large a force as possible," it is said, which would presuppose the employment of the immediate resources of the empire, was assembled to surround and capture the British. Needless to say that they were repelled with great loss, and their commander slain. A similar onslaught of a large army, assembled some months afterwards under Bundula, the Arracan general, terminated in a similar discomfiture of the Burmahs.

These, and numerous other minor actions, including the more important operations carried on in the reduction of Tennasserim and Martaban, totally changed the character of the war. The Burmahs no longer dared attempt offensive operations, but restricted themselves to the defence of their positions along the river. The province and towns of Arracan had, as before observed, been by this time also occupied by the division under General Macbean, but unfortunately, from ignorance of the highway open to them to the Irawady, did not effect a junction with Sir A. Campbell.

Before Sir Archibald was enabled to make a forward movement up the Irawady, he had still to reduce the old Portuguese fort of Syriam, and to dislodge an advance division of the Burmah force, stationed at Thantabain, on the Lyne river. This accomplished, the army advanced in two columns, one by water, the other by land, and a strong reserve was left at Rangoon. Two circumstances of interest at the present conjuncture occurred about the same time : one was, that the Peguan inhabitants of the delta of the Irawady showed an inclination to befriend the British in preference to their Burmah conquerors ; another was, that a Siamese army collected in the vicinity of Martaban.

As the troops advanced, the country kept improving, the Burmahs fled at their approach, and most of the villages were deserted ; but in various places, after the first panic had subsided, the people, both Karians and Burmahs, returned to their homes, and some supplies were collected. It appears evident that the Burmahs were not prepared for this movement. The water party had to encounter stockades or batteries almost every day, and at length received a severe check at Donabew, where Bundula had entrenched himself with some 15,000 men, to which only 500 or 600 British bayonets were opposed. This check necessitated the return of Sir A. Campbell, who, by crossing the delta, had got some distance up the Irawady, beyond the point where the Bassein, the Chinabuckeer, or central stream on which Donabew is situated, the Paulang or Rangoon river, and the various other watercourses, separate from the main stream. A junction was, however, effected, and after a very brilliant action Donabew fell into the hands of the British, with considerable stores, both of grain and ammunition, and many guns. Bundula, the great Burmah general, who had threatened from Arracan the capital of British India, was killed at this siege, and his death was a severe blow to the Burmah cause.

Captain Marryat, although as distinguished an author as he was a gallant officer, and commanding the naval detachment at the capture of Rangoon, has left no account of that affair ; but he has, in his " *Diary on the Continent*," given some details of the expedition to the Bassein river, which was carried on contemporaneously with the advance of a naval force up the Chinabuckeer, and of the land force to the right of that.

It will be proper (says the gallant captain) to explain why it was considered necessary to detach a part of the forces to Bassein. The Rangoon river joins the Irawaddy on the left, about 170 miles from its flowing into the ocean. On the right of the Irawaddy is the river of Bassein, the mouth of it about 150 miles from that of the Irawaddy, and running up the country in an angle towards it until it joins it about 400 miles up in the interior. The two rivers

thus enclose a large delta of land, which is the most fertile and best peopled of the Burmah provinces, and it was from this delta that Bundoola, the Burmah general, received all his supplies of men. Bundoola was in the strong fortress of Donabue, on the Bassein side of the river, about half way between where the Rangoon river joined it on the left, and the Bassein river communicated with it a long way further up on the right. Sir A. Campbell's land forces were on the left of the river, so that Bundoola's communication with the Bassein territory was quite open; and as the river forces had to attack Donabue on their way up, the force sent to Bassein was to take him in the rear and cut off his supplies. This was a most judicious plan of the general's, as will be proved in the sequel. Major S——, with 400 or 500 men in three transports, the *Larne* and the *Mercury*, Hon. Company's brig, were ordered upon this expedition, which sailed at the same time that the army began to march and the boats to ascend the river. On the arrival at the mouth of the river we found the entrance most formidable in appearance, there being a dozen or more stockades of great extent; but there were but two manned, the guns of the others, as well as the men, having been forwarded to Donabue, the Burmahs not imagining, as we had so long left that part of their territory unmolested, that we should have attempted it. Our passage was therefore easy; after a few broadsides, we landed and spiked the guns, and then, with a fair wind, ran about seventy miles up one of the most picturesque and finest rivers I was ever in. Occasionally the right lines of stockades presented themselves, but we found nobody in them, and passed by them in peace. But the river now became more intricate, and the pilots, as usual, knew nothing about it. It was, however, of little consequence; the river was deep even at its banks, over which the forest trees threw their bows in wild luxuriance. The wind was now down the river, and we were two or three days before we arrived at Bassein, during which we tided and warped how we could, while Major S—— grumbled. If the reader wishes to know why Major S—— grumbled, I will tell him—because there was no fighting. He grumbled when we passed the stockades at the entrance of the river, because they were not manned; and he grumbled at every dismantled stockade that we passed. But there was no pleasing S——; if he was in hard action and not wounded, he grumbled; if he received a slight wound, he grumbled because it was not a severe one; if a severe one, he grumbled because he was not able to fight the next day. He had been nearly cut to pieces in many actions, but he was not content. Like the man under punishment, the drummer might strike high or strike low, there was no pleasing S——: nothing but the *coup de grâce*, if he be now alive, will satisfy him. But notwithstanding this mania for being carved, he was an excellent and judicious officer. I have been told he is since dead; if so, his Majesty has lost one of the most devoted and chivalric officers in his service, to whom might most justly be applied the words of Hotspur—"But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive."

I think it was on the third day that we arrived below the town of Naputah, which was defended by a very formidable stockade, commanding the whole reach of the river. The stockade was manned, and we expected that it would be defended; but as we did not fire, neither did they; and we should have passed it quietly, had not S—— grumbled so much at his bad luck. The next day we arrived at Bassein, one of the principal towns in the Burman empire. Here again the major was disappointed, for it appeared that, on hearing of the arrival of the expedition at the entrance of the river, the people had divided into two parties, one for resistance, the other for submission. This difference of opinion had ended in their setting fire to the town and immense magazines of grain, dismantling the stockades, and the major part of the inhabitants flying into the country. The consequence was, that we took possession of the smoking ruins without opposition.

It was soon observed that the people were tired of the protracted war, and of the desolation occasioned by it. They wanted to return to their wives and families, who were starving. But up to this time the chiefs had remained faithful to Bundoola, who had amassed stores and provisions at Bassein, intending to retreat upon it, should he be driven out of the fortress of Donabue; and as long as he held that fortress, receiving from Bassein his supplies of men and of provisions. The Burmahs were so unwilling to fight any longer, that they were collected by armed bands and made prisoners by the chiefs, who sent them up as required; and many hundreds were still in this way detained, enclosed in stockaded ground, and watched by armed men, in several towns along the river. An expedition was first despatched up the river, to its junction with the Irrawaddy, as there was a town there in which was the dockyard of the Burmahs, all their war-boats, and *canoes* of every description being built at that place. They ascended without difficulty, and, after a little skirmishing, took possession of the place, burnt all the boats, built or building, and then returned to Bassein.

Of course, we had then nothing to do: Major S——'s orders were to join Sir A. Campbell, if he possibly could; which, with much difficulty, he ultimately effected.

Major S—— here alluded to, is the heroic but unfortunate Sale. Captain Marryat does not explain, in reference to the little opposition met with on the Bassein, that Sir Archibald Campbell, on retracing his steps to storm the Donabew stockades (having received information that the Kyec Woongyee was posted on the Bassein, to intercept the detachment expected in that direction), sent off a party, under Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin (now General Godwin, and commanding the present expedition), to endeavour to surprise him. The alarm, however, was given in time for the Burmah force to escape; but it was completely scattered without a contest, their commander setting the example of precipitate flight.

The "Great Water-dog," as the Burmahs called Captain Marryat, describes the Burmah nation as distinct from the Hindu-Chinese. (Blumenbach and Virey have classed them with the Mongols; Bory de St. Vincent with the Chinese; and Mr. Crawford with the Malays. Prichard calls them Indo-Chinese. Others have identified them with the lost ten tribes, that have robbed some hundred existing nations of their nationality.) Marryat describes them as certainly not aborigines nor Hindu-Chinese, as taller than Europeans (in this he differs from most authorities, who describe them as short and thickset, or squat), as powerful, with strong hair and beards, great mental energy, semi-barbarous, yet liberal, and desirous to improve; superstitious about charms, but not about religious points; remarkably good-tempered, very industrious, and, lastly, as eminently brave, generous, and warlike.

Captain Marryat gives two remarkable instances of Spartan-like stoicism on the part of the Burmahs:

In one instance (he relates) I wished to obtain information from a prisoner, but could extract none. He had been sitting between the carronades on deck for twenty-four hours, and some of the men or officers had given him a bowl of grog and a couple of cigars, with which he was busy when I interrogated him. As he professed ignorance, I told him that if he would not give me the desired information, I should take his head off; and I sent for the sergeant of marines, who appeared with two of his party, and with his drawn sword. We called him out from between the guns, but he begged through the interpreter

to be allowed to finish his grog, to which I consented ; when that was done, he was again ordered out, but requested leave to finish about an inch of cigar which remained in his mouth. To which I also acceded, not being in a particular hurry to do that which I never intended to do. During all this the man was perfectly composed, and did not show the least alarm at his approaching fate. As soon as the cigar was finished, he bound his long hair up afresh, and made preparation. I again asked him if he would tell, but he pleaded ignorance, and stepped forward, went down on his knees, and took off the cloth from about his loins, which he spread on the deck, to receive his head, and then putting his hands on the deck, held it in the position to be cut off. Not a muscle trembled, for I watched the man carefully. He was, of course, remanded, and the sailors were so pleased with him, that he went on shore with more grog and more tobacco than he had probably ever seen in his life.

The Burmahs have, however, a means of extracting information from spies, &c., which I never saw practised by them, although it was borrowed from them by us. It was in our own quartermaster-general's office that I witnessed this species of torture, so simple in its operation and apparently so dreadful in its effects. It consists in giving one single blow upon the region of the heart, so as to stop for some seconds the whole circulation. The way by which this is effected is as follows:—the man—the Burmahs are generally naked to the waist—is made to sit down on the floor ; another man stands behind him, and leaning over him, takes a very exact aim with his sharp bent elbow at the precise spot over his heart, and then strikes a blow which, from its being propelled so very mechanically, descends with increased force.

He also gives an instance of still greater fortitude and resolution on the part of a chief who was treacherously delivered up by his people :

The chief was a fine tall man with a long beard. Like all Burmahs, he took his loss of liberty very composedly, sitting down between the guns with his attendants, and only expressing his indignation at the treachery of his own people. We were very anxious to know what had become of the guns of the dismantled stockade, which were said to be in his possession, but he positively denied it, saying that they had been despatched in boats across to the Irrawaddy. Whether this were true or not, it was impossible to say ; but, at all events, it was necessary to make some further attempts to obtain them, so we told him, that if he did not inform us where the guns were, by the next morning, his head would be taken off his shoulders. At this pleasant intelligence he opened his betel-bag and renewed his quid. The next day he was summoned forth to account for the said guns, and again protested that they had been sent to Donabue, which I really believe was false, as they were not taken out of the stockade until after Donabue was in the possession of Sir A. Campbell : it was therefore judged proper to appear to proceed to extremities ; and this time it was done with more form. A file of marines was marched aft with their muskets, and the sergeant appeared with his drawn sword. Sand was strewn on the deck in front of the marines ; and he was led there and ordered to kneel down, so that his head, if cut off, would fall where the sand was strewn. He was again asked if he would tell where the guns were concealed, and again stated that they were at Donabue ; upon which he was desired to prepare for death. He called one of his attendants and gave him his silver betel-box, saying, " Take this to my wife—when she sees it she will know all." I watched him very closely ; his countenance was composed, but, as he bent forward over the sand, the muscles of his arms and shoulders quivered. However, as it is not the custom to cut off people's heads on the quarter-deck of his Majesty's ships, we very magnanimously reprieved him, and he was afterwards sent a prisoner to Calcutta. But that he had the guns, we discovered afterwards, which adds to his merit.

Captain Marryat says the Burmahs despise the Sepoys—a statement

which is not countenanced by the details of Sir Archibald's campaign. He adds that we may eventually find them to be the most powerful enemy that we shall have to contend with in India; and, with greater foresight, says, "Although the East India Company may imagine that they have done with the Burmahs, it is my conviction that the Burmahs have not done with them."

The British army, reinforced by elephants and carriage-cattle sent round from Bengal, advanced, after the decisive action at Donabew, to Prome unopposed. The Prince of Tharawadi, who had succeeded in command to Bundula, fell back as the British advanced, and a disposition was shown to negotiate. It is to be observed, as a lesson to the future, that Prome was found not only deserted, but in part consumed. The same was the case for a considerable distance along the course of the river, the villages being everywhere abandoned and laid in ashes. But this state of things—the result partly of the fears of the people, and partly of the policy of the Burman court—was not of long continuance, and a few days sufficed to bring back the population of Prome to their dwellings.

The command of the lower provinces acquired by this position inspiring the people with confidence, they soon began to resume their usual avocations, and to form markets along the river, and especially at Prome and Rangoon, by which the resources of the country became available for carriage and support. It would appear from this, that the inhabitants of the long valley of the Irawady—Burmahs, Karians, and Peguans—are very far from being an irreclaimable race, although prostrated by despotism, ignorance, and superstition.

Cheered by success, and encouraged by the friendly aspect of the people, the troops took up their position at Prome, in tolerable health and in good spirits. But the monsoon brought with it its ordinary effects, especially upon the Europeans, who, although they suffered less severely than at Rangoon, lost nearly one-seventh of their number between June and October. The site of the town, it is to be observed, although the level of the country was higher than in the districts nearer the sea, was so low as to be under water with the rise of the river; luckily, that south of the town was a range of low hills, crowned, as usual, by the principal pagodas, and as many troops were at once removed to these as they could accommodate.

At the latter end of July, Sir A. Campbell left Prome in the steam-vessel, the *Diana*; and, after spending a few days at Rangoon, returned to his head-quarters. This journey proved two things—the easy navigation of the Irawady by steam, and the settled state of the country under English administration. The people of the once renowned city of Pegu rose of themselves against the Burmahs, and having expelled them from the city, demanded a small detachment from the British to uphold their independence. Indeed, to use the words of Professor Wilson, the whole of the lower provinces were becoming habituated to the change of masters, and yielding their new governors cheerful submission. The villagers issued from their hiding-places in the thickets, reconstructed their huts, and resumed their occupations; and the Minthagis, or head-men of the districts and chief towns, tendered their allegiance, and were restored to their municipal functions by the British general. A state of desolation and anarchy once more gave way to order and plenty; and from Bassein to Martaban, and Rangoon to Prome, every class of natives not only

contributed their aid to collect such supplies as the country could afford, but readily lent their services to the equipment and march of military detachments.

It is not our object to follow out all the details of events which took place subsequent to the cantonment of the troops at Prome, and the ratification of peace. Before the latter could be effected, Sir Archibald Campbell ascended the river, first to Melloon, and thence to the ancient city of Pagahm, or Pugam, within a short distance of Ava.

Previous to the final acceptance of the terms offered, and during the discussion of stipulations, an exchange of friendly hospitality—and that even during the prosecution of hostilities—took place between the British and the Burmahs, which, while it excited the astonishment of the latter, could not have failed to have taught them a lesson of civilisation, which, it is to be hoped, may not have proved in vain. The Burman character is far from suspicious, and no feeling of uneasiness or alarm appeared to impair their enjoyment of British hospitality.

The experience of so extensive a campaign, added to the reconnaissances of Messrs. Syme and Crawford, on the occasion of their respective embassies, show that during the dry months of January, February, March, and April, the waters of the Irawady subside into a stream that is barely navigable; frequent shoals and banks of sand retard boats of burden, and a northerly wind invariably prevails. The internal trade from Bassein is said also to be carried on in boats of large size chiefly, which assembled about the end of April, ready to take advantage of the rise of the river, and the prevailing winds from the south; for even in the months of June, July, and August, the navigation of the river would be impracticable to sailing-boats, were they not aided by the strength of the south-west monsoon. Assisted by this wind, and keeping cautiously within the eddies of the banks, the Burmahs use their sails, and make a more expeditious passage at that than at any other season of the year. It is remarked in the narrative of Sir A. Campbell's progress, that the channel of the river was in many places so narrow as to oblige the boats to pass within 200 yards of either bank, so that the passage, if opposed, could not have been forced without sustaining considerable loss.

It appears, notwithstanding the outcry that has been made in regard to selection of season, the appointment of a general officer, and imaginary delays, that the present expedition arrived just anterior to the wet season—the very best season possible for bringing operations to a close in the shortest possible time. Having reduced Rangoon and Martaban, as the necessary basis for future operations, aided by the power of steam, and backed by the advantages available from the proximity and abundant resources of the flourishing provinces of Arracan and Tonasserim, an effective division of the army will be able to proceed with the rise of the waters through the sickly delta of the Irawady to the more healthy vicinity of the capital, and with no doubt a few sharp stockade affairs, one or two general engagements, and after overcoming what opposition Donabew, Prome, Meeaday (Miyada), Patanago, and Melloon, Pagahm, Alakym Island, or Ava itself, may be able to offer, will dictate terms to the usurper of Amarapura.

Professor Wilson tells us (p. 263), that experience has established that the Burmah climate is comparatively innoxious, and that Rangoon and

Tenasserim are superior in salubrity to other parts of India within the tropics. But we must not forget, that within the first eleven months after landing at Rangoon, nearly one-half the Europeans died ; and that a similar rate of loss occurred in the subsequent operations at Prome, and to the northwards. In like manner, in Arracan at least three-fourths of the European force perished, and of those who survived, few were again fit for service. Altogether, indeed, the deaths nearly equalled the number of British originally employed ; so that, but for the reinforcements which from time to time arrived, *the whole would have been annihilated.*

But this great mortality was by no means caused by climate alone. There were a combination of causes. First, the casualties in action, which were nearly equal to that suffered in the Peninsular war—being three and a half per cent. Secondly, the severity of exposure which the troops underwent. Their being repeatedly in the field during tropical rain, their daily marching through inundated fields, and their bivouacking unsheltered amidst mud and water, were trials to which no European constitutions could be subjected with impunity ; and to this cause of sickness was added unwholesome and insufficient food ; and it need not be a matter of surprise that fevers and disorders of the worst kind should have remorselessly mowed down the ranks of the British force in Ava.

The actual expeditionary force, being detained for a short time at Rangoon, awaiting the rise of the waters that follows upon the rains of May, with an indifferent commissariat, and still more indifferent quarters, has already suffered much from sickness ; and that bane of India, the cholera, is said to be rife in the ranks. But it is unfair to attribute such visitations solely, as is done by some, to forty-eight hours' exposure before the guns were lauded and the Great Pagoda captured ; or by others to "measly pork." The climate and the delta must be taken into consideration, and troops that cannot stand forty-eight hours' exposure may as well leave off soldiering altogether.

With the advantages to be obtained from a large steam flotilla, capable of taking troops in tow and native boats, it is, however, to be hoped that the still greater exposure entailed by the movement of a *land column* will not be dreamt of on the present occasion, except to co-operate from Arracan.

On the departure of General Campbell with his troops down the river, after the conclusion of peace, we read in Professor Wilson's work :

A regiment of Madras native infantry, the 18th, with the elephants and details of pioneers, was sent with the constrained concurrence of the Burmah functionaries by land to Arakan, with the view of determining the practicability of the route. The detachment marched from Yandabo on the 6th of March, and crossed the Irawadi at Pakangyeh on the 14th. On the evening of the 15th, the march was resumed through the town of Sembewgeun, about four miles from the right bank of the river, and continued on the following day by an excellent road to Chalain-mew, an extensive walled town, the capital of the province of Chalain, one of the most populous and fertile divisions of the kingdom. A road from hence lay across the mountains to Talak, but it was reported to be difficult for cattle, and to be ill provided with water. The division, therefore, proceeded more directly southwards, and in three days more halted at Kwensa, on the Mine river, two miles beyond which the ascent over the boundary mountains commenced ; two days more of gradual ascent brought the force to Napehmew, the last Burman town towards the mountains ; from

hence the road was more precipitous and rugged, chiefly in the bed of the Mine river, and presenting occasionally narrow and defensible defiles, but by no means impracticable; two days more reached the summit of the pass, the boundary between Ava and Arakan, and completely commanding the ascent from either territory. From hence an excellent road—the work of the last Burman sovereign—led down to Aeng, in Arakan, where the division arrived in three days more, or on the 26th of March, having thus determined two important points, the knowledge of a tract equally well adapted for defensive or offensive warfare, by the establishment of an impregnable barrier on the top of the pass, or the practicable march across the mountain of an invading force, into the most fertile and healthy provinces of Ava, within an easy distance of the capital.

There is no doubt but that under the circumstances before detailed of steam-boat navigation of the Irawady, that a blow can be struck at the heart of the empire, such as necessitated in 1825 the combined efforts of 20,000 men, with a very moderate force, and in a very small amount of time; but it is only under the supposition that the dictation of peace is all that is sought for, that we can imagine the mountain transit of an efficient body of troops at once into the healthy and rich districts of Burmah to be neglected. But all that has passed since the last declaration of peace tends to show that any new treaty of a similar kind would only be postponing the day of evil, and sowing the seed for future hostilities.

The policy of maintaining a friendly intercourse, for example, with the Burmah government, which it was one of the objects of the treaty of Yandabo to accomplish, has never been carried into effect any more than another article of the same treaty, which provided for the permanent presence of a British envoy at the Burmah capital. The manner in which Mr. Crawford's mission was received at Ava in 1826, offered at the onset little or no encouragement. The terms of the commercial articles of the treaty have been evaded in a still more flagrant manner. In 1829, Lieutenant-Colonel Burney was sent on a mission to claim the payment of instalments of the contribution that were over due, and to remonstrate concerning the constant infraction of the boundary treaty. The colonel remained several years at Ava, exposed to constant annoyances, and having constantly to contend against the caprice of the king and the insincerity of his ministers.

The King of Ava had at this time fallen into a state of imbecility, and the administration had been assumed by his favourite queen, with the support of her brother Mentahgyee, to the total exclusion of the heir-apparent and the brother of the king from all offices of trust and emolument. The court then became a scene of intrigue and dissension.

The parties came to an open rupture towards the end of 1837, when the Prince of Tharawadi, the king's eldest brother, rose up in insurrection, and by the month of April, 1838, obtaining possession of Ava, had, in defiance of his promises to the British resident, all the chief and influential persons of the opposite party either secretly strangled in prison or publicly executed, with those circumstances of atrocious inhumanity which characterise the capital punishments of the Burmahs.

Tharawadi, indeed, upon arriving at supreme power, openly and at once threw off the English alliance. He not only declared in council, but he explicitly stated to the resident, that he did not consider himself

bound by the acts of his predecessor, and that he did not acknowledge the treaties made by his brother with the government of India; replying to the argument that the treaties made with the British government were not personal with the late king, but perpetual with the Burmah nation by whomsoever governed, by saying that such might be the English custom, it was not the Burman; that the English had not conquered him, or made the treaty with him, and that he was determined to have nothing to say to it: a policy, according to which, in a country of perpetual rebellions, usurpations, and regal assassinations, a new treaty would have to be enforced at every new accession by force of arms, and at an untold sacrifice of life and treasure.

Nothing remained then for the British resident but to take his departure with what few European traders and American missionaries had ventured to take up their residence in the Burman capital since the treaty. The British government was weak enough, however, to persevere in its conciliatory measures. Colonel Benson and Captain M'Leod were despatched to the Burman court, to be exposed to nothing but insult and annoyance at every step of their progress. After being detained a long time at Rangoon, they were informed, when at Prome, that they had better remain there; and as they treated the intimation as unofficial, and continued their journey, they were detained on an island in the river, little better than a sandbank, not permitted to communicate with the people, and the physical pangs of starvation were added to the degradation of moral insults. This occurred at Amarapura, whither Tharawadi first removed his court.

Colonel Benson had the good sense to withdraw from so undignified and inconvenient a position, but Captain M'Leod was left till the rising of the river covered the island, and then he too was compelled to follow the example of his superior, to the infinite diversion of him of the "golden foot," who, barbarian like, thought that he had played a very clever trick in thus disembarassing himself of a troublesome mission.

Several insurrections occurred subsequent to this, and they were all followed by barbarous and appalling executions. The old queen was trod to death by an elephant on the occasion of an insurrection among the Shan tribes, and Tharawadi's eldest son, the Prince of Prome, was also put to death. At length, Tharawadi himself, having always been addicted to intemperate habits, became so ferocious in his cruelty that his own ministers were obliged to treat him as insane, and he died a few months after his deposal. His nephew then became sovereign. In the commencement of his reign, hopes were entertained that the intercourse with the court of Ava might be renewed on the terms of the treaty, as some disposition was shown to relax the restrictions to which, during the life of Tharawadi, the resort of Europeans to the capital and the trade of Rangoon had been rigorously subjected. The new prince, however, speedily subsided into inactivity and sensual indulgence, and experienced the fate of his father, having been deposed by one of his ministers, who placed himself upon the throne.

The usurper, who appears to have assumed the popular name of Alompra, soon delivered himself to all kinds of cruelty and debauchery. He discarded his wife, and filled his zenana with low women. Within a single twelvemonth there were two insurrections in Ava, in which more

than 5000 victims are reported to have been sacrificed, many of them with the most revolting cruelties. Those who now surround the throne are thus steeped to the lips in crime, and, blinded by the arrogance of a guilty success, they have, above all, been inveterate in their hostility to, and persecution of, the British, and indeed of all Europeans and Americans in the country, and who have in latter times been chiefly congregated at Rangoon.

At length these excesses were carried to such an excess as to be no longer sufferable, and the first penalty of long-continued neglect was paid in the shape of demands of redress addressed to the court of Ava. The lessons of adversity are notoriously soon forgotten by an eastern despot. When Lord Dalhousie's letter was read to Alompra he dashed it down on the floor, and, in a fury, ordered the barbarian ships of war that brought it to be driven out of the river. The cabinet arrived at a similar determination, and it was resolved to try conclusions with us in the field. Still it was worth while gaining a little time; a temporising answer was returned, and a royal commissioner, the Governor of Prome, was despatched to Rangoon in regal pomp, taking with him a reinforcement of 3000 men, ten boats of powder, and money and stores levied on his way, as a "pacific demonstration!" Instead of reprimanding the Viceroy of Rangoon as a promoter of disturbance, the Prince of Prome treated him most fraternally, while he totally ignored the presence of a British commodore. An interview was attempted, but in vain. Our flag was trampled under foot. Commodore Lambert directed all British subjects to embark immediately, and offered refuge in the squadron to such as desired it. Sixty unfortunates, who were endeavouring to save their property, were detained and thrown into prison. At length the viceroy warned the commodore, on the 9th of January, that should he attempt to move down the river, the squadron would be fired on from the shore.

On the morning of the 10th, the *Fox* was towed down and anchored within 400 yards of the stockade; the steamer having returned to bring away with her a Burman man-of-war, was fired on as she neared the *Fox*, with the prize in tow. The fire was immediately returned with great vigour. The enemy dispersed, after some 300 of them were supposed to have been slain. The squadron then proceeded on its course, and the river ports of Burmah were proclaimed to be in a state of blockade—an arrangement conditionally agreed upon beforehand by the Governor-General.

Preparations were, on the receipt of this warlike intelligence, made with very unusual promptitude and vigour, to bring a war that had long been inevitable to as prompt a conclusion as possible. After one more conciliatory letter, sent up to Rangoon by the *Fox* on the 30th of January, and which vessel was fired upon as an answer, it was determined to force the Burmahs to terms before the setting in of the monsoon; and a flotilla of more than a dozen war-steamers, with 6000 troops on board, were ordered to proceed at once to the seat of war from the three presidencies. The Calcutta portion of the expeditionary force left the Hooghly on the 25th of March, and the Madras troops embarked on board the Bombay squadron on the 27th and 29th.

The commander-in-chief, General Godwin, and Rear-Admiral Austen,

proceeded at once to the river Saluen, on one side of which is the British settlement of Moulmein, on the other the Burman town of Martaban. They arrived there on the 5th of April, and by the next morning Martaban was in our hands. The division returned to Rangoon, where the Madras force had arrived the previous evening, on the 7th. On the 10th and 11th of April the combined forces destroyed the whole of the stockades on the Rangoon river. On the 12th, a stockade, called the White-horse picket, was carried after severe fighting. On the 13th the heavy guns were landed, and on the 14th the celebrated Dagon Pagoda was stormed, and with it fell all the surrounding country. The loss sustained in these actions was very severe, and was singularly increased by exposure to an unusually hot sun.

Such are the brilliant feats of arms which have opened a campaign to which, no doubt, we shall have many occasions to recur. After the conduct (as previously detailed) of the Burmahs towards us ever since the two governments have been brought in contact, and more especially their flagrant disregard of a treaty wrung from them by force of arms, added to the political and moral, or rather immoral, history of the country, there can be only one opinion as to what remains to be accomplished—the annexation of the delta of the Irawady, as a confiscation of territory is spoken of, and it would comprise the whole of the seaboard of the empire; but this might have been done last time, merely by placing the Peguans under British protection; but such an annexation would not suffice to ensure peace, nor is it likely, with a nation so irrationally obstinate, and so suicidally vainglorious, that permanent peace can be ensured without a resident at the capital, supported, like his brethren at the native courts of India, by a respectable force of British troops.

There will be the usual outcry, “Where,” if removed to the Irawady, “will the boundaries of the Anglo-Indian empire end?” Providence will one day determine that question. Arracan and Tenasserim have already been included within the beneficent rule of the Anglo-Indian government. The latter was wrung from Siam by the Burmahs, and may one day entail us trouble with that strange and little known country. But in the mean time the question is, in all these progressive encroachments—in which, let peace societies and aborigines’ protection societies say what they will, the hand of Providence must be present—are not the results eminently beneficial to the welfare, the morality, the happiness, and prosperity of the natives themselves?

The Burmahs, as they now exist, are an industrious but prostrate people, goaded and tyrannised over by a cruel, vainglorious, exacting, and treacherous aristocracy. Every male inhabitant must have been both priest and soldier once in his lifetime. The women are considered as an inferior race, and are mere slaves to their husbands. Thus the despotism of the head of the state is handed down from one class to another, till it reaches the domestic hearth. Every man in the country is regarded as the king’s slave. A white elephant has his ministers, secretaries, and followers. The residence of the august animal is contiguous to the royal palace. It is by the Burmahs supposed to contain a human soul, in the last stage of many millions of transmigrations, and about to be absorbed into the essence of the deity. The system of government is

arbitrary and vexatious beyond toleration. The national punishments are of so horrid a character that the pen refuses to record them.

Is it too much to say, then, that the amelioration, the gradual civilisation; and even Christianising of such a prostrate, outcast, suffering people, may, by an All-wise Providence, be brought about even by the apparently objectionable means of a preliminary recourse to arms? There can no more be a battle fought than there can be a peace-meeting at Exeter-hall, without the same cognizance. By curious coincidence, the Anglo-Saxons, from the west and from the east, the one in entering India beyond the Ganges, the other in opening the long-closed ports of Japan, appear to be forced on, by an inevitable current of events, to work at bringing about the same results—to establish a connexion with the long-secluded Chinese, Mongol, and Hindu-Chinese nations.

That such intercourse, and even annexation of barbarous countries by more civilised nations, is for the benefit of the population generally, is attested by all history; but to keep to the example before us, when Arracan and Tenasserim were first taken possession of in 1826, they were almost depopulated, and were so unproductive that it was seriously deliberated whether they were worth retaining, and it was even proposed to restore them to the despotic rulers whose tyranny and exactions had entailed that absence of population and infertility of soil. Fortunately, however, for the people, the proposal was overruled; and, although their advancement was somewhat retarded by errors of management when first placed under British rule, the result, as given by Professor Wilson, has established beyond question the benefits they have derived from the change of rulers.

By the last returns (we quote from the professor), the population of Moulmein, which consisted originally of a few fishing-huts alone, exceeded 50,000, comprising a number of enterprising European merchants. The value of the imports and exports in 1850-51 was nearly 600,000*l.* The revenues of the Tenasserim provinces, which were originally next to nothing, amounted in 1848-49 to 55,000*l.* The population of the country is still yet thinly-scattered, and the resources of the province are far from developed. In Arracan the progress has been still more remarkable; the population was rated, on the 1st of January, 1850, at 344,914, of whom only 200 were Europeans. In 1828 it was estimated at less than one-third, or about 100,000. The revenue of 1850-51 amounted to 88,000*l.*, and more than covered the expenses. The trade of Akyab, the principal port, was, in the same year, of the value of 360,000*l.*, of which 153,123*l.* was the value of the rice exported, Arracan having become the granary of the countries along the Bay of Bengal, and being capable of supplying them to an incalculable extent. Such (observes Professor Wilson) have been the effects of a mild and equitable, though foreign government, in the short interval of twenty-six years.

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THE DAY-DREAM OF GEORGE VANSITTART: AND ITS RECOMPENSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC," THE "GOLDEN ERA," ETC.

I.

It was in the spring of a year not very far removed from us, that a group of human beings—or it may be more correct to say several groups, for numbers were scattered about—stood in a wild-looking but beautiful district of Ireland. Human beings they were; sent into the world by the same God who has made us all, and endowed, as we are, with a living soul; yet as they huddled there, crouching beneath hedges, lying motionless on the ground, or standing erect and hurling defiance, both with looks and tongue, around, they scarcely looked human. To the first glance of the eye, the scene they presented was a mass of dirt, rags, nakedness, disease, and famine: and these were not the worst features. Every evil passion that neglect, misery, and the most abject ignorance engender, might be traced in many of the countenances. For that divine part of them, the living spirit, had been left to its own evil training, and to the companionship and example of beings such as they were. And they had grown from youth to age, ay, many to the verge of the grave, knowing not that for the thoughts, passions, sins of which that soul was guilty, it was fast hastening on to a day when it must render up a dread account of what it had done in the body.

Yet how could it be that these people were in so lamentable a state of spiritual darkness, when they were under the care of Father Phelim, and attended his chapel for mass, some of them at least, every Sabbath-day? What Father Phelim pretended to teach them I cannot tell; what he did teach them I know less: but I do know, that of the *fruits* of pure religion they had none; they knew not such by name. If you think this state of things existed not, you are wrong; if you deem that it does not still exist, go into many parts of Ireland and see and judge for yourselves.

The moral and physical existence of this ill-fated race of people was not in a more happy condition. The effects of the years of famine had not yet passed, and Ireland, especially in the part of it alluded to here, was in a deplorable state. To form an adequate idea of the existence her ill-fated children were condemned to drag out, would be impossible, unless their sufferings had been actually witnessed. The workhouses were full to overflowing—it may almost be said to suffocation—and of out-door relief there was none; there were not sufficient supplies to furnish it. No bread came out of the Unions, but plenty of coffins: as to the sinking poor outside, they buried their fast-accumulating dead how they could.

Yet there were broad rich lands around. Could not *these* be cultivated,

and so furnish employment and food for this famishing race? And there were shoals upon shoals of what are called able-bodied men upon it, who only wanted work and sustenance to render them able-bodied in truth. Could not these men have been placed to till the ground, so that it might yield its increase? Sitting comfortably at our ease here at a distance, we may ask why was, or is, not this done, and why the other? But had we been upon the spot then, we might have hesitated in dismay ere putting the question. Symptoms of ejection and ruin were visible everywhere; rich lands lying unproductive, and suffered to run to waste; burnt cabins, unroofed huts. They told a long tale—a tale that might have extended back for years. It spoke of absenteeism—of neglect from those who ought to have encouraged and sustained—of reckless expenditure—of forced extortion—of the overbearing of agents and middlemen—of wretched management—of an industrious peasantry, sinking into a far worse state than were their lord's dogs, and who would have devoured ravenously the meats those dainty dogs rejected. Ruin, nothing but ruin, stalked around, and apparently irretrievable. The estate was now up for sale, but what recked that despairing crew gathered there who should be its buyer. Curses, more deep than loud, were all that just now could be heard from them. They threw their naked skeleton arms about and cursed away—a sort of general curse: the authorities of the workhouse, the British Government, British laws, and especially all the members of the British Parliament, save the Irish Catholic representatives. Great Britain's sovereign did not wholly escape; and, coming nearer home, they wound up with a few oaths at the British soldiers then in Ireland, and a great many at the local police. A more repulsive sight than they presented in these moments was never witnessed on earth; the wildest race of savages that ever peopled the wildest tracts of land, could not have inspired to the eye more abhorrence and disgust. But did God create them so? No, no. He created them as He has created the more favoured inhabitants of these enlightened lands—with fair forms, and noble intellects, and human and teachable hearts. An unhappy chain of circumstances, which *they* could not control, a pernicious system, and wretched management in more ways than one, had reduced them to it. And there they were now—foodless, houseless, shelterless, untaught; lying together on the ground as do the lowest animals, and neglected as such; and there was not one man in all Ireland who took the trouble to ascertain whether those hearts had become radically despicable in the struggle, or if something Christian might not be left in them yet.

The voices sunk into silence, and many of those stretched on the ground arose as a carriage containing three gentlemen bowled rapidly up. It slackened its pace as it neared them: the road was none of the best; and the postboy finally stopped his horses, for he could not drive over the dark forms still lying there. One of the gentlemen—and though by far the youngest in age, he appeared to be the principal—leaned from the carriage window, a contraction of pain shading his open and commanding countenance, as his looks gathered on the scene around. "Have you no better resting-place than this, my friends?" he asked, in a kindly tone.

There was no answer ; but a low growl, whose tone spoke defiance, broke from some of the men.

"Have they—the sick there," he returned, pointing to a group, whose ashy, drawn countenances betrayed the suffering state they were in—"have they no shelter, no other home than the open air?"

"Hear to him!" uttered one, a tall, bold, but terribly emaciated man, whose whole bearing spoke ferocity. "Hear to him!" he repeated, turning to his fellow-men; "this is the way they come to mock us. After grinding us down for years and years, each year worse than the last, and bringing famine upon us, till our natural strength and energy are wasted, and we sink away by handfuls, and letting us see our children die before our eyes, and taking the work out of our hands, and sacking our homes over our heads, and destroying our country,—they parade, mockingly, up in their fine carriages, these foreigners, and say, 'How is it ye be without food and shelter?' Drive on with ye; and if ye want something to speed ye on yere way, take some curses; they'll follow ye in plenty."

He, the former spokesman, resumed. They were soothing words if it would seem, and he spoke in a soothing tone; but a storm of oaths interrupted him, drowning his voice, and a frightfully discordant yell arose, amidst which the postilion, untold, touched his horses, and drove carefully on.

"It is of no use, sir," observed the stouter of his two companions, who had been coiled up in a corner of the carriage; "sympathy with such hardened wretches is worse than thrown away. I kept close, for if they had seen me, it is hard to say if they would not have attacked the carriage. I had a deal to do with them in my former capacity as agent, and I can assure you the most stringent treatment was not sufficient to manage them."

"Did you ever try the opposite course?" inquired the younger gentleman.

"Opposite course for *them*!" and the ex-agent laughed an incredulous laugh as he spoke; "you don't know them, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that these men would not work under encouraging circumstances, or that those herds of children there, trained to usefulness and morality, would not become as faithful and efficient labourers as any we can boast of in England?"

"But we are talking, sir, of what is done, not of what might be," was the agent's reply. "All the training they get now is from the local priests. And between ourselves, sir, these priests do three parts of the mischief; yes, I do say it, though I am a Catholic myself. They excite their flock to discontent, and all sorts of evil; and as for improvement, either of the land or the people, their utmost endeavours are used to keep that down."

"How do you account for that?"

"The animosities of the priesthood are so great—pardon the remark—against England, and knowing—or, at least, believing—that from the sister country must spring the remedies which will eventually restore Ireland to prosperity, they naturally endeavour to counteract all improvement. I speak of the priesthood as a body; there are, of course, individual exceptions."

"And the source of this animosity," inquired the Englishman, "whence is it?"

"That she is a Protestant country. This is the chief source, but there are other minor ones."

The carriage continued its way, and, ere long, drew up before the gates of a large but half-ruined mansion. Doors were broken, windows shattered, outbuildings dilapidated. A case of greater neglect could scarcely be witnessed. The gardens and pleasure-grounds bore the appearance of waste land, and the same scene of neglect extended itself for miles and miles. Hedging, ditching, draining, felling, fencing! what a field for labour presented itself to the eye!—and few could doubt that such labour would be amply repaid.

But a few minutes after the carriage was out of sight of the Irish, two priests came suddenly upon the scene. One was their customary pastor, Father Phelim, the other was known to the people as Father Nicholas. The latter made occasional visits to the parish—one every two years or so—and as he was always treated with the greatest deference by Father Phelim, it may be supposed he held a higher preferment, and was, perhaps, a sort of overlooker. Father Phelim himself was a good-humoured, easy little body, scolding his flock very little, and finding fault with few. Provided he and his "niecco," who kept house for him, were left alone quietly in the residence dignified with the name of the "Priest's House," he interfered but little with them. The whole mass—those who were capable of it—rose from their slouching positions at the appearance of their pastors, reverently greeting them.

"Who were those parties?" inquired Father Nicholas, pointing in the direction which the chaise had taken.

Many a scowl gathered around, and many a voice uttered the word, "English."

"It took the road to the great house," continued one; "maybe they are thinking to look at the land."

"Never let them become your masters, my children," exclaimed Father Nicholas, the excitement of anger knitting up his brow; "never let it be said that a faithful Catholic population was lorded over by a Protestant despot. Erase from the surface of your soil these odious anomalies; they would sap our faith, destroy our salvation, lead your children to be their slaves and serfs. Never, until these Protestants—these children of the devil—shall be rooted out from amongst us, will Ireland regain peace, and you prosperity. Let it be your care, the thwarting of these Protestants—let it be your continued theme, at uprising and down-sitting, the hatred you must cherish to these heretics. Come to the chapel on Sunday, my children, all of ye that are able. We will make this theme the subject of our discourse, and give you advice upon it."

The exemplary priest moved away, followed by Father Phelim. A murmur of thankful applause followed them from the suffering groups; but they had spoken not a word in pity of those sufferings, or given any hope that they would be mitigated.

The chaise had stopped before the great gates—if anything so dilapidated could deserve the name—and the three gentlemen alighted and walked up to the dwelling, the agent producing a key from his pocket

which opened the hall-doors. The younger, and chief of the party, was George Vansittart. He had come to look over the estate, with a view to its purchase. The ex-agent had been appointed to show the place; and the third gentleman was Mr. Vansittart's solicitor.

"Years ago—it must now be ten," observed Mr. Vansittart, in the course of the day—"when I was a very young man, I came to this place on a visit to its proprietor, Lord Spendall. It struck me as being a perfect Eden, or, at least, that it might be made such. I saw things of course with the warmth of colouring which belongs only to the morning of life; and it may be that the regret for the rack and ruin to which the place was even then fast hastening, endowed its natural beauties with a deeper charm."

"I remember it, sir," interposed the agent. "Lord Spendall's visits here were not so many as to make the recollection of them difficult."

"What think you?" inquired Mr. Vansittart of his lawyer, as they stood together on the lawn some hours later.

"It is a fair field; the materials are here in abundance, but—the working! With English labourers, indeed——"

"No," interrupted Mr. Vansittart. "Those wretched men that we passed this morning have grown upon the soil, and I, for one, will never add insult to injuries by bringing hither strangers to usurp their places."

"You will never tame *them*," observed the agent.

"If I come here I shall try it," was the rejoinder of Mr. Vansittart.

"I believe, sir," observed the agent, "you have now seen all."

"I have seen quite sufficient," returned Mr. Vansittart. "A few days for consideration, and then for the decision."

"Will it be out of place, sir," resumed the agent, "if I presume, at this stage of the proceedings, to speak a word for myself? Should you become the proprietor of the estate, you will be wanting an agent here; may I hope that my attention to the interests of my former employers, and the testimonials I hold from them, will plead with you in my favour?"

"I shall not require an agent," replied Mr. Vansittart.

"Sir?"

"Should the estate become mine, I shall be my own agent—live upon the spot, and direct the working of my plans."

The agent's countenance expressed unqualified surprise, and he answered, a smile breaking his lips,

"I will give you three months, sir, to try that, but you may rely upon it that before those three months are elapsed, you will have been worried back to England in disgust."

Some days later, a young and gentle woman stood at one of the front windows of an elegant mansion at the west-end of London, looking from time to time anxiously towards the road. But the hours went on, and whoever she was expecting came not. The dusk of the early spring evening was speedily growing into darkness, and, with a slow step, she turned from the windows, and stirred the fire into a blaze.

At that very moment, even as she held the polished poker in her hand, certain sounds smote upon her ear. A carriage had driven up; the hall-door was opened; and a step was heard ascending the stairs—the quick,

active step of George Vansittart. He closed the door behind him, and held his wife to his heart; a better and a truer one never beat.

"Oh, George, I have been looking for you these two hours!" she murmured.

"The train was behind its time, Lucy. Have you dined?"

"Of course not. I waited for you."

"And the children, my love, how are they?"

She went to the bell and rang it twice. It was the nurse's signal. Poor little things! the hour for their coming down to dessert was past, and they had been waiting impatiently. Nurse carried the youngest, but the other three jumped about their papa, struggling noisily for the first kiss. Four lovely children they were, and with dispositions as tractable as their forms were fair. It was a pleasant sight—a domestic scene that you would be puzzled to see out of England. The nurse, being sent by her mistress to fetch some letters from another room, had placed the baby upon the ground, and there it sat, crowing, and knocking its coral and bells against the carpet; whilst Mr. Vansittart, breaking from the little arms that entwined him, raised the infant from the carpet, and caressingly tossed and played with it. The fire threw its cheerful glow upon the group, and Mrs. Vansittart looked on, her heart throbbing with holy affection, and her eyes glistening. Tears rise unbidden at these moments—moments that can only be known by a happy wife and mother.

They were again in the same room later in the evening, George Vansittart and his wife. He had been giving her the particulars of his Irish journey—his observations and his opinions. He did not conceal from her the wearing crossings and difficulties he should certainly have to surmount in the onset: but he dwelt fondly upon the good that would be ultimately effected, and the reward that must in time be his. A fair and flourishing estate—a contented and attached peasantry, those unhappy sons of the soil, whom he had now seen in all the miseries of neglect and want, restored to days of peace—the approbation of a good conscience, and the hope that his example would induce others like himself to try the same experiment, and so rescue some small portion of Ireland from the abyss into which she had sunk.

"Then you have finally decided in the affirmative?" his wife remarked.

"I have fully discussed the scheme with my lawyer and the agent," he replied, "and I have deliberated much upon it myself, and weighed it in all its bearings."

"And your decision, George?" she asked again.

"To enter upon it at once. Lucy, this has been my Day-Dream for years."

II.

THE months went on—it may be four or five—and wonderful alterations and improvements had been set on foot on the estate, which, as a substitute for its real name, we will call Balmayne. The "finest pisantry in the world," that portion of them, at least, indigenous to the soil of Balmayne, had been shamefully bitter and hostile at first, but patience and perseverance had overcome their antipathy. Comfort and relief had been the primary assistance held out to them—relief from the ample means and liberal hand of Mr. Vansittart. They were beginning

now to comprehend that a kind, considerate master, days passed in labour for which they were equitably remunerated, wholesome cabins, a warm hearth, food every day, renewed health, and judicious encouragement and counsel, were not bad substitutes for abandonment, famine, disease, ill-feeling, and cursing, although the author of all this change was a Protestant and an Englishman. Father Nicholas had left for a distant part of Ireland long before Mr. Vansittart's arrival; and though Father Phelim did rave a little at first, and conjure his flock, with tears in his eyes, never to accept a penny from, or do a stroke of work for, this alien, yet when he saw, with the gradual change, how much less of troublesome complaints there were, and how many more pennies came in to him at the Sunday mass, he made a pause in his urging and abuse. It cannot be supposed he became a convert himself to the new plans, but he did learn to look approvingly upon the good order and comfort ensured by their working, so far as silently to withdraw all marks of disapprobation, and let things take their course. Neither had Mr. Vansittart disregarded the moral reformation of his poor dependents, or the salutary training of their children. Schools had been instituted for the latter, provided with suitable teachers; and the acquaintance they had formerly made with much that was bad, was being, as far as possible, counteracted.

It was a contrast suggestive of much serious thought, the evening which witnessed the arrival of Mrs. Vansittart and her children, and the day when her husband had driven up, accompanied by his solicitor and the agent, to look at the estate. Then the starving mob had hooted and scoffed at the new comers, the chaise perhaps narrowly escaping an attack: but now, as Mrs. Vansittart's carriage drove in sight, and she sat in it by the side of her husband, who had gone to the coast to meet her, these same men desisted from their several employments, and with happy countenances and pleasant words of greeting waved their shaggy hats over their heads, and prayed openly, one and all, for a blessing upon her—upon her and Mr. Vansittart.

"I will look about me a little, now," she said to her husband, as she alighted from the carriage.

"You are not too tired, Lucy?"

"No, no; just a few paces. I am anxious to see the place."

He walked with her. "By its aspect now," he observed, "you must not judge of what the estate will be. It has been made to look a little less like a wilderness, and that is all as yet."

"But I see nothing of the extreme desolation you spoke of, George," she observed, in the progress of their walk, "or of the wretchedness of the people."

"That has been remedied, Lucy. I could not expect these men to work for me with a will, until they had a decent cabin to put their heads into at night, and a meal to eat in it. Had these ameliorations not been required, the out-door improvements would have been by now more forward. But we get on very well."

"How do you find them—these men? They look rough."

"The purest diamond wears the roughest surface—is there not such a saying?" he added, smiling. "When you are acquainted with these Irishmen, Lucy, you will judge as I do—that they are faithful and warm-

hearted ; and, where they are attached, industrious. I could not wish a better race of labourers."

"They seem attached to you, if we may judge by their actions and looks as we pass," she observed.

"They are so. I had a world of trouble at first. I believe one with less patience or less hope than I had would have given up the struggle in despair. The difficulty was to convince them that I had as much their good in view as I had my own. They looked upon me as their most bitter enemy, and could not be brought to understand or to imagine that I could be anything else."

"That feeling has been overcome?" she asked, anxiously.

"Quite—quite. How could it be otherwise, doing for them what I have done? There is not a body of labourers on any estate in England, Lucy, who need be more contented than these."

"What buildings are those?" inquired Mrs. Vansittart, pointing to some whose view they had just come upon.

"They are the schools," replied her husband. "I wrote you word I had established them."

"And are they well attended?"

"Now they are. At first there was a strong prejudice against them, but when the few whose children came, told how much more tractable and better these children were daily becoming, it induced others to join ; and now we have nearly all. These things cannot be accomplished in a day, Lucy ; it takes time and conviction to subdue long-standing prejudices."

"Do you interfere with their religion?"

"Oh, Lucy, no! I did not come to sow discord in the country."

"Yet, in the Roman Catholic religion there are grievous errors," she said, timidly.

"My dear wife," he answered, "true religion may be embodied in these words : '*To be good, and to do good.*' Whatever errors there may be in a man's creed, if he so will it, they are no errors to him. There are good Catholics, as well as good Protestants, who seek to do their duty to God and to their neighbour. *To be good, and to do good.* It is this religion which we strive to inculcate upon these hitherto neglected children, but we interfere not with the faith they have inherited from their forefathers."

"Ever sound-judging and considerate, George," she whispered, pressing his arm ; "ever, ever right."

They stood together upon the rising ground of the lawn, on their return, before entering their residence. The beams of the sun were sinking in the west, but its golden light still lingered over the lands. It was a lovely scene—a scene full of promise and hope for the future.

"The work can scarcely be said to be begun," he remarked to his wife, leaning on the low, ornamental iron gate, which opened from the lawn on the western side of the house, and gazing around him. "In a twelvemonth's time from this, Lucy, you will not know the place."

She did not speak, but stood there silently by his side, acquiescing in all he uttered.

"Life holds forth to us a bright prospect, Lucy," he continued, taking her hand, that it might rest in his. "To rescue this fine estate from

ruin, and cultivate it that it may yield its increase; to elevate its unhappy people from the excess of misery and degradation, and lead them to usefulness and peace; to train their children to serve ours when we shall be no more, and to teach ours, by precept and example, how to repay and sustain for ever these, their dependents; and to know that in the end, when we are laid upon our dying beds, we shall have it in our power to thank God for His mercy in having enabled us to live here a life of usefulness. Think not I was a visionary enthusiast, my dear wife, when I said that for years this had been my Day-Dream."

III.

THE twelvemonth spoken of by George Vansittart flew by, and once more he stood with his wife in a room which overlooked the lands. The change he had so fondly anticipated had indeed taken place, and the estate was now flourishing and prosperous. All his plans had been well carried out. Buildings had been reared, unsightly or useless ones taken down, and the land had been drained, dug, fenced, planted, sown, and reaped. And for him who had accomplished this, what reward was there? Even that which he had promised himself: the blessing of a good conscience, at peace with God, and with the world; the knowledge that he was pursuing the path of usefulness, and fulfilling his duties to the best of his abilities; and the satisfaction of seeing that he had diffused happiness to scores of his fellow-creatures, who, without his help, would probably have sunk under their intolerable burdens. Oh! that Ireland could find a few more, such as he, to hasten to her rescue!

Mr. Vansittart stood there at the window, pointing out to his wife the glowing appearance of the harvest fields, and what a fine luxuriance seemed to rest universally on the plains. It was some weeks since she saw the prospect from that commanding window. She had but recently risen from a sick bed, for another child had been added to their family. He had passed his arm round her, to support her still delicate frame, and they remained together, gazing on the smiling promise of plenty, which, but for Mr. Vansittart, had never been seen there.

"See, Lucy," he observed to his wife, as two dark forms passed rapidly across the land in the distance, "there goes Father Phelim, and some one with him."

"Another priest, I think," she answered; "at least, it looks so from here."

It was another priest. About half an hour previously, who should arrive in the territory of Balmayne, at the house of the parish priest, after more than eighteen months' absence, but Father Nicholas. Heavens, what a terrible rage he was in! In vain Father Phelim shook, and cowered, and deprecated, and invented a heap of stories to secure his own apostacy; for so the senior father designated his having suffered his flock to become contented servants of the Protestant—this new Mr. Vansittart. All to no purpose. Father Nicholas stormed, and raved, and cursed. *Cursed?*—a priest curse? He *did*. He cursed Mr. Vansittart with a thousand curses; he cursed the whole race of Protestants; and, more still, he bestowed a share of expletives upon Father Phelim

himself; and finally, taking his priestly hat, he rushed out of the house, commanding Father Phelim to follow him.

"Look you," he raved, as they walked along, "means must be put in force to stop this pernicious state of things. A faithful Catholic flock lorded over by a Protestant master, and attached to him; fed by his hand, and ready to lick it, as does a hound! What would become of Ireland's independence—of Ireland's long-tried faith? What would eventually become of us, her slaving but faithful priesthood, if these examples are to multiply in the land? Instead of fostering their natural hatred to Protestants and to Englishmen, and exhorting them untiringly to hunt them out of the island, or never to rest until it is accomplished, you have suffered their feeling for this new comer to change its nature and ripen into love."

"It—it—was what they got : the benefits—the food and the fuel—and the kind treatment," panted Father Phelim, not knowing what to say, or where to turn, from the angry and crimsoned countenance of his provoked superior, and wishing he could sink into the ground, or take a soaring flight over the hills, as the birds did, or else that he was safe at home with his "niece," locked up in some corner cupboard, where the eyes and voice of old Nicholas could not penetrate—"it was all that which made the flock turn to him with kindness."

"Of course it was that," screamed Father Nicholas; "do you take me for as great a fool as yourself, not to know what it was? And for that very reason you should have counteracted his plans. A people sunk in famine will not be long in attaching themselves to those who raise them into plenty. You should have thwarted this man and his measures."

"How *could* I thwart them?" humbly pleaded Father Phelim. "I did all in my power, but I could not stop his buying the estate, and setting the men to work on it. I could not stop the bread and the meat which he gave, and the erecting of cabins, and the paying for their labour, and all the rest of it. And—and—as for the schools," proceeded Father Phelim, conscious that there lay the worst grievance, "they teach nothing in them that can undermine their faith."

"You fool! you utter fool!" stuttered Father Nicholas, provoked beyond all bounds; "don't they teach them to be good and moral? Don't they teach them to be thinking and *reasoning* beings? Let them once become this, and our absolute rule is over for ever."

"I don't think these low Irish can be made reasoning beings," deprecated Father Phelim, praying that his reverend compeer might be suddenly taken with the cholera, or any other malady that would deprive him of his tongue. "Their natures are so thoroughly——"

A blighting curse interrupted him, and the voice of Father Nicholas hissed harshly in his ear.

"Were there no other means to undermine the influence of this vain Englishman, you should have resorted to the last: *that* was in your power."

The younger priest's face became a glowing red, and he turned his eyes, for the first time, full upon his superior.

"A denunciation should have been hurled against him, this George Vansittart; he should have been cursed from the altar—as *he must be now!*"

Father Phelim's limbs shook a little, while the dread whisper of his companion rang in his ear. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and had never yet heard the denunciation of a LIFE without a shudder. But he neither objected nor remonstrated : he dared not have done either, nor was it in his line of duty.

"Denounced from the altar," repeated Father Nicholas, as if it gratified him to dwell upon the theme, "and that without delay. I do not leave the place until I see the work accomplished."

He strode on with giant strides, Father Phelim's short legs trotting after him, on the run. They entered the first cabin they came to, which was inhabited by a family bearing the name of Fitzgerald. . They were somewhat superior, at least the wife was, to most of the labourers. In early life she had been assistant lady's maid to the Countess of Spendall, had resided with the family in England, and she had infused a dash of refinement (comparatively speaking) into her home, and brought up her children in a better manner than is customary with Irishwomen in her class of life. For the husband, he was a good-humoured, easy man, inclined to be idle, and, when he could get it, given to whisky. There were three children. The eldest, Mary, had married and gone to reside with her husband at a distance ; but he died within the first year, and she came back to her parents : the second daughter had been taken by Mrs. Vansittart as laundry-maid, and the third child, a boy, was not yet thirteen.

As the priests entered the cabin, the lad was seated on a stool reading from a book which he held upon his knee, and his sister leaned over his shoulder, partly reading with him, partly setting him right when he mispronounced the long or hard English words. They both, with the mother, rose dutifully at the presence of their reverences.

"What book is that?" inquired Father Nicholas, after hearing from the woman that Ned, as she styled her husband, had not yet come in from labour.

"It is a—a—book," stammered the boy, somewhat alarmed at the aspect of Father Nicholas.

"I see it is a book," repeated the holy father. "Read me the title."

"The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The priest had been in the remains of a passion before, but it was now augmented into as great a one as it was possible for a holy man to go into. He turned a withering look upon the unhappy Father Phelim.

"Is this the care you take of your flock?" he exclaimed, his lips livid with rage, although the tones of his voice were low and measured. "Who permitted this to fall into their hands?"

"How did you become possessed of this book?" reiterated Father Phelim, holding the culprit, the boy, at arm's length, and imitating the harsh tones of his superior as cleverly as he could. "Who gave it you?"

"My sister," sobbed the boy, nearly frightened to death.

"So! It was *your* doings!" uttered Father Phelim, turning to the young woman with one of the most indignant looks he could put on.

"Not her," broke in the lad. "The one what is at the big house."

"The book is a good book," said Mary, timidly. It contains——"

"But not for indiscriminate readers—not for the ignorant," interrupted

Father Nicholas, fiercely. "The volume, properly expounded to you by ourselves, would be productive of good; but its doctrines, read by you, with your own interpretation of them, might bring perdition. Hand it over to me."

The boy obeyed, and Father Nicholas took possession of the Testament. "Never let me hear of your touching one again!" he exclaimed; "you must do penance for this. And for you," he continued, turning to the mother, "be more wary for the future. Ask yourself whether it is possible that you can be numbered with the faithful, thus to peril the souls of your children. The one sent to live and serve out her days amongst our enemies, the heretics; the minds of the others perverted by the doctrines these heretics promulgate."

The woman, by way of atonement, set up a sort of semi-howl, much patronised amongst the Irish.

"Send your husband up to me at nine to-night, at his reverence, Father Phelim's," concluded the priest, as he left the cabin, after motioning Father Phelim, with awfully black looks, to pass out first.

And Father Phelim was conscious he deserved them; for, had not his want of watchfulness caused a copy of Our Saviour's Testament to find its way to the private reading of his submissive flock? Dangerous study!

They entered the next cabin, and then the next, and so on in succession; not all that day, but by the next, every cabin had been visited, and every male head of it seen. Loud, and hot, and angry was the converse of Father Nicholas with those Irishmen, as he spoke away in their native tongue. Against whatever he may have uttered, there was no appeal; a Roman Catholic dares not gainsay, or dissent from, the arguments of his priest, or *attempt* to disobey his commands—no matter what their nature may be. But the inmates of those cabins universally wore an air of gloom after the priests' departure. The men threw aside their pipes, as in deep grief or perplexity, and laid their heads upon the rude settles, and kept silence; and more than one woman rocked her baby to sleep, blinded by her own tears, as she unconsciously, from the association of ideas, chanted over it the death wail.

IV.

HAS it ever been your fate, reader, to hear, in one of Ireland's Roman Catholic churches, a human being cursed from the altar?—to sit and listen, while a fellow-creature is doomed to death—doomed by those who have no more right to assume the attributes of that Divine Being, in whose hands are alone the issues of life and death, than you have? In all probability this pain has hitherto been spared you, and oh, may it ever be so!

On the Sunday following the arrival of Father Nicholas, the usual crowded congregation poured into the little parish church of Balmayne. It consisted entirely of the poor, and was more numerous than usual, for they dared not remain away; Father Nicholas had commanded their attendance, and they never thought to disobey, although they knew that they were about to hear one, whom they loved and revered, doomed to death. Father Nicholas preached the sermon; need you ask what was its purport, or against whom he preached? Every word and thought

that could tend to inflame his hearers against their benefactor was given utterance to, and, ere they left the church, that terrible curse, too terrible to be related here, had been invoked against George Vansittart.

They walked away gloomily, not knowing, each one, but upon *him* might fall the lot to do the deed of darkness. They knew that ere the following Sabbath-day came round, the murder must be accomplished—ordinary opportunity being afforded—their oath bound them to it. The Irish are nationally and naturally improvident, seldom anticipating the future; but it did occur to a few to ask themselves whether, when their benefactor was gone, they should be again reduced to the state of abject misery from which he had rescued them. Yet be you assured of one thing—that not an individual of those Catholic Irishmen hesitated at the accomplishment of the crime, or asked himself whether there was any manner of escape for Mr. Vansittart, or even glanced, for one single moment, at the foul wrong they were doing him: their priest had laid his command upon them, and that command was all-sufficient. They knew that their deepest claims of gratitude were due to Mr. Vansittart; their heart acknowledged such; and many would rather have been told to destroy their own brother; yet they no more thought of the possibility of evading the crime, and suffering the man to live, than you who read this think of committing it.

Things went on peaceably until the Friday morning, when on that day occurred a sad event—not one, however, bearing any relation to the contemplated murder. Mary Fitzgerald, as she was commonly called—the name acquired by marriage being usually left in abeyance—had gone up to the “great house” on an errand to her sister Fanny. The latter, with another female servant, was in the washhouse in the course of her duties, and, after a few minutes’ conversation with her, Mary turned to leave, asking if she could take then a basket which belonged to her.

“Yes, you can have it,” was the younger girl’s reply. “It is up there.”

She pointed as she spoke to a nail immediately over the furnace, or copper, where the basket was hanging, and Mary leaned over the furnace to get it, but it was somewhat difficult to reach.

“Take care of your clothes,” observed one of the girls, for the door of the grate was open, and the fire was blazing away. “You had better get a chair.”

Unheeding this advice, Mary, simply pulling up her gown a little in front, still kept stretching after the basket. She was unconscious of anything amiss, but a scream from the two servants caused her to draw back. Her petticoats had caught fire, and she was speedily enveloped in flames.

It is possible the other two might have put them out before much injury was done, but their presence of mind was gone in the overpowering terror. They threw the door open, and screamed aloud.

Assistance came. Two men who were passing near, from the stables, ran up and extinguished the flames. It all seemed to be but the work of a minute; nevertheless, the unhappy girl had received her death-warrant.

“Not here, not here,” she cried, in agony, as they prepared to take her to a chamber; “I could not die in peace, away from home and mother. Bear me thither.”

Had Mr. or Mrs. Vansittart been present, or, indeed, any of the upper servants, they might have essayed to oppose her wish. But the lower orders of Irish are astonishingly superstitious, and the words, "I could not die in peace away from home," were quite sufficient to induce them at once to convey her to it, in the best manner they could.

"For the love of Heaven," cried the head nurse, an Englishwoman, when the shocking account was taken to the nursery, "don't let it get to the ears of my mistress! It would be enough to kill her, weak as she is." Mr. Vansittart, also, judged it expedient to adopt the same caution with regard to his wife.

So the children were duly warned; the nurse, as a double precaution, for the present, ordering the elder ones to be taken out for a walk. In the evening, however, after dinner, Mrs. Vansittart sent for them to stay with her. It was the first secret the children had ever kept from their mother, and the consciousness that they possessed one, imparted a constraint to their manner.

"George," she said, addressing her eldest boy, "why are you so silent?"

As a matter of course, he was more silent still at the question, and not one of the others spoke. But their looks betrayed them, and Mrs. Vansittart saw there was something to be told, though to all her questions she could get no reply.

"Do not ask him any more, mamma," whispered little Kate, who was only four years old, "because he must not tell you."

"Who says he must not, Katie?" returned Mrs. Vansittart.

"Nurse said so."

"Nurse?" interrupted their mother. "Nurse never desires you to conceal things from me."

"But papa said we must not tell you," cried George.

The colour rose for an instant to Mrs. Vansittart's face; but she spoke, after reflection:

"George, this is some secret; something has happened."

"Oh, yes, mamma, something very frightful," he answered, with tears in his eyes. "But papa charged us all not to tell you, so we cannot."

Mrs. Vansittart summoned the nurse, and questioned her. The servant could not conceal the facts now, and her mistress was soon in possession of the dreadful story.

"Help me on with my things, nurse," she said, in a faint tone; "I must go and see her."

"Dear madam, no!" cried the servant, startled. "You could do her no good, and the sight may be too much for you. She is dreadfully burnt, they say."

"My shawl," was the reply of Mrs. Vansittart. "I cannot let the poor girl die in this neglected manner."

"My master went there as soon as he heard of it, and sent for the doctor, and ordered them to have everything necessary," remonstrated the servant. "Pray, ma'am, do not venture. Linen and everything else has been sent down."

Mrs. Vansittart unheeded the nurse, and started on her errand. It was the first time she had been abroad since her confinement, and she felt

scarcely able to walk. But the cabin was situated not far from her home, and she gained it.

The unfortunate girl was dying. The only part of her which had escaped the flames was her face, and that lay pale and damp upon the pillow. She was conscious, though wandering at moments.

"It is a fearful death to die," cried the weeping mother to Mrs. Vansittart; "but her state of mind is happy, the Virgin be praised! I sent for his reverence this afternoon, and he was out; but I have now sent Fanny again, and expect him every moment. He will make it all straight for her, and see her soul safely through purgatory."

"May Heaven bless you, my lady!" murmured the suffering invalid, as Mrs. Vansittart leaned over her—"bless you and your children! You have done for us all what no others have ever done in life."

"Have you no desire to express—no wish?" questioned Mrs. Vansittart. "Are you perfectly reconciled to die?"

"She has but one wish, my lady," interrupted the mother, "and that she did but mention once; for it is next to impossible that it could be gratified."

"But one wish," echoed the dying girl, making a movement as if she would have clasped her hands together.

"And that one, Mary?" inquired Mrs. Vansittart.

"Oh, my lady, inquiri not," was the feeble answer. "It is the thought of that which makes me rebellious against death. That it should have come now!"

Mrs. Vansittart turned to the mother for an explanation.

"We knew Mary would not be a long liver, my lady; for, you see, ever since her husband's death, the presentiment has been upon her that she should not be long after him; but her prayers have always been that she might not be taken until she had saved sufficient to carry her corpse to where his lies. She had already begun a little store towards it. It seems she gave him the promise when the death-agony was upon him."

"Oh, that I had lived—that I had lived till I was able to accomplish it!" was the faint prayer that came upon their ears.

Mrs. Vansittart considered. She knew where the husband lay, and she could give a random guess what the cost would be to convey the remains of Mary thither. She wondered whether Mr. Vansittart would consent to incur the expense: yet she looked at the hapless girl stretched before her, hastening on to another world, and she knew that this one disappointment was contributing to render her passage thither restless.

"Mary," she said, wiping the dew from her brow, "if it depended upon myself alone, I would at once give you the promise that this desire should be accomplished; but I will speak to Mr. Vansittart. I expect he will be at home when I return; and if he can grant you this request, I will send you word to that effect."

"Oh, my lady, you were ever too good—you—he—all of you, ever too good! And if—if—if——" it seemed as if one of those fits of aberration was coming over her—"if it has fallen upon him to do the deed," she continued, speaking in a low whisper, and glancing towards her father, who still sat lowering in the chimney-corner, as he had done ever since the lady's entrance, "never, never think that his heart is in it. His oath to the priest binds him, and it must be executed; otherwise he would sooner cut off his right hand than commit it."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Vansittart.

"The lot fell upon him," she continued to whisper, her glassy eyes bent in the direction of the cabin-door, just outside of which stood the mother, looking out for the priest; and it was evident, by the fixed stare of those eyes, turned, as it were, within her, that she was communing with herself, rather than speaking to Mrs. Vansittart. Beyond all doubt her mind was not in a perfectly sane state: facts and insanity, recollection and forgetfulness, seemed to be strangely mixed up together. Had she been in her clear senses, she would have lain and died a thousand times rather than have given utterance to what she was now saying. "In the evenings, when ye shall be sitting by yourself, a lone woman," she continued, "surrounded by your orphan children, and you feel inclined to curse the hand that made you so, oh! blame him not entirely; think that, left to himself, he would sooner have laid his body down for ye to walk upon, than have joined in this. He would have been content to fight for ye both, for ye all, until his life's blood had oozed from his heart; and he would do it still, but that fate has cast the deed upon him, and he may not gainsay it."

"Mary, I cannot understand what you mean; but be still and calm, for your own sake."

She raised her unfortunate hands, raised them in their pain, all wrapped in cottons as they were, and laid them upon Mrs. Vansittart's arm, speaking in a more dread whisper; but still it seemed that she was addressing some imaginary being, and not Mrs. Vansittart.

"Oh! my lady, try not to curse him; by your own kind heart, and by the peaceful heavens above us, I conjure you, do not curse him; when time shall have worn away your first burst of anger and despair, and you shall look back to this time with tears, still forbear to curse him! He would not willingly bring a day's sorrow upon ye, or hurt a hair of your head, *but he has no alternative*. His will is good to save, my lady, but he dare not. Promise him, as he sits there, that you will try not to curse him."

"Here comes Fanny, and his reverence is following—both their reverences," broke in the mother, turning from the door towards the bed. When, as she approached it, she caught sight of the earnest attitude of her daughter, and the painful, anxious expression on her countenance, seeming to denote that more than bodily pain oppressed her, the woman's face became white as marble, and a cold dew broke out over it.

"What has she been saying to ye, my lady?—all in a whisper, too; what is it?"

"I think she is wandering," replied Mrs. Vansittart. "I do not understand what it is that she would say to me."

"Indeed, my lady, and she has been wandering at times since it happened. And *then* she uttered things—such things, my lady!—but we could make neither top nor tail of them; and I think her mind was running on her dead husband. Ned," continued the woman, rushing up to her husband, and speaking in Irish, as she seized him by the arm, "what is it the child has been a-saying? Look at her!"

The man aroused himself, and glanced at his daughter and Mrs. Vansittart. But he had been lost in his own reveries, and had heard nothing.

"Do not alarm yourself," said Mrs. Vansittart to the woman; "she is evidently not wholly conscious. Why should it trouble you to dwell upon what she has been uttering?"

Mrs. Vansittart was perfectly calm, and the woman became reassured. In a few moments the priests entered the cabin, and Mrs. Vansittart took her leave, to proceed homewards. The sun had set, but the large moon, nearly at the full, was above the east, giving token of a glorious night. She hoped to find her husband at home when she entered; he had gone out immediately after their dinner to look at some works that were progressing on the estate. Near to the house, Mrs. Vansittart met one of their men-servants. She stopped and spoke to him.

"Patrick, has your master come in?"

"Sure then he has, my lady, but just at the moment. Indeed, and I don't think he knew that ye were out, ma'am; for I heard him ask then where was the mistress."

A few moments more, and Mr. Vansittart met his wife. He drew her arm within his, and gently chided her for walking to the Fitzgeralds' cabin, and alone. They entered the house, and passed into the western sitting-room, the large window of which commanded so fine a view. Mrs. Vansittart untied her bonnet, and laid it on the table; she was much fatigued, and sank into an easy-chair by the window, Mr. Vansittart standing by; and she proceeded to tell him of this anxious wish of Mary Fitzgerald to be conveyed to the resting-place of her husband.

Kind, kind—ever kind! It involved but a little money, and that he instantaneously resolved to sacrifice, so that the ill-fated young woman might end her last few hours in peace.

"I will go at once, and tell her that her wish is granted," he observed to his wife.

"You will not stay, George?" she asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Not an instant," he replied. "I shall walk fast, and be back with you directly."

He would have turned to leave, but his wife had risen from her chair, and stood there, clasping his arm. During her way back, she had been thinking of the strange words Mary uttered to her, and the more she dwelt on them, the less she liked their purport. In a low whisper—low and dread as that in which they were spoken to her—she now revealed to her husband as much of them as she could remember, though it was but little of their meaning she had been able to collect, asking him, in conclusion, whether danger was to be dreaded.

"Danger?" he repeated.

"Such things have been heard of in this country," she whispered, clinging to him, "repeatedly and repeatedly—that the Irish have taken the lives of their benefactors."

"Think you they would take mine, Lucy?" he returned, almost laughing at the improbability of the idea. "Who has done, who would do for them what I have? I do not believe there is a man on the estate who would not lay down his life to serve me."

"Then what could Mary Fitzgerald mean?" she rejoined.

"Her thoughts were wandering, of course, Lucy," he answered, drawing his wife closer to him, as if to reassure her.

"Perhaps they were: indeed, I fully thought so at the time. It is

only in dwelling upon the matter since I left, that a fear has come upon me."

"Lucy, my dear wife, be under no alarm," he uttered. "Who has cause to fear such a thing so little as I? *Kill me!* Oh, Lucy, Lucy, could you for a moment entertain the idea that *that* could be my recompense?"

No, she did not entertain it now; but sad thoughts had been conjured up, and still she clung to him, the tears which had gathered in her eyes falling upon his shoulder. He strained her to his beating heart, there in the moonlight, and kissed the cheek that lay so passively against his.

"God in heaven bless you, my dearest!" he uttered, as he released her. "Almost immediately I will be back with you."

She looked after him as he left the room. It was the last look she had of him alive on earth, and those words were the last she ever heard him utter.

Mrs. Vansittart went up to her dressing-room, and ordered lights in it. She removed her walking things, and then went into the nursery.

"Nurse, are the children in bed?"

"All but Master George, madam, and he is being undressed. Did you want them?"

"No matter. I felt nervous and out of spirits, and would have taken George to sit with me. But it is growing late, and he is better in bed."

Mrs. Vansittart returned. Two candles were on the sofa-table, in the dressing-room, and a wax taper, which she had carried in her hand, she laid by their side, without extinguishing it. Taking up a book, she began to read, and presently a maid-servant, an Irish girl, entered the room.

"The saints be good to ye, my lady!" exclaimed the girl, the moment she caught sight of the three candles, "but ye surely are not burning *three* lights! It is the token of some great evil to ye."

Mrs. Vansittart had heard of this superstition before, so rife in Ireland, that to see three lights burning at once denotes evil, and she looked up and saw the girl's white and terrified countenance.

"How can you be so simple, Bridget? What difference can it possibly make, whether I burn two candles or three?"

"For the love of God, my lady, let me put it out. I know some ill is going to fall upon the house."

Mrs. Vansittart handed her the taper, and the maid, taking some work which she had come for, retired. This little incident did not tend to raise the poor lady's spirits. Not that she gave a thought to the Irish superstition, but her nerves were unstrung, and at such times a trifle upsets them.

She sat on, waiting for her husband. Tea was ready; he had promised to be back for it—to be back again directly, and he came not. She paced the room. She asked herself what could have detained him; more still, she asked herself how she could have suffered him to go out that night alone, with these fears upon her, and she went to the windows and strained her eyes in the direction he ought to come; and still he came not.

When Mrs. Vansittart left the Fitzgeralds' cabin, the two priests had entered it. Father Nicholas advanced towards the bed.

"It is the judgment of the Lord!" he exclaimed, as he looked on the suffering form that lay there. "I told you," he said, turning to the

man—"I told you both," he continued, turning to the woman, "that you were drawing down the anger of Heaven upon your heads, and now it has fallen. Woe, woe, woe be unto all who shall listen unto and take counsel of God's enemies, the heretics!"

"Father, father!" prayed the woman, "for the love of Christ accord her the last sacraments, ere her soul shall have passed away."

"Through your children have you rebelled, and through them must be your punishment," continued Father Nicholas: "a just requital. Your younger daughter was consigned to the home of this alien family—suffered to live among them—suffered to become attached to them—suffered to listen to their pernicious doctrines. Your son was, still through them, encouraged to peruse a Book which we have forbidden you, and whose teaching, unexplained and unguided by your spiritual pastors, can but be productive of evil. And for her, your daughter here, whose career has been suddenly stopped, it was but last week that she—*she*!—dared to differ from us in reference to this very Book, putting forth her own opinion that the volume was a good one, when we warned her against reading it."

"Father, holy father, forgive her!—forgive us all! May not the terrible agony that has withered her body be the expiation of her sin? Oh, have mercy upon her, and save her soul, for that is rapidly passing."

The priest glanced towards the bed, and then at the father and mother. Father Phelim took a step forwards, and spoke:

"You know, my children, how I warned you against this Englishman. You should——"

He was interrupted by the woman, who set up a loud wail; for a change, it looked to be that of death, had fallen upon the bed.

"For the Englishman's sins to us—for ours to you—visit not God's anger upon *her*," implored the man, turning to Father Nicholas, and speaking for the first time. "They will be expiated, both his and ours, before to-morrow night. Father, you *know* that I have sworn to accomplish the deed."

"And tardy enough have you been over it. Five days! You might have accomplished it before."

"I could not. I have found no opportunity, though I have watched for one. Never, since he has been amongst us, have I found him so little abroad, alone, as this week. Oh, father, the child, the child! absolve her ere her soul be gone."

"Too late, too late!" shrieked the mother, as she set up the death-wail.

"Could you expect she would be suffered to live for absolution?" retorted the priest, bending to the bed to ascertain that the mother's words were true. "Absolution for one who erred as she has done!"

And still the mother kept on the death-wail. It was one of unusual anguish and despair, for that the soul had quitted its earthly tenement without the forgiveness of the two worthy fathers who stood there. But would it for this be the less likely to obtain the forgiveness of another Father, to whom it had hastened?

It was some little time afterwards when Mr. Vansittart reached the cabin on his errand of mercy. The priests had left the place to return to Father Phelim's, and the husband, Fitzgerald, had also disappeared. But the wife was there, surrounded by several neighbours, who were perform-

ing the last offices required by the dead, and howling aloud, after the manner of the Irish. He remained a short time, speaking what he might of comfort to the woman, and then left the cabin to go home.

The evening was drawing on apace ; but for the moon, it would have been quite dark, and that, which had risen so brightly, became from time to time obscured by clouds. As he walked rapidly along, his thoughts flew back to the time when he first came to settle there. He seemed to see the desolation of the place then ; he looked at its smiling aspect now. He remembered the tenfold desolation of its unhappy people ; he glanced at their present prosperity. *Murder* his recompense !—no, surely, no, while aught of gratitude and justice remained in the land.

Even as the thoughts passed through his mind, he saw, or fancied he saw, a dark form moving in the distance, under cover of the hedge. He stood still, and looked attentively. It was surely a human being.

Did his heart beat quicker at that moment ? Did the words of his wife occur to him, that it was no infrequent occurrence for the Irish to take the lives of their benefactors ? It cannot be known. But the dark, slouching form had stopped as he stopped, and Mr. Vansittart, convinced that a man was hiding there, shouted out to him, inquiring what he did.

There was no answer in words. A steady, unerring aim, a slight flash, a report which echoed through the field, a dark form stealing away with the flight of one who dreads detection, that was all the answer ; and George Vansittart was lying on the ground, with the murderer's ball through his body.

Still Mrs. Vansittart sat on alone, and still her husband came not ; and at length, weary, sick, terrified, she sent out in search of him.

But a little while longer, barely a quarter of an hour of agonising suspense, ere the messengers returned, bearing a heavy burden. They could not keep this from her, as they had kept the accident in the morning. The servants had found him in the path ; they had almost walked over it—the dead body of George Vansittart !

Oh, what a house it was ! That ghastly sight lying in the hall, and *she*, in a state of temporary insanity, standing over it ; her children, aroused from their beds, weeping and wailing around her in the extremity of terror. Once her voice was heard, with a shrill cry and despairing words, heard above them all, “ Oh, what had he done that this should be his recompense ? ”

Ay, what had he done ? He had devoted his time, and money, and energies to the welfare of these Catholic Irishmen—he had lavished his heart's kind feelings upon them—he had made their happiness and the amelioration of Ireland his Day-Dream—he had forsaken his own land that he might cherish theirs—and now, even in the very act of performing an act of generosity to one of their race, he had received his reward. And that reward ? The being hurled to the death from which he had rescued them, and the bringing sorrow worse than death upon his wife and upon his children. Verily it was a fearful recompense, the recompense of George Vansittart.

How many similar cases have occurred, think you, in Ireland, and are occurring still ?

F E M A L E N O V E L I S T S.

No. IV.—THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVE"

UNDER the generic title of the Novel, are congregated many and diverse species. Its unity is a huge syncretism. Its catholicity is a comprehension of sectaries. Its articles of faith, broad as they may be in definition of doctrine, will always have some subscribers who adopt a non-natural sense. The Novel is a title bestowed on, or claimed by, a mass of opposing forces; it is supposed to sanction alike the toryism of one man and the sans-culottism of another—pathos *in extremis*, and folly in cap and bells—argument in linked flatness long drawn out, and desultory description ever flying off at a tangent—severe didactic morality and lawless indecent ribaldry—the experiences of retired maidenly innocence, and of cracksmen on their last legs—the tendencies of Oxford tractism, and of Straussian *a-theology*—the sober sadness of earnest souls, who write every line under a present sense of grave responsibility, and the flippant dilettantism of those who desecry no under-current in life, and hurry adown the surface stream, reckless as to the how and the whither. To whichever of these classes—and the enumeration might be extended beyond compute—the author of "Olive" may belong, it is not to the last. She is not one of the frivolous, light-headed, empty-hearted school. Fashion is not *her* first and last, and midst and without end. Let others, as they list, chronicle the soft nothings of boudoir sentiment—the subdued smartnesses of boudoir sarcasm: so will not she.

Flourish, ye vulgar drivellings of the vain,
The fill'd with folly, and the void of brain!
Ye Tales of Ton shine on for countless years,
Proud of your idiot squires and witless peers!
Tales of High Life, in endless beauty bloom,
Mirrors of grandeur in the butler's room!

Let accomplished gentility write itself weary on such themes; they shall have no aiding and abetting from one who reveres the soul of man, and believes that its "beauty is immense," and who seeks to inspire him with a desire to weave no longer, as Emerson phrases it, "a spotted life of shreds and patches, but to live with a divine unity." She has imbibed deeply the "life in earnest" philosophy popularised by Longfellow and Tupper: her tales seem to embody the appeal of the latter—

Dost thou live, man, dost thou live—or only breathe and labour?

... For this is Death in Life, to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual,
Without one feebly struggling sense of an airier spiritual realm.

She recognises the heroic beneath the broadcloth of contemporary common life, and extracts the romance of a heart that knoweth its own bitterness, and would fain let none know besides. Her novels are the records of inner life—narratives of spiritual struggles—memorials of lowly affection, such as would, but for such a scribe, find no acquaintance half a mile from home, but fade with the light of common day—live, and make no noise—die, and make no sign. In giving form and motion to her characters, she exhibits considerable skill in observation, delicate insight into motive, and a happy tact in the application of illustrative details. It is to be regretted that she indulges in a frequent and

frequently wearisome habit of "sermonising" on their actions—of drawing heads of "practical improvement of the subject"—and of spinning out to undue lengths the exposition of their feelings, and the reflections to which they give rise. Indeed, we should like her tales all the better were they in two volumes instead of three, and were the two supplanted by one we should manifest no factious opposition. Her excellent heroes and heroines are all given to talk, and some of their cousins to twaddle; for, in her wish to be easy and natural in the conversation entrusted to them, she certainly doses us at times with rather watery draughts—harmless enough, no doubt, as far as *we*, the recipients, are concerned, but query, as regards herself. A kindred looseness and platitude attaches to the construction of her plots, and the elaboration of their progress. Story is not carefully studied, but used too palpably as a mere mechanical convenience for educing the dynamics of character. There is rather a surfeiting of scenes of heart-distraction—a sameness of sorrow—a repetition of inward conflict, recurring and re-echoing itself like the woful monosyllables of Greek tragedy. But it is in the natural history of sorrow, in the sanctuary of grief, that the fair author best reveals her power; and it requires but the experience of art, and the self-restraint imposed by intelligent experience, to place her beside the highest of her sisterhood in the reality of pathetic description. Let her cultivate this, rather than the lively and the humorous. The gods have not made her "funny," nor will she make herself funny.

If those who have read the "integral series" of our author's novels were more "taken" by the "Ogilvies" than by either of its successors, the probable cause lies in the freshness which it enjoyed by virtue of prior publication; for, sooth to say, there is a certain sameness, not only of style and diction, but of invention and character, about the series, which palls somewhat on repetition, and leaves an impression of languor or satiety which attached not to the first-love. There may be greater force of writing and more finished skill of construction in the "Head of the Family" and in "Olive," but the force is but a new phase of the older *vis*, and the skill is but a variation of the former method; and so the "Ogilvies" retain a charm *de facto*, if not *de jure*, and press a claim upon the memory by the law, "qu'on revient toujours à ses premiers amours." There are few portraits in the later tales which exist not, in some stage of development or other, in the first. Our interest is mainly attracted towards Katharine Ogilvie, whose impulsive temperament, undisciplined susceptibility, prideful passion, and mental distresses, are described with high and well-sustained ability; it was right and proper (mark the atrocity to which the critical conscience is inured!) to kill Katharine at the close, and to make the coffin her bridal bed, and the shroud her wedding-garment, after a manner which would have delighted the "Old Mortality" taste of Webster or of T. L. Beddoes. Her cousin Eleanor is twice as good, and—as is common in actual life as well as fiction—only half as interesting; not that she is too good to be true or loveable; but, somehow, a spice of error, a *souppçon* of mischief and wrong-headedness, does materially add to the flavour of character analysis. Hugh Ogilvie is but a lay figure; but there is life in the death-scene of Sir James of that ilk, in whose worn-out brain the warp of long-ago memories crosses and grows tangled so strangely with the woof of to-day's dull facts. We like the story of young Leigh Pennythorne—wrought

out as it is by touches of real pathos and shrewd observation; the balance of mind and matter, of intellectual culture and bodily sanity, being fatally disturbed by educational fallacy; the poor lad's experiences—now as diseased in mind, and now in body, first one overlaid scale and then the other watching its fellow kick the beam—are narrated with touching and teaching effect. It is a tearful sketch, that of the dying boy lying on Wychnor's shoulder, during his last drive along the Chiswick lanes—his head growing momentarily heavier, his hands damp and rigid, his eyes closed, and his white check looking grey and sunken in the purple evening light—followed by the beautiful calm of dissolution in his mother's arms, after his "Mother, you will let me go?" in answering and questioning appeal to her wild, earnest, beseeching gaze; and, like the Apostles on the holy mount, we feel a chastened fear as we enter into the cloud which hides him from our sight, when there falls over that twilight-shadowed room a solemn silence, long and deep—in the midst of which the spirit passes away—and the passing is only certified when, as the moon rises, its pale spiritual light falls on the calm face of the dead boy, still pillowed on his mother's breast—and when *she*, if interrogated like one of old, "Is it well with the child?" can and will answer, "It is well." Such are the scenes in which the author excels; but probably this one, of Leigh Pennythorne's last hour, excels them all. Lynedon is carefully drawn, and plays in some passionate and stirring interviews; but his masculine traits are hit off by a womanly hand.

"Turn we to "Olive." The most clamorous stickler for a knowledge of the antecedents, all and sundry, of a novel's hero or heroine, must own himself content with a novel which, at page one of its three volumes, records hour the first of its heroine's life. We are introduced to Olive Rothesay at that incipient stage. We hear the old nurse's *benvenuto*, "Puir wee lassie, ye hae a waesome welcome to a waesome world!"—and our primary glimpse of the young lady reveals a small nameless concretion of humanity, as the author calls it, in colour and consistency strongly resembling the red earth whence was taken the father of all nations—no foreshadow of the coming life across the tiny purple, pinched-up, withered face, "which, as in all new-born children, bore such a ridiculous likeness to extreme old age"—no tone of the all-expressive human voice thrilling through the wail of her first utterance—no dawn of the beautiful human soul in her wide-open, meaningless eyes—in brief, a helpless lump of breathing flesh, faintly stirred by animal life, and scarce at all by that inner life which we call spirit. Is it commonplace to dwell on the details of babyhood? Well, to redeem Olive's infancy from *that* charge, she is represented as no glorious model of cradle loveliness—no peerless vision of immortality in long clothes—no radiant embodiment of an ethereal essence, intent on a "boatie;" but just a "puir bit crippled lassie," with a crooked spine. We respect an authoress who can produce such a heroine, and who, in place of decking her with hyperbolic charms even in her swaddling-ropes, strikes the sad key-note of her after-history by putting this moral into Nurse Elspie's mouth: "Aweel! He kens best wha's made the world and a' that's in't; and maybe He will gie unto this puir wee thing a meek spirit to bear ill-luck. Ane must wark, anither suffer. As the minister says, 'It'll a' come richt at last.'" And our vexation at the frivolous young mother's repugnance to her deformed child is softened by our foresight of the realisa-

tion of that dream which suggests the name of Olive—the mother's dream of losing her child, and then, after awhile, seeing at the foot of the bed a little angel—a child-angel—with a green olive-branch in its hand, and being bid by its baby voice to follow, and following it accordingly over a wide desert country, and across rivers, and among wild beasts; and how at every peril the child held out the olive-branch, and all was well; and how, when the mother felt weary, and her feet were bleeding with the rough journey, the little angel touched them with the olive, and she was strong again; and how, at last, they reached a beautiful valley, and the child said, "You are quite safe now," and then the white wings fell off, and there was seen only a sweet child's face, and the little one stretched out her hands and said, "Mother!" When that mother was lying, long years after, on her death-bed, tended by the daughter she had once scornfully entreated, she recalled and recited that strange dream, saying, "All this has come true, save that I did not *lose* you: I wickedly cast you from me." There is something strained in the character of Mrs. Rothesay, not quite pardonable on the ground of developing that of Olive. The father, too, seems to us rather a fusion of characters than a character in himself. Olive is, indeed, the only being in the novel who possesses a true, sustained, and vital individuality of her own; for the painter Vanbrugh and his sister Meliora, though admired by some critics, are, to our thinking, unfinished sketches, which evince an aim at originality and humour, but without asserting success; and again, the infidel priest and his mother, Christal Manners and Lyle Derwent, able as are some of the touches by which they are discriminated, do not, either of them, stand out upon the canvas with a reality to be had in remembrance, with the intensity of a presence which is not to be put by. Olive we accept, and chivalrously reverence as a woman such as the world is not rife in—at once gentle and strong, meek and fearless, patient to endure, heroic to act. It is good, as well as sad, to see the frail girl at the time of her father's sudden death, and her mother's dull helplessness—when "misery had made her very wise, very quick to comprehend—and without shrinking she talked over every matter connected with that saddest thing, a deceased bankrupt's sale." That is a fine picture of Olive, pallid and careworn, her fair hair falling neglected over her black dress, her hand supporting her aching brow, as she pores over dusty papers, pausing at times to speak to the hard, cold lawyer, in a quiet, sensible, subdued manner, of things fit only for old heads and worn hearts. Perhaps the author is a little too hard upon Olive, and barely tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, as art might counsel and mercy incline. A blighted infancy; a childhood of neglect, like corn blasted before it be grown up; a "youthhood" too alien from the joyous, and too well acquainted with grief; the troubles of a father's death, an embarrassed *res angusta domi*; a mother's blindness, unrelieved to the hour when her feet stumble on the dark mountains, and Olive is left alone in the shadow of the valley beneath; and then the distresses caused by guardianship of a wilful sister; the withering dejection of one who never told her love, but who, like a virgin martyr, must suffer pang by pang the anguish of a maiden, pure and high-minded, who has given her heart way unrequited—"casting it down irretrievably and hopelessly at the feet of a man who knows not of the gift he has never sought to win." Harold Gwynne himself is portrayed in a painstaking manner, and is

meant to rivet no ordinary degree of interest. But as to the propriety of making his sceptical career the subject of romantic narrative, grave doubts may be preferred. This tho author meant to challenge when, after presenting a collection of excerpts from the letters of the half-converted freethinker, she supposes her reader to turn to the title-page, "Olive, a *Novel*," and to exclaim, "Most incongruous—most strange!" or perhaps to accuse her of irreverence in thus bringing into a fictitious story those subjects which are acknowledged as most vital to every human soul, but yet which most people are content, save at set times and places, tacitly to ignore. Now, there *are* those who, as she observes, sincerely believe that in such works as this there should never once be named the Holy Name. Objecting, as we are disposed to do, to the story of Harold Gwynne, we yet repudiate the notion that novels are to exclude religion, and either to be "without God in the world," or to have the altar of an Unknown God. We are willing to accept her definition of what a novel is, or rather ought to be—namely, the attempt of one earnest mind to show to many what humanity is and may become—to depict what is true in essence through imaginary forms—to teach, counsel, and warn, by means of the silent transcript of human life. "Human life without God! Who will dare to tell us we should paint *that*?" Who, indeed! But be it remembered, that while we would protest against a novel without traces of the Divine, as we would against the production of "Hamlet" without the *Prince of Denmark*, we at the same time distinguish broadly between the spirit of religion and the polemics of religion—between a novel as the reflection of a holy pervading presence, and a novel as the vehicle of dogmatic dispute. A hero inspired with thoughts that wander through eternity, that come from God and go to God, that with the lofty sanctify the low in his existence, and with one mellow hue chasten every change in his many-coloured life,—is a hero worthy of all acceptance, provided only he savour not of Salem Tabernacle, and snuffle not with the Little Bethelites. But a hero whose intellectual crochets, or delusions, or blindnesses, are to be entrusted for repairs to a fascinating heroine—a mental perplexity which is to be solved in fiction—a deep-rooted scepticism which is to lose its *vis vitæ* according to the artistic demands of a tale of the fancy,—this we cannot away with. If arguments are used in a controversial fiction, we can never escape the often and justly repeated caution, that here the facts, as well as the arguments, are made by the novelist. He *coins*—to use the language of an Edinburgh Reviewer—the premises from which his conclusions are deduced; and he may coin exactly what he wants: nay, the controversial writer of fiction need not actually *make* his facts; he needs only to *select* them.* The author of "Olive" has not, indeed, written a polemical novel; she has not made it the arena for theological discussion, as Plumer Ward did with his "Man of Refinement," or for sociological exposition, as Mr. Kingsley did with his "Tailor and Poet." But she has made enough of Harold Gwynne

* "We object on principle to stories written with the purpose of illustrating an opinion, or establishing a doctrine. We consider this an illegitimate use of fiction. Fiction may be rightfully employed to impress upon the public mind an acknowledged truth, or to revive and recal a forgotten woe,—never to prove a disputed one. Its appropriate aims are the delineation of life, the exhibition and analysis of character, the portraiture of passion, the description of nature. Polemics, whether religious, political, or metaphysical, lie wholly beyond its province."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. *cxxxix*.

and his sorrowful story to justify a word of deprecation from those who go not for evidences of Christianity, or restoratives of faith, to the agreeable prescriptions of light literature. Nor do we see a sufficient probability in the recal of this lost sheep: he was too far gone, and on a path too far removed from ordinary means of recovery, to be so easily brought back, so courteously compliant to the exigencies of the plot. Sceptics of his level are not so plastic and obliging; not even, if honest, when a lady's in the case. Would to Heaven scepticism could be cured by bright eyne, dulcet tones, and a novelist's art of love!

Our author's latest venture—the “Head of the Family”—evidences a gradual ripening, if not a marked strengthening of her powers. Ninian Græme, the “head of the family,” who, at his father's death, takes upon him the duties, responsibilities, and rights of eldership, strong to renounce, to perform, to endure—is one of those plain-faced and unyouthful heroes whom it would once have been too daring a novelty to depict in fiction, and whom novelists are now only too fond of depicting at full length. Too fond, not because such a picture is untrue to nature, but because its frequent reproduction seems to involve a little affectation. Ninian, however, is a fine fellow, despite his ordinary phiz and mature years; and if all our handsome young men, real or fictitious, were half as amiable, they would be as handsome again. Judged by the old saw, “Handsome is that handsome does,” Ninian is a very Apollo. That hard-featured Scottish face of his, marked with bold, clear, rugged lines, is the sort of face you can instinctively trust—the face of one who never uttered a falsehood or broke a pledge. He looks like what he is—a contented, quiet-hearted man, plodding from home to office, yet touched occasionally with keen sympathies from without—on which occasions a significant change passes over his average countenance, or what Sister Tinie calls “his W. S. face” (Ninian being a writer to the signet)—that is, his attentive, penetrating, business look. “For he had to work hard—how hard none but himself knew—to keep the ‘wolf from the door’ of his large household. But he did it cheerfully—he loved them all so much.” There is in Ninian a something to which every one instinctively comes for help; witness the confiding reverence of his elder sister, poor meek Lindsay; and of the “wronged sinner,” Rachel Armstrong; and of little Hope Ansted, over whom his big heart throbs so passionately, and disquieteth itself in vain. *That noble, manly heart!—for he is, indeed, worthy the name of man, who can speak so calmly when in pain, with a voice that never betrays one trace of the struggle beneath—the vehemence, the self-reproach, the love warring against other love, and the stern iron hand of duty laid over all. He is one of those who can cut off a right arm, and pluck out a right eye, and so enter maimed into heaven. He is one who can give up dreaming, and go to his daily realities—who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand—who defies fate, and if he must die, dies fighting to the last. His bearing under the pangs of unreturned love recalls the poet's sweet, sad verse:

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow.*

* Leigh Hunt (“Lines to T. L. H.”).

In such moods it might be, as the author says, more interesting and poetical to paint Ninian Græme dropping womanly tears, and exhausted with overwrought sentiment. But instead of that—instead of analysing his emotional susceptibilities (whatever he felt, Heaven knoweth! and Heaven is merciful, tender, and dumb)—she makes him “go home and work;” for work, in her healthy creed, is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses, and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together—making plain, dull-looking arable land for our neighbours to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows the angels come and sow. Ninian’s sister, Lindsay, is a subdued and less impassioned, less energetic counterpart of himself; “just a woman, nothing less and nothing more.” A shadow—the chill shadow of a beloved and betrothed one’s death—has swept over her, but has left no bitterness, no heartlessness, scarcely even grief—content, perhaps, with sealing up all her youth’s restless emotions into one serene repose. Never has she been, or been thought, clever or beautiful; and she has now passed the age of caring to be thought either. All the household love her dearly, and call her “Our Sister,” and say, “Poor dear Sister Lindsay!—even if she does go clucking after us wild young chickens, like an old grey hen, she keeps us warm under her wings.” Of the rest of the circle, the twins, Esther and Ruth, are “sonsie lassies,” of that ordinary type to which belongs a large class of men and women, who, as our author words it, live a contented, harmless life, help to people the earth, and then leave their quiet dust in its bosom, having done all they can, and no more: “perhaps these are the happiest people of all, in this world at least!” Edmund is the poet-brother, sensitive and too susceptible—a votary of that wild poetry of passion and emotion so attractive in early life, “of which every young Rasselas tries to make himself wings to soar out of the Happy Valley of childhood into manhood’s stormy world.” The other two—Reuben, a somewhat gruff and forbidding youngster, an unlicked cub, who cultivates mathematics, and forswears the Graces,—and Charlie, a restless predestined child of Ocean,—are very subordinate young gentlemen. Christina, or Tinie, the “youngest princess” of the family, “and a creature beautiful and blythe as youngest princesses always happen to be,” has yet failed, we regret to own, to fascinate us: in fact, we think Miss Tinie a failure, whose quips and quirks and wanton wiles are dull and laboured, whose coquettishness wants natural *abandon*, and whose wit is neither fresh nor fair, simple nor winsome, seasonable nor well-seasoned. Then comes another member of the group at “The Gowans”—little Hope Ansted—at first so shy, precise, and commonplace, but afterward budding out with beauty and excellence—a poor frozen plant, which the genial atmosphere of “The Gowans” wakes up to fragrant life—a gentle presence, who charms all by a certain combination of childish simplicity and womanly repose, and whose unobtrusive, unpretending womanhood excites so deep a love in the heart of Ninian; just as we often see, it is remarked, a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staëls and the Corinnes, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is, what so few of your “female celebrities” are—a true woman. Then again, we have the tragedy-queen

of this domestic drama, Rachel Armstrong, and her worthless husband, Ulverston, who is a rascal quite of the sort which ladies put into print. John Forsyth, the heart-withered enthusiast, is forcibly drawn; and honest Kenneth Reay is pleasing and life-like. Passages of pathos there are, neither few nor feeble; such as the first *ré-union* of the orphaned family under their new head; and the demented mood of Rachel; and the "fitting" of Hope Ansted from a home where she was neither wife, nor maid, nor widow; and the death-bed of Geoffrey Ulverston; and the betrothals of the grey-haired Ninian with the "wee birdie" he had loved so secretly and so well. And for vivid examples of powerful writing, take the various scenes wherein Rachel enacts a foremost part; especially that night at the theatre, where her husband, and his titular wife, and Ninian, and John Forsyth, are present to see her play the poor maddened bride in "Fazio,"—making the gentle Hope shudder by the vehemence of her curses against her rival, and the exulting ferocity of the glare which seems to reach and confront her own mild gaze; or that other night, clouded with blackness of darkness—darkness that might be felt, when Rachel suddenly stood beside the couch of Hope's sleeping first-born, and satiated her long-brooding spirit of revenge by one free, full, terrible disclosure of a blasting secret. There is, perhaps, a "spice" too much of the theatrical in the "make up" of this strange being; nor do we admire the abrupt terms in the disposition of John Forsyth, nor the management of Edmund's story, the whole episode of whose dissipated London life appears to us stale, flat, and unprofitable. But the novel, as a whole, is a fine and affecting illustration of a chequered biography, of which the realised motto is: *Non ti lagnar, ma soffri, e taci!* And so richly does Ninian Græme deserve his final blessedness, that we are willing to forget the "forcing process" by which each obstacle to it is overcome; for, in snatching away first the baby, Walter, and then Ulverston himself, Death surely is employed in the capacity of a *deus ex machinâ*, and cuts the Gordian knot with his scythe, after a manner highly convenient to catastrophes in art. But we are grumbling, forsooth, while little Hope is sobbing out her happiness in Ninian's bosom. More shame for us!

"Alice Learmont" is a Christmas fairy tale—a pretty, poetical tradition of Scottish elf-land—told with sweet and touching effects. Its materials are drawn both from imagination and fancy; and the due adjustment of the preternatural and human elements in the conduct of the legend is skilfully managed. All the works of this lady prove her fine poetical instincts, but in the larger and more ambitious, the poetry is apt to occupy more than its share of room; while in this little tale, it is as indigenous and by prescriptive right "at home," as in a story of Bonny Kilmeny or in a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And verily, it requires no contemptible capacity, in these days of useful knowledge and rational inquiry, to produce a picture of elfin life which shall not be pooh-pooh'd by philosophic small boys. Such a picture is "Alice Learmont," which the said small boys cannot read without interest, despite their familiarity with abridged Lardners and royal roads to science; and which their elders cannot peruse without emotion—the welling-up of ancient though uncherished thoughts, which should, and in the purest-hearted *do*, bind youth to age in natural piety.

Y^e Crazyd Monk.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS OF THE NEW WORLD."

LAST night I sat within my cell
 Musing upon the Trinity,
 In the flame of the single dying lamp
 Shone the silver clasps of my breviary ;
 When a great darkness on me fell—
 From whence, and how, I cannot tell,
 But I felt it was the breath of Hell.

My missal was a goodly book—
 A beauteous volume, blazoned quaint
 With images of king and saint,
 Bright winged angels, fair to see,
 And emblems, Jesu, Lord, of thee.

Ah! much I loved therein to look—
 Much on its gilded page to pore ;
 That taught my grovelling soul to soar—
 The lustre of that holy book,
 Lit up the cross that o'er my head
 Hung on the wall, by my pallet bed—
 'Twas with my crimson heart's blood painted,
 For many a time I've swooned and fainted
 In the long vigil through the night,
 Till the pale dawning of the light.
 Scroll, legend, flower, and imagery,
 Bedecked its glowing leaf. (Pardie,
 It was a goodly thing to see,)
 And cross, and crown, and each deadly sin,
 And the passion of our Heavenly King.
 With many a psalm of the days of old
 Were traced upon the burnished gold ;
 And the lives of the saints were gathered there,
 Writ in the mystic character.

Many an hour, and many a day,
 Of the sin-stained years long passed away,
 Have seen me busied at that toil.
 No poor churl, digger of the soil,
 With more of anxious care and moil,
 Labours to win his silver groat.

I loved to see the flowers, that seemed
 To grow beneath my pen—I dreamed,
 Not of ye abbaye's stately towers,
 With its silver bells that tell the hours,
 Or of the cloister that my shoon

Has worn away by frequent walk
 With holy brothers, who too soon
 Fell all asleep. See, now the moon
 Silvers their nameless grave ;—but talk
 Not loud, lest they should wake
 To this poor dream of care and pain.
 I would not tell the Sacristan,
 But I have seen the buried man,
 Good Anselm, in his blanched weeds,
 With the murdered abbot tell his beads.—

Ye Crazyd Monk
 telleth his
 Visions to One
 of the Religious.

Ye Monk, intent
 on pious Medi-
 tation, was over-
 shadowed by
 a Supernatural
 Darkness.

Discourseth of
 his Missal, its
 manifold fair
 devices and
 bright blazon-
 ings.

Has a dim fore-
 shadowing of
 the Night of
 Madness ahead
 darkening.

Believes that in
 wasting his life
 upon foolish
 limning he has
 committed ye
 Deadly Sin
 against ye Holy
 Ghost.

Biddeth his
 Hearer whisper
 lower, lest he
 should wake
 their Brethren,
 who sleep in ye
 Cloister with-
 out.

Prays for Mercy
to ye Saints.

Ye Time of ye
Vision, and ye
Temptation
that came there-
with.

Ye Sentence of
Condemnation
meets his eyes.

His countless
sins appear
written in co-
loured light
upon the walls
of ye Monk his
cell.

Ye sins from
Childhood to
miserable Age.

Groweth deeply
despondent, and
hopeless of his
Salvation.

A Procession of
Spirits pass him,
and utter ye
words of Con-
demnation.
They assume ye
forms of his
Missal's devices.

I had forgot, my poor brain burns,
And I am wasted with that toil
(My blood seems all to flame and boil).
St. Francis knows 'twas pious love

That drove me to spend hours and days
Upon that book ; and God above

Knows that when fell the morning's rays,
In slanting brightness, through my cell,
They found me bending o'er its page.

I never read a Pagan sage,
But kept my heart, as in a cage,
Intent upon that only thought.
Save prayer and praise I cared for nought,
I swear it by good St. Anthony,
For he knows my deep misery.

The day, the hour, I treasure well,
'Twas sunset in my narrow cell.

The light had rent the sun's dark pall,
And gilded the convent garden's wall,
Where the quivering lime-trees formed a shade,
And in my cell green darkness made.

I sat half joyful, half afraid,
To see the sun, like a burning world,
Flame in the west, as if the last
Great day had come, and with it past
Light from the heavens ; one lingering streak
Still rested on my hollow cheek,
And seemed to shine, and gleam, and flicker,
Now fast, now slow ; then, growing quicker,
Upon the page before me laid,
On these dread words God's sunlight played.

The rest grew dark, till not a trace
But was absorbed in that dreadful place :

" Begone from me, I never knew you ! "

I shut my eyes to hide the sight ;
I looked again, the coloured light
Had left the book—it had grown dark.

But written on the cell's black wall
Were all my sins (it now was night)—
All sins that from my early youth
My spotted soul had thought or done—
Sins that, with sharp and poisoned tooth,
Gnaw at the heart ; each monster one
Down to the merely shadowed crime,
That never grew to word or deed,

Were written there—

Were written there !

I saw a burning core of light
Dilate and grow exceeding bright,
Until it chased the sullen gloom
That filled the narrow-grated room.
Grammercy, 'twas a fearful sight !—

They sprang up, as a flower that rises
From the May meadows to the sound
Of birds.—I saw my missal's quaint devices
Start all to life, and the martyr crowned ;
With king and prophet danced around.
Then, with a loud despairing shout,

They passed unto the graves without,
 And, sighing on the night-wind's blast,
 Again the dreadful words moaned past :
 "Gone from me, I never knew you!"
 I felt salvation now was lost,
 And I was but a doomed one,
 That hears his death-bell o'er white frost-
 Strewn fields, and looks through dungeon grate,
 Upon a new-dug grave.

My vision changed ; I heard the swell
 And the silver chime of the matin bell.
 I hurried to the holy rite,
 The east was streaked with pallid light,
 The lines of vapour brooding storm.
 Those fatal letters seemed to form
 The sentence of my condemnation,
 That barred for ever from salvation.
 No holy brothers gathered there,
 Muttering the *Ave* and *Pater-noster*
 Through the dark vault of the carvelled cloister.
 I ran as I breathed a pious prayer ;
 In the twilight dusk I could not feel
 The transept door. Eternal weal
 Was lost ! By such grief overtaken,
 My senses five were sorely shaken.
 I felt for the latch, but a dead man's grasp
 Touched mine, and strove to join and clasp.
 I past the knightly founder's tomb,
 Where the good man waits the day of doom.
 I felt a ghastly solitude
 Pressing upon my breast :
 I hurried on—I could not rest.
 Like a mastless bark, with sails all riven,
 So was I ever onward driven.

I peered within the Abbaye's nave,
 'Twas dark and silent as the grave.
 I looked again. 'Twas all on fire :
 The pillars were of flame, bent o'er
 With arches rising high and higher ;
 The sculptured bosses brightly glowed ;
 The tintured panes their lustre showed
 With crimson, as of clouds that shine,
 Stained by the sun incarnadine ;
 The organ pipes were of molten ore,
 Yet still from their throats the anthems pour.
 I saw no form, but I could hear
 A chant as of priests that were drawing near.
 I shook with a thrill of speechless fear.—
 I looked again. A shrouded train
 Came pouring in procession long,
 With chant, and litany, and song.
 The cowl was drawn before the face
 Of each one that sought his well-known place ;
 But, at a sign, each brother raised
 His head, and pointed, with a shriek
 Still in my ears, to one whose brow
 A burning mitre bore ; but none did speak.

Hurries through
 ye Cloister to ye
 Abbaye.

Ye Abbaye seems
 on fire.

A Procession of
 Spirits chant a
 Dirge, and he
 remains as in a
 Trance.

Plungeth into
ye throng, and
seizeth ye Visi-
ble Emblem of
Salvation.

Ye Abbaye
changeth into
ye similitude of
ye New Jerusa-
lem.

Ye very corbels
and ye painted
shadowings of
ye Abbaye's
windows be-
come instinct
with Miraculous
Life, and seem
to his troubled
brain to mop,
and mow, and
gibber.

They turned their eyes at once on me—
On me the sinner—me, whom God
Had smitten with his fiery rod ;
Again I heard the organ roll
The words that shook my inmost soul—
“ Begone from me, I never knew you ! ”

I felt that I was one marked out
For vengeance, and I could not doubt
I was from Heaven a castaway.

I know not whether demon's force
Impelled me, but I rushed within,
And with a shout of fury hoarse—

I, the proscribed, the man of sin,
Tore from the bearer's grasp the cross,
And waved it in the torrid air.

I knelt and prayed, but still despair
Clung to me ; on the stony floor
I dashed the holy thing I bore.

O, God ! let not thy face be hid—
Forgive me, I knew not what I did.

I felt the abbaye's walls grow wider,
And stretch above ; on every side
Each pillar rose, like forest trees,
They widened to infinity,

And shone like the walls of the Bright Cityè.
I saw the figures of saints and kings
Fly from the walls with their shadowy wings ;
The frescoes grew thin, and white, and pale,
As autumn leaves in the winter's gale ;
And the stony shapes, with the grinning mask,
That ply for ever their fated task,
Leapt from the pillar, taper and tall,
Down from the leaf-wreathed capital.

I saw from the great east window's pane,
Of king and saint a gorgeous train,
Come fluttering with their lustrous wings,
Those saints, and patriarchs, and kings,
And dance o'er the brass-enchased stone,
And past my lord the abbot's throne,
And through our ladye's chapel pass
And melt again into the glass,
That throbbed and burned like the angry eye
Of a god of the old mythologie.

But first in stately slow progression,
In one long drawn and sad procession,
They paced through the vaulted aisle,
By the altar tomb, where the bishop smiles,
With clasped hands upon his breast,
In all the sacred calm of rest ;
And each one as he passed out
Bent his bright flaming eye on me ;
In vain I prayed, O God, to thee !
I heard that whisper once again,
And it fell on me like Sodom's rain—
“ Begone from me, I never knew you ! ”

This se'nnight as I lay awake—
(What rest can guilty sinner take ?)

A branded one, in jeopardy,
Of his soul's loss at the doomsday ;
I heard the autumn winds without
Unto the sheeted dead men shout—
I heard the leaves in tempest driving—
I heard the storm the branches riving—
I heard the rain, like counted beads,
Fall drop by drop upon the stone,
Where nettles and the loathsome weeds
Spring from the suicide's bleached bone
(The wicked monk who broke his vow).
I felt that I must rise and pray,
To our lady's altar I made my way ;
The dawn had come, and the autumn air
Played on my temples and forehead bare ;
Round which my sacred tonsure burned,
As if to fire it had been turned.
How could a sinner—a thing of scorn,
Wear emblem of the bloody thorn
That bound his Saviour's pallid brow ?
I could not see, but I groped my way
I knew it as well by night as by day,
Each sculptured niche, each canopy.—
My outstretched hand touched the stony face
Of a cross-legged knight. I seemed to be
'Mured with the dead in a lonely place,
Beside a maiden fair and pale.
Aroint thee, fiend ; why bring again
Those thoughts of bitter woe and pain,
To bleeding heart and burning brain ?

OMNES GENTES PLAUDITE,
EXAUDI MEI DOMINE.

I passed on to the garden's shade—
Upon the grass a missal laid ;—
My shrunk hand clasped my rosary.
As I read a pious homily.
My beads flew from the silver chain,
And every single ebon grain
Rose up to Heaven—far, O far,
And shone there like a throbbing star
That paves the holy pilgrim's way.*
I read me on by the glow-worm's light—
I read each prayer and strove to fight
With him—the fiend—who tempted me.

Jesu Christe, audi me.

Thou of the high and starry brow,
Virgin mother, shield me now.

O, three in one, and one in three,

Mundi Salvator, libera me.

Miserere mei, Deus,

O, DOMINE ! O, PATER MEUS !

O, PATER NOSTER, SANCTUS PATER,

O, JESU, HOMINUM SALVATOR !

REGINA CÆLI, SANCTA MATER.

They roused me from my grassy lair—

They bid me to the grate repair ;

In ye solemn
Autumn Time
he goeth to ye
Convent Garden
for rest.

Hurrieth to Our
Lady's Altar.

Tempted by ye
Arch-Fiend
with thoughts
of ye Past.

Addresses sup-
plications to
Jesu and ye
Saints. His
wits grow more
troubled, and
his Old Brain
crazed.

Recites frag-
ments of ye
Penitential
Psalms.

* The Milky Way was called by the monks of the Middle Ages the "Pilgrim's Path to Compostella."

My father had come to beg for alms,
 I still sat there and sang the psalms ;
 Were things of death, and clay, and earth,
 And thoughts of him who gave me birth,
 To draw me from the things of God ?
 I saw him pale, with sunken eyes,
 But from my knees I could not rise.
 He cursed me as I kneeled there,
 I saw the curse ascend the air,
 To seek God's throne in the sea of whiteness,
 Jehovah shining in his brightness. * *

The MS. break-
 eth off abruptly.

A Monk of ye
 same Brother-
 hood finishes
 ye MS., by im-
 ploring ye
 Reader to pray
 for ye Dead
 Man's Soul.

'Twas the eve of St. John—at Pascal tide
 Our sin-o'erwhelmed brother died ;
 May his tortured soul be glorified !
 Pray for his soul
 When the death-bells toll !

A DAY'S HUNTING AT BADEN-BADEN.

READER, did you ever have the good fortune to be present at a boar-hunt—a real, legitimate boar-hunt? Do not lay the flattering unction to your soul that you have done so because you witnessed the so-called sport of catching greasy-tailed pigs among the old English games at the Jardin d'Hiver at Paris, but answer candidly, laying your hand upon your heart, have you ever seen how a boar should die, surrounded by a score or more of dauntless youths, "their souls all fire, and their swords all flame," as some one has said, or rather sung, before me? If not, have patience with me for a few pages, and I will tell you all I saw at an "Eber Jagd" which came off at Baden-Baden about the close of summer, 1847.

M. Benazet, chief proprietor of the gambling-rooms, I must, as a preliminary measure, inform you, considers it his best policy to do his utmost in furnishing amusement to those who honour his tables with a visit; and wisely deeming there may, peradventure, be something monotonous in continually losing money or pricking off the run of the *couleur* on a card, strives to provide them some relaxation in the pleasures of the chase. These manly sports do not, however, commence till September; because in high summer, as the German phrase runs, there is no lack of quieter amusements more congenial to the state of the thermometer, and partly, *pour encourager les autres*, the later flock of migratory birds, whom he thus induces to prolong their stay, and to whom he seeks to offer some compensation for the buried glories they were too late to share in.

As long as I can remember, I have ever felt a strange inclination to be present at a boar-hunt. Surely it could not be reminiscences of Meleager and the fierce Hyrcanian boar. But no; these and other heroes of antiquity could only summon up recollections of many a dire flogging they had cost me. But still the fact remains the same; the name itself possesses something very exciting for me. It reminds me of legendary lore—of scenes of danger and strife, baying of hounds, trumpet-sounds,

glittering dresses, and all the gorgeous panoply with which the great Magician of the North has invested the creatures and creations of his fancy. At length my long-nursed wishes were to meet with realisation.

M. Benazet had expended all the *Edel Hirsche* he had been furnished with from the grand ducal park at Carlsruhe, and, like a clever manager, who reserves his chief attraction for the season when the public taste begins to pall, suddenly came out with a flaring *affiche* that a boar would be started on the ensuing Monday; the meet, a forest, about two leagues—or, according to German admeasurement, three pipes and a half—from Baden-Baden, and at no great distance from the willow-covered banks of Father Rhine.

A party was soon formed at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel where I was accustomed to dine; horses ordered to be sent on, and a calèche to be held in readiness for us on the Monday morning.

The eventful day soon came, and at a very early hour the loud and joyous fanfares of the Jäger horns sounded the *réveille* through the quiet streets of the town. I sprung out of bed, and began dressing in frantic haste. I pulled on a pair of "canonen slufel," or jack-boots, I had borrowed from a friend of mine, a student at Heidelberg, girded on my hirschfänger, and seized my boar-spear, which rested gracefully in a corner of my room: these two articles, I must remark, were my own property, and expressly ordered for the occasion, as I was determined to "do or die," and flesh my maiden lance in the carcase of poor piggy.

All my preparations being made, I sallied out to join my "compagnons de voyage" at breakfast. I found them also all armed and eager for the fray. They were three in number—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an Italian. Let me describe their appearance minutely. The first was attired in immaculate tops and leathers, and a well-stained coat, which had once been red, but was now purple. Having almost lost all recollection of our national (hunting) costume, I took him for one of the grand-duke's footmen on furlough—an opinion in which I was not singular, for later in the day a party of God-forgotten students saluted him with the rattling Commers Lied, "Was bringt der postillon?" The Frenchman was dressed in a green velvet hunting-frock, and wore a many-tasselled much-befringed *gibecière*, large enough to contain the boar we were about to hunt. On his head was a black velvet jockey-cap; on his shoulder a double-barrelled carbine. The Italian resembled nothing, except a mild edition of "Fra Diavolo," wearing, as he did, a tall conical felt hat, and a belt graced by a couple of pistols. With these companions I ascended the creaking steps of the Droschki, humming, as I did so, the time-honoured "refrain," "Arise the burden of my so—ong, This day a stag (it was a boar we intended to kill, but then I was in no way particular) must die—this day," &c.

On starting, the morning was beautiful and fresh, and we merrily rattled along the road to Oos, through orchards of apple and pear trees, the Alt Schloss frowning down upon us in all its ruined majesty. But all this soon changed; one of those detestable mists, the curse of Baden, covered the valley, and rendered us cold, uncomfortable, and prone to quarrel. Cigars did their part in keeping us warm; and soon after, arriving at a "public," we made fierce onslaught on the potato-brandy,

dignified with the name of "Kirschwasser," which, while warming the inward man, seemed to exert a sympathetic influence on the outward, for from this moment I heard no more complaints of damp.

In a short time afterwards we arrived at the *rendezvous de chasse*, the village of Sandwier, when we were enabled to watch the other noble sportsmen discontentedly spurring on through the rain, as we stood very contentedly smoking our cigars at the window of the village inn.

In a short time the place began to get very animated. The stragglers came in by twos and threes, some on horseback, some on foot, while carriages of every description followed each other in rapid succession, filled with elegantly dressed ladies, whom no weather, however bad, would have deterred from being present at the throw off. Every door in the village was thronged with peasants and their families, all wearing that peculiarly stolid look, the concentrated essence of *Sauerkraut*, which is characteristic of every uneducated German. The scene soon became very lively, especially as the sun broke through the mist, lighting up the medley of horses, hounds, jäger, and servants, or glancing from the spear-heads and *cors de chasse*, though it could not pierce through the dense cloud of tobacco smoke which, like a halo, surrounded the whole group.

The pack was the most lamentable part of the whole affair; Jor-rocks, that M.F.H. of facetious memory, would have shed tears had he seen it; it was composed of foxhounds, harriers, lurchers, turnspits, even the "cur of low degree" was not absent, all making a horrible noise and yelping fearfully whenever M. le Comte de S——, Benazet's huntsman *en chef*, rode in amongst them and liberally laid about him with his double thong. The whip-smacking and trumpet-blowing seemed to have no end.

We were soon marshalled in proper order, holding our boar-spears erect, like Paladins of yore, and set out for the forest glade, when the boars were cabined and confined. They were penned up in hutches, about six in number, with trap-doors to turn them out at. The huntsman then arranged the meet in proper order, beaters in front, horsemen in the second rank, and the carriages in the rear. About half an hour was consumed in making these preparations, and I had ample leisure to notice and admire the picturesqueness of the whole group. I think it is old Beckford who, in his history of hunting, expresses a wish that an artist sportsman had been present on a certain occasion to paint the glories of a successful death; we were, in one way, more fortunate than the veteran, for before starting I noticed an artist very busy with his sketch-book, and was, indeed, at a later date reminded of the fact by his honouring me with an invitation to subscribe for a proof.

However, let me get on with my history. About five or six couple of the most stanch-looking hounds, in whom Count S—— seemed to place implicit confidence, were brought to the rear of the hutches, just near enough to get sight of the "varmint." The dogs made a great row, and certainly seemed to justify the confidence that was placed in them. How they did so, the sequel will show.

The beaters were drawn up in a dense semicircle, so that the boar could only have one way of escape when turned out upon a flinty world. All waited in eager expectation for the decisive moment.

The jäger horns sounded cheerily. "Lässt gehen!" shouted Count

S——, a cry which was taken up by a thousand throats, and in every possible variety of translation.

Out the boar stalked, and amused himself by a long and pertinacious stare at the scene which met his astonished vision. He was an animal of very respectable size, and in the possession of a considerable amount of sharp and well-whetted tusk. At length he seemed to have decided on his proper course of action. Shaking his head very significantly, he came along at a quick, shuffling trot towards the beaters, as if intending to force his way through them. But we were not to be balked of our pleasure by any such display of valour; and as soon as he arrived within assailable distance, they attacked him with their long staves. At first he was inclined to show fight; but not relishing, and probably not expecting, such a reception, he gave a few angry growls, and then turning tail, started for the wood in front of us. Five minutes' grace was generously conceded him, and then the dogs were laid on the scent, apparently as dreadfully eager to be at him, as was the Earl of Chat-ham, who, with his sword drawn, was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan, or *vice versâ*, I hardly remember which, to be at the French.

An extraordinary scene now commenced. Every horseman seemed to consider it his bounden duty to be foremost in the fray, and, in consequence, two or three of the most valuable dogs were ridden over and spoiled for the day. The result may easily be imagined. Many ardent sportsmen, disgusted by the jostling and noise, turned angrily back, and gave up all hope of participating in the chase; while many, only too glad of the excuse, hurried back to take up their posts each by the side of *la belle dame* in the light of whose eyes he delighted to sun himself.

Those who were left, and would not be daunted by a slight annoyance, pressed on after the boar, who was very calmly pursuing his course along a glade in the forest. Finding the hounds close at his heels, he fiercely turned at bay, and then the valorous pack—ran in and finished him, the reader may imagine. German dogs are too well bred to be guilty of such rudeness; so they stood at a respectful distance and barked at him. After awhile, the boar, getting tired of this amusement, or probably warned by the sounds of coming horses, forced his way through a thicket, and disappeared from sight. My French friend had already taken aim at him with his double-barrel, to the certain disgust of the red-coated Englishman, who bitterly complained of the crime of shooting "Mr. Reynolds" in face of the pack. The poor gentleman had by this time become almost as enthusiastic and insane as if following the hounds in his own native land. Fortunately there were no bullfinches for him to break his neck over. After two hours' hard work, chasing our bristly friend from thicket to thicket—which, by the way, caused awful havoc among the gaily-checked trousers of *la jeune France*—we drove the boar from his last entrenchment, and had a capital run after him through corn and potato-fields to the village of Iffesheim, when he took refuge in a pigsty, among his porcine relatives. A second time we set the dogs upon him, but they fairly showed the white feather, and the old adage was fully verified, "their bark was worse than their bite."

We were not sorry for the *intermezzo*, as our horses—not at the most favourable season brothers or sisters of the wind—had been completely

pounded by the last burst. We could have killed the boar as he stood defying us, and, indeed, the Frenchman begged most earnestly to have a shot at him; but the sun was still high in the heavens, so we lighted our cigars, and passed the *kirschwasser* from hand to hand very coolly.

At length the count gave the signal to start him afresh, and one of the *piqueurs* gave him a persuader with his hunting-spear. After a fierce grunt of dissatisfaction, the animal made up his mind to leave his present comfortable quarters, and started off towards the Rhine, apparently with the intention of taking to water. The best mounted, therefore, hurried along to cut him off, in which they succeeded, and he sulkily bent his way once more to the forest. Only a few of us managed to keep up with him at all; as for the dogs, they had long been left behind. Had he managed to reach the wood again, he would certainly have escaped us, and adieu then to all the fun of the *curée*. It was, therefore, time to end the farce; with levelled spears we pushed on after him, and soon brought him to bay. A sporting publican of the town was the first to dismount, and, drawing his *couteau de chasse*, he advanced boldly to deal the *coup de grâce*. But, alas! that hand generally so sure when about to tap a cask of beer, failed its master when about to tap the blood of the boar, and, his foot slipping, he fairly lay at the mercy of the now infuriated animal. Fortunately for him, the broadest part of his person was exposed to the assault of the boar, and the latter, making a furious rush, dug his tusks rather deeply into him, before any of us had time to prevent it. A shrill yell ensued, accompanied by the last savage growl of the boar, whom young L—— coolly transfixed at the moment when he was drawing back for a second edition. I also had the pleasure of having a drive at him, and thus tarnished the hitherto unsullied spotlessness of my spear.

Four *piqueurs* now dismounted, and forming a *brancard* of their spears' laid poor piggy, once the hero of the day, upon it, and we marched off at a quick pace to receive the meed of valour at the hands of the expectant ladies. When we arrived at the *rendezvous de chasse*, there was no time for anything of the sort, as every one seemed only awaiting our advent to make a still fiercer onslaught than that on the boar, on the comestibles M. Benazet had so bountifully provided for them. A striking change had taken place during our absence. A tent had been raised, in which we could see casseroles stewing, and hear frying-pans hissing; fires were blazing in every direction, soup boiling, fowls roasting on spits, coffee exhaling its fragrant aroma. Tables, too, had been spread *fronde super viridi*, covered with drapery, white as the driven snow, and all the paraphernalia of the Kurzaal Restaurant's *table d'hôte*. We willingly resigned all claim to soft speeches, and fully coincided with a stout German, who exclaimed, with a greasy smile of pleasure, "*Dass lass' ich mir gefallen.*"

The silleri soon began to mantle in the glasses, and endue the ladies, sparkling eyes with still greater brilliancy. Each hunter bold began speaking of the perils he had undergone, except the publican, who seemed somewhat disconcerted, and writhed uneasily on his seat whenever any allusion was made to his misadventure. As the Vicar of Wakefield would say, "if there was not much wit, there was plenty of laughing," especially

at our end of the table, for we had bribed a Kellner to make us a potent brewage of "croc." In short, all seemed delighted with the picnic, and ready to join in the chorus—"A Life in the Woods for me."

After everything eatable and drinkable, except the water, had been demolished, the chasseurs attached to Benazet's wilde Jagd, came in for their share of the day's amusement. A mark was set upon a tall pine-tree, and money-prizes offered for the successful competitors. It was quite a realisation of the opening scene of "Der Freyschütz." The *piqueurs* were, on the whole, excellent marksmen; and, O ye Gods! how the trumpets brayed, and what shouts were raised by beer-bemused peasants at each successful shot! Many amateurs also tried their hand, among them my French friend, who thus had an opportunity of discharging his gun—a cause of heartfelt joy to me, for I had been in fear, if not in danger, during the whole of the day. Extempore matches were also got up; in fine, no one seemed to think the sports of the day would ever come to a conclusion, and we were all surprised by the approach of night-fall, and the preparations for the *curée*, the last scene of this exciting drama.

The count now ordered torches to be lighted, and the dogs brought up, who had arrived at the rendezvous, straggling in one after the other, weary and waysore. A circle was then formed round the dead boar, and the mystic rites of the *curée* commenced. The count doffed his coat, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and commenced cutting up the boar with all the grace of a professional butcher—the *cor de chasse* sounding the *mort* during the whole scene. Ultimately, the hounds were fed, much better, in my opinion, than they had deserved after the day's exhibition.

We were then marshalled in the same order as upon our arrival, the *piqueurs* carrying the *reliquiae* of the boar before us to Sandwier. After this we started home for Baden, impressed with an exalted opinion of Monsieur Benazet's generosity; and I can safely avouch that he must have made a handsome profit by the day, after all expenses were paid. Each felt bound in honour to give the table a turn; for my own part—but it is unnecessary "*infandum renovare dolorem*."

All I can say in conclusion is, that I trust my readers will feel more pleasure than I do at these reminiscences of a "Day's Hunting at Baden."

A SCAMPER TO KILLARNEY, VIA THE CORK EXHIBITION.

COME, reader, traveller, friend, John Bull or Jean Crapaud, Yankee of sour-cROUT-loving German, be you what you may, you *shall* come along with me. Nay, I will have no excuse. You shall come and see the South of Ireland. "Expense!" Pshaw! And fields upon fields of gold found in Australia—the Bank of England so full of money, they are about to pay off the National Debt, and mortgages to be had at 3½ per cent. ! What! you still shake your head? *Carpe diem*, man! let us be off—save the rest of the year; invent a patent, and make your fortune. Do something great; the climate may inspire you. Clever Irishmen have lived ere now, caused, no doubt, by "praties and potheen." Come! "Sea-sickness!" Never think of it! Six hours only. Take "Murray's Magnesia." I will have no excuses, I am determined; you shall be off for a three weeks' holiday, or "lark"—call it what you will. No, no, no! you shall not go up the Rhine, nor to Switzerland—no, nor to Scotland. No, you shall come with me to the "land of strange contrasts—nature's fairest home," poor, neglected, beautiful, priest-ridden Ireland.

Well, before we set off we must be prepared for everything. Let us take plenty of wraps and wrappers from Cording's well-known emporium in the Strand; umbrellas, extra shawls for the ladies, and a large cottage bonnet for each, adorned with an "Ugly" if you will, plenty of railway blankets for all, as the bedding is often scanty, never forgetting a pair of Mackintosh gaiters for the masculine sex, or a coarse woollen riding-skirt for the fairer one; a few tin cases of preserved meats from Fortnum and Mason's, and a dozen of sherry from Hedges and Butler's, as the appetite will pall on the perpetual couple of fowls which did you the good office of laying the eggs for your breakfast, and bacon of equivocal feeding and still more doubtful death, which are invariably laid out for your repast at almost every hostelry in the island, save those of Cork, Killarney, and a few of the other principal towns in Ireland.

Well, we have taken our excursion ticket at the Euston station. I need not tell you the price, for you cannot open Bradshaw without seeing the advertisement, or raise your eye along any dead wall or scaffolding without seeing placards about "the tours to the South of Ireland;" and having got a carriage all to ourselves, and having steamed away to Holyhead, passing along the beautiful Welsh scenery, and through that noble triumph of man's genius, the Menai tunnel, we reach the sea. We feel cold, chill, and faint, as we enter the packet-boat, and smell the oil, grease, and steam; we bustle about on deck, unmindful of spray or sailors' oaths; we look first after this parcel, then that, then the cloaks, then the carpet-bag; but it is all vanity and vexation of spirit and of no good, for although the sea is as "smooth as a mill-pond," we must succumb to the tormentor that overpresses us. We faintly cry "Steward," and on his stalwart arm totter down the companion-ladder, and are very sick and ill. Well, at last the bell has done tolling that monotonous one—two—three—four, the white cliffs are in sight, we enter Kingstown harbour, we are on shore. The bell rings, we hurry off to the terminus, and get our ticket. Pause here, for one moment, my dear

reader. Be advised—take a *second class ticket*; for the second class carriages on this line resemble closely the holiday spring cars of the days of yore, which country folk used to jaunt off in on a gipsying pic-nic. The seats of the carriages are well cushioned, and the sea-breeze will play about your cheeks, and bring back all the roses the bilious Monster drove away. On your arrival in Dublin, drive to an hotel (the fare is sixpence, luggage extra), and immediately order a warm bath, after that a basin of soup *à la julienne*, a bottle of soda-water, with a liqueur glass of brandy to dash off the cold, and so to bed: while on the morrow, by my faith, you will rise as merry and healthy as a midsummer bee, or a spring lark.

There is plenty to see in Dublin, Wicklow, and the other parts of Ireland, along your line of railway, but I shall not let you stop; for having got your ticket *viséd*, away we are for “the beautiful city called Cork.” On your arrival at the terminus you are saluted by a crowd of tatterdemallions, all clamorous for your acquaintance, who introduce themselves without any of the formalities of English society. You may have no sympathy with such creatures, or a peculiar dislike to *esprit de corps* and rags. It does not signify to them one fraction. The *οι πολλοι* welcome your advent with cheers, or greet you by “That is a beautiful lady,” “An iligant jintleman,” “More power to you both,” “Hope your honour is quite well,” “Long life to your lady.” They inform you they have been waiting your honour’s arrival, and then furiously suggest “a jingle” to the hotels; or, if by reason of the hurry I have borne you along with, I have not given you time sufficient to allow your razor to traverse its matuninal course along your upper lip, and something is struggling forth that men *might* call a mustachio; or yet, again, although you are only given to commercial pursuits, there is a “something” naturally martial in your appearance, and your Brook-green volunteerism oozes out from your military nature, your new acquaintances immediately dub you “captain,” and naïvely inform you there will be mess at seven at Cork and Ballincollig barracks, and the “officers are waiting to see ye, please yer honour—captain.”

Reader, if you are a vain man, sink your constitutional weakness for the nonce, and jot not down your popularity to the old scores—your good looks and prepossessing mien; for, believe me, as each wave of travellers, be they cheesemongers or cutlers, lords or blacklegs, arrive, you will find they each receive the same attention and humbug; while if you are a proud man, quench your anger in a smile, for you are not now on the bench of your petty sessions, with clerk and constable by your side, about to sentence the pauper for “coming between the wind and your nobility” to a month’s treadmill as rogue and vagabond. No vagrant act is yet passed for Ireland. No, no! keep your temper, button up your pockets, and, like Mark Tapley, be jolly under any circumstances, more especially when pestered by the lazzaroni of the Emerald Isle.

Touts, porters, commissionaires, meet you from every hotel in Cork. My recommendation is certainly the Imperial Hotel, which has an omnibus to meet every train. It is kept by a Scotswoman, Mrs. Cotton, and I have ever there found cleanliness, economy, and civility combined.

When that triumphant effort of man’s mighty genius, skill, power, and ingenuity, raised its towering front in Hyde Park—the CRYSTAL PALACE

for the Exposition of All Nations—there is not a question Munster was the worst exhibitor of any other district. Strange anomaly, then, that it should be the first to get up one on an individual and a minor scale. But so it is. A party of gentlemen proposed an Exhibition for the produce of native talent, to be shown in Cork; the suggestion took, the plan succeeded; increased; is now increasing, and will, without fear, reach a creditable issue.

On Thursday, the 10th day of June, his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant opened the National Exhibition of Ireland in person, and sailed up the river from Cove, whilst the fleet boomed forth its salutes, and myriads of yachts, smacks, and other craft took up the salvo, and kept up a fire of guns; and on his Excellency's landing, heartfelt cheers resounded from all sides when he set foot on the quay. As you walked along the town, you saw the whole garrison turned out: dragoons, artillery, infantry, pensioners, and the armed police; a guard of honour met you at every turn; until at last you began to think yourself in the Champs Elysées of Paris, or the boulevards of some French garrison town, rather than in a realm of our peaceful and virtuous Queen.

The opening over, a banquet followed, then a ball, at which the beauty and fashion of the county appeared, whilst the evening's amusements concluded by a coalition between the father of a musical composer and a gentleman of the ball committee, whom you might afterwards gather from the police reports was connected with the export of that staple commodity of Munster—butter.

The quarrel arose from the rejection of a set of quadrilles composed by the afore-mentioned gentleman's son on this auspicious event, and the other gentleman being *one* of the committee, according to Hibernian mensuration, became not only a part of the whole, but the whole itself.

After a very Vandal encounter in the ball-room, which must have astonished strangers in no slight degree, if they took it as a specimen of Irish manners in the south—(I can testify otherwise in the midland and northern counties)—these two gentlemen met in the street, where one observed that it was lucky for the other he had not drowned him in one of his butter-firkins the other evening at the ball—a purely poetical figure of speech, by-the-by, for no butter-firkins really did embellish the ball-room. To this the assailed gentleman replied by an offensive epithet, and a passage, not of arms, but words and blows ensued, which ended by the parties having to appear at the police-office, the case proven, and committed for trial before the recorder.

Well, here we are, inside the Exhibition. What feelings does it not arouse within you? Are these people not a race with perverted talents? Look at the linen, woollen, freize, and worsted fabrics—are they not good? Look at the silk, lace, and embroidery—can it be equalled? See the manufactory of poplins and velvets within the place. Look at the fine linen or coarser towelling, but yet these people are begging by the roadside, starving amongst natural resources unequalled, shooting landlords, emigrating to America and Australia, and during the hard years of 1846-47, having a million pounds sterling per month paid from the royal treasury into their country.

The pictures are, with some exceptions, the veriest daubs I ever saw. There is a beautiful one by Maclise, and one or two others, well known

in the world of fine arts, but they only prove the more forcibly that Irish talent does not lie in that of the artist or limner; and wherever you do see it, and you may very often, and that too pre-eminently beautiful, it is an individual, not a general genius.

One thing certainly raised a smile to my face. An Irish Exhibition without a bull in it, would be certainly "Hamlet" with the *Prince of Denmark* omitted, or one of Miss Edgeworth's novels without the moral; but this time the bull took the form of a tiger—of course I do not mean an "Irish tiger," escaped from Sackville-street, and parading the sunny side of Piccadilly—but a real feline specimen of the animal, the species Cuvier and Linnaeus describes, and which I have yet to learn is indigenous to Ireland. But a truce to badinage. Let us turn to the beautiful bijouterie, the Wicklow gold, some very good sculpture, and the beautiful carvings, chairs, and tables made from the bog oak and Killarney woods. But even here, again, the pictorial art is sadly deficient. One table I saw had a circle of shamrocks inlaid in holly wood, which was very fairly done; but another artist, more venturous, had attempted to add the thistle and rose; but such ridiculous hieroglyphics I never saw, save in some old illuminated missal, or an idle schoolboy's desk. If a few Scottish artists and workmen would come over and settle in Killarney or Cork and propagate this fancy trade, I feel confident the speculation would answer. Capital workmen could be easily found who only require "putting in the way" of doing things, to equal any in the world. I have not described half that is to be seen in the Exhibition, for I shall leave that to you to find out, my good reader. A military band plays twice a week, and a grand promenade of all the rank and beauty of Cork attend. Dillon, from the Sheffield circuit, has opened the theatre, and Señor Pablo Fanque a fine amphitheatre, with a good stud of horses, and well-drilled artistes.

Before you leave Cork, however, you must run down to Queens-town, as it is now called, where you will see the finest natural harbour in the world, and "our wooden walls," or fleet, riding at anchor in the bay.

So now we are fairly off for Killarney. You remember the advice I gave you, ere we left London, about plenty of wrappers. We have ordered an outside car, or "jingle" as it is called in Cork, for which you pay sixpence a mile, and three-halfpence a mile to the driver; and when you consider it takes fourteen English miles to make eleven Irish, and you always pay at the national rate, I cannot think you have much to grumble at on the score of extortion. You are to reach Macroom at night, but as there is not much to see *en route*, you need not hurry off very early. After you have gone about four miles, on your right stands a large barrack for artillery and cavalry, and within its walls the powder-mills of Messrs. Tobins and Co., well worth the inspection of any one who has not seen such a manufactory. They are open from morning until dusk, and no trouble is experienced in obtaining a view of them. On your road you pass the old ruin of Carrig-a-Droid, built on a rock in the centre of the river Lee. A damsel once lived near the site of the present ruin. She was beautiful, proud, and rich—the heiress of an old baron. A poor hump-backed shoemaker fell in love with her, and pined in solitude for her sake. One day, whilst weeping by the banks of the stream over his

disappointed hopes, he heard the tap, tap, tap of the hammer of old Cluricaune, the presiding genius of shoemakers. To capture the antique gentleman would realise all his hopes; so off he set, and followed Mr. Cluricaune over many lands, through many countries, for many a long mile, often weary and hungry, for the space of two years, until his assiduity was rewarded by catching the old boy in a profound nap somewhere in the Giant's Causeway, and then and there compelling the imp to transform him, the deformed and weather-beaten shoemaker, into a tall, handsome youth, and endow him with untold riches. With these—symmetry and riches combined—he wooed, won, and wedded the object of his fondest hopes, and in *one night* built this Castle of Carrig-a-Droid for his future residence.

There is not much to be seen at Macroon except a castle; and after doing that and dinner, you must to bed early, and be up with the lark next morning. Not one moment later than half-past seven, A.M., must I see you safely deposited in the car, and ready for a start.

We now come upon a beautiful road, so let us take our time to enjoy it well. It is, indeed, a wild majestic drive to Inchigeela, or "the Island of the Hostages;" then by the river Lee we proceed until it widens into the beautiful lake of Allna, and thence to Gougane Barra. Here we change horses and cars, and our appetites, sharpened by the drive, we find ourselves quite ready for the "crisped" potatoes, new milk, and fowls, which the old lady soon prepares to tame our appetite, for we shall not get our dinner until nine in the evening. After luncheon you must set off for the lone lake, around which the craggy mountains crowd in gloomy splendour, while on an island stands the hermitage of St. Bearra. You have surely read that beautiful ode upon this sequestered spot; if you have not, my Viator, you have a treat in store, and one I would advise you not to neglect enjoying. (*Vide* any of the larger guide-books to Killarney.) Whilst resting at this place, or spot, for your "tiffin," I wandered forth and saw a patteen, or hebdominal feast, at the aforementioned hermitage, which, of course, is instituted for prayer. Alas! however, I am too greatly afraid it generally ends in drunkenness and vice.

We are once more on our car, and ascending the hill between the pass of Keim-an-eigh, famous for the treason and daring of Captain Rock, a yeoman-farmer of Michelstown, and leader of the White Boys. Lord Bantry determined upon this *ci-devant* captain's imprisonment, and turned out the whole of his tenants, retainers, and people, to take this rebel chief and his clan; but while descending the pass his party had a very narrow escape, for just as the last of his lordship's followers passed the heights, an immense stone was rolled down, happily without effect.

At about eight, P.M., arrive at Bantry, and rest there for the night.

Yesterday you had a hard day, so take your snooze, worthy reader, and I will not disturb you. At about noon, however, we must be off in a car for Glengariff, eight miles distant, passing the bay where the French fleet "rode" in 1796. Of course you have read Mrs. Hall's book, where, in an early edition, she gives her opinion, and with justice too, relative to the badness of the hotel at Glengariff, improved since, but capable of improvement even now. I must here digress. In 1844, I recollect I went with some *boys*, for they were really not above fifteen to sixteen

years of age, on a fishing excursion to this very hotel. CHAFF was the order of the day.

"Take care," said one, "if you don't treat me well, waiter, I shall report you to Mrs. Hall."

"Faix, and ye make a deal of bobbery, sir," he replied.

"What do you say?" added another, angrily, without a hair on his face. "Take care, you knight of the dirty napkin, for I am writing a book myself."

"Ye are, ye, sir?" replied the ready-witted waiter. "Faith, then, I am after thinking it will be many a long day before *that* book sees its binding."

Before dinner, you ought to have seen Cromwell's bridge, which the legends tell you was built in twenty-four hours—believe it, if you please. Nevertheless, it is a fine old ruin. Having seen it, you are ready in the morning to clamber the mountain's side, inferior to nothing that either the British Islands or Europe affords—I mean the Sugar-loaf Mountain, around whose edge are 365 lakes (or one for every day in the year), fed *alone* by the clouds; and from its heights you have as fine and as expansive a panorama of scenery as ever you wish to obtain—ay, be it Switzerland or the north of Italy.

While descending, our guide said in a low tone—"Whisper, yer honour! Will yer honour see a fight?"

"A fight?"

"Ay, a fight!—a faction fight between the Haringtons and Glenlyons!"

So, accordingly, imbued with old grandmamma Eve's curiosity, I went to see it, and though they have no use "of their mauleys," yet with their shillelahs there was many a broken head and contused body to show how much the belligerents had their spirit and vengeance well "up" with their conflicts. We returned by Lord Bantry's grounds, and I bought an "Irish terrier;" and although assured by Mrs. Hall's work I had obtained an "original," I am still very sceptical, as upon the production of Glenna to the strictures of the "fancy," I was told she was "nought but a *Scotch* bred one."

After seeing Glengariff, we sleep the next night at Kenmare, a very good inn, and leave the next day for Killarney. Here I recommend the "Lake Hotel," at the "Castle Lough." Charges thus: Breakfast, 1s. 8d.; dinner, 2s. 6d.; beds, 1s. 8d.; two-oared boat and men, 6s. per diem; a four-oared boat with ditto, 10s. These charges, remember, include servants of every description, and the *boatmen*; the latter you are particularly requested by the landlord, and in short every one else, *not to fee*, otherwise you encourage extortion.

You are supposed to pay nothing for the omnibus from the town to the Lake Hotel, but the driver sends in his respects, and intimates he has "no meat or diet allowed" but what he receives from the honour of "jintlemen." Certes you have no interest in the eternal economy of the driver's wardrobe or kitchen, and you may feel disgusted—what ladies think, I know not—for surely you would feel very angry at a Brixton or city cab-driver naively informing you he had "popped" his Sunday-coat, and would be much obliged by the loan of three shillings to get it out of pawn. However, you send the Irish bus-driver sixpence a head, and jot

it down in your mind to the score of incongruities of Ireland. Friend Boniface! in future, take a hint: charge each passenger, and let the product be your servants' wages. The Saxon will pay what you demand as long as you keep within bounds; but do not let your servants beg. As Captain Deuceace, of the Blues, would say, "It is demn low, old fella-ar."

Well, here you are at Killarney. Now, do not expect me to break out into a wild rhapsody of delight, and describe everything with the *couleur-de-rose* pen of a George Robins or a Mrs. Norton, as we climb the mountains or row along the lakes; for I suppose you are here yourself, and if so, quite as capable of forming your own ideas on the softness or beauty of the scene, as I am of telling you of it. I consider it a panorama for bold sterility and soft-wooded loveliness, combined of varied lights and shades, of tints and colouring, unequalled in any country I have ever seen.

You had better engage a guide, who expects from four to five shillings a day. Mr. Kerry O'Leary is a diverting and amusing creature, full of wit and anecdote, stories and legends without end, and very proud of having accompanied Mr. Charles Lever on his visit to this spot some years ago.

"He wrote a book about this place, sir," said Kerry.

"Indeed—did he?"

"He has written one just now, too, sir. He told me he would, please your honour. Let us see—what is it?"

"The Daltons, perhaps," I replied.

"Yes, sir, 'The Dolphins after the Flying-Fish,' that is the name, sir, an iligant title entirely, please your honour."

The greatest curse to Ireland, its visitors, and travellers, is its BEGGARS; and at Killarney they swarm around you like flies on a hot summer's day. Mrs. Hall attempts to justify them; I am sorry to say, that, with due deference to her superior judgment, I contemplate the class with mingled feelings of anger, disgust, and pity. Mrs. Hall urges, as a great redeeming plea for their humiliating and depraved habits, that of repartee. But even here I am at issue with the clever authoress; for although not clothed in such elegant language, and yet embellished with anathematical expletives hardly fit for "ears polite," I have heard as witty an answer, or as smart a chaffing-match, from a Billingsgate fish-woman or London dockyard-man, a bus-cad or Whitechapel butcher-boy, as ever you heard at the foot of Mangerton, or in the streets of Killarney. I have no interest in contorted features, paralysed limbs, or disagreeable deformities, and cannot consider it anything picturesque to see human beings covered with rags, filth, and vermin; who have been strangers to a good wash and use of soap and a hair-brush from the hour of their childhood; nor have I any sympathy with people who exist solely by lying and importunity. Strip the subject of its romance, and let us look at it as though we were solemnly reading a leader of the *Times*, not listening to the light-hearted holiday-prattle of some black-eyed girl, or the jokes and laughter of a boon-companion. What are these beggars but a race who have been initiated from their childhood in deception and vice, until each succeeding year of their existence is but another and a higher phase achieved in the mystery of their craft? What are they but a people who, by cunning, deceit, and fraud, work on your vanity or good nature, and by these

means empty your pockets of your money, and who are, at least to my eye, but little removed from the pickpocket, the swindler, or the Chevalier d'Industrie ! Happily they are disappearing in a degree—emigrating to America or the diggings of Australia, the good sense of travellers and visitors showing them how much better it is to button up their breeches-pockets than to encourage these beggars in their sloth, drunkenness, and lies. The landlords in these parts reside on their property, and there is work for all. One gentleman in particular is worthy of much praise. He has drained and improved his farms, and turned the miserable cabins into comfortable homesteads—a senator, a philanthropist, and a Christian.

Well, we must be up early next morning, and see the sun rise, and then to breakfast ; after that, order our ponies, and Kerry O'Leary as guide, to ascend Mangerton.

The ponies are most wonderfully sure-footed, warranted not to trip or fall, and to carry a lady. In short, I saw a fair damsel, who had never been "outside a horse" before, mount one of these palfreys, and such confidence did it give her, that I am *almost* inclined to back her against that lady who is going the rounds of the sporting papers as desirous of making a match to perform such prodigies in horse-womanship. A short mile brings you to the foot of the mountain, and here again you are assailed by a hundred or so barefooted girls, with a thorough contempt for millinery, or hair-dressing, who press upon you most assiduously the goat's milk and mountain-dew they carry. You are very angry at first, for during your guide's explanations of the scenery a running obligato is kept up by these girls of "The stones are sharp, yer honour ;" "The day is fine, yer honour ;" "Yer honour is looking well ;" "The water is smooth," and so forth ; and at last you come to the conclusion English travellers must have something very foolish written in their faces, for these nymphs of goat's milk to think they were not as well aware of all these facts they have been telling them as they were themselves, for I assure you they never give you further information than the very commonplace phrases I have quoted above. One old lady was very persevering in begging of my companion.

"Ah, then ! good jintlemen always give me something," said the old beldame.

"But I am the bad gentleman," he replied, "and my friends always call me Satan, for shortness."

The reply set the old hag off into a paroxysm of laughter, and she went away jabbering and cackling, better pleased, I do believe, than if he had given her half-a-crown.

Two young ladies, in very *déagé* attire, attached themselves to me. I do not know what they saw to become so suddenly fond of me—perhaps my grey hairs and crow's feet had something to attract them. I did all I could, however, to get rid of them. I tried anger, then persuasion, then love ; every means in my power, but of no avail. I put my pony into a sharp trot, but they clung to its tail ; so, at last, upon the principle "that what cannot be cured must be endured," I let my good-humour get the better of my wrath, and up we all went together. After a while they became more communicative ; they pointed me out the different reeks and hills, streams and valleys. They then offered to sell

me worsted stockings, mittens, and Kerry diamonds; and on reaching the Punch Bowl, where the devil is supposed to quench his thirst after his evening cigar, the fairest of my Hebes disappeared, and when she came back it was with a little can of, as she assured me, the coldest water in the world. I drank to please her, and not without the hopes these bevy of damsels would remain with the ponies at the pool; but no! for although they had been up to the top, I should think, five or six times every day, up they all came trooping with us again to the very summit. I gave my fair companions a trifle, which entailed upon me all the blessings they could bestow, and the importunities of all the other girls.

When we reached the plain again, I inquired of Kerry who the two girls were who had been so attracted by my fatherly appearance. He told me they were the daughters of a small farmer, doing very well in the world, with cows, pigs, and potato-fields, but begging was too good a trade in the summer to be neglected. Many of these girls are very forward, but persons well skilled in those matters informed me that they would beg, lie, dance, and drink punch, *but* they were rigidly virtuous.

After you have descended from Mangerton, you must take a ride in Lord Kenmare's park, where you have some splendid views and capital grass to canter on. Then to dinner, where you will have an original in Charles the waiter. Do not fail to question him anent his love for rice-pudding. Once, when butler to a gentleman—so the story goes—his master ordered him "to heat the rice-pudding made for the pic-nic." The pronouncing of "eat" and "heat" being so similar in the Irish language—both being pronounced "ate"—Charles thought the latter the most approved fashion of "cooking" the pudding, and a capital meal he made of it. Another anecdote of the worthy. Charles was one day at mess. Two ladies entered the chapel. "Two cheers (chairs) for the ladies," said the priest. "Hurrah, hurrah! for the ladies," screamed Charles; and such a hullabaloo of cheers was taken up by the congregation, and sounded through the chapel, as was never heard there before.

After dinner, old Gansey, the blind piper, came in, and his son, who accompanies him on a violin; and for those who like the strains of the bagpipes, he plays remarkably well. One air is very plaintive, and the words contain the lament of an old farmer who has married a young wife, and who has his jealousy aroused, and his honour assailed, by the attempts of a dancing-master, who allures her plighted love from him. At last the dancing-master succeeds, and elopes with the old man's wife. (By-the-by, even to this day, these rural dancing-masters are great Don Giovannis in Ireland—most successful rascals with the hearts of ladies.) And in the song he bewails his loss, and that part where he says he nursed and tended his prattling infant in the fond belief it was his own, and now finds it was another's, is mournfully sweet, enough to melt the sternest heart to tears.

Next morning we are up early again, and after breakfast we mount on a car and drive off to the fine waterfall called the Torc Cascade—thence to see the old ruin of Muckruss, the burial-place now of the lairds of this district. It is fine, certainly, but Mrs. Hall ought not to compare it to Melrose Abbey, in Scotland. A pretty drive through the domain brings you to your boat. First of all, then, you row up "the meeting

of the waters," the spot Sir Walter Scott most admired; you then cruise about the islets until five, and land at Lady Kenmure's cottage, where "Sweet Kitty" will quickly roast you some new-caught salmon on arbutus sticks, and "crisp" some potatoes, which, together with the "prog" you have brought from the Lake Hotel, makes you a very comfortable dinner. This despatched, row and see O'Sullivan's Cascade, where you must not fail to collect some roots of the tree-moss, which Professor Wilson tells us is only found here and in Hampshire.

You then cross over to the fertile and beautiful island of Innisfallen, where is the world-famed bed of honour. A knight once eloped with a neighbouring baron's daughter. The enraged father caught the disobedient lovers clasped in one another's arms asleep in this cave. The father, like stage papas of the present day, immediately ordered his daughter home, but, like Mrs. Desdemona, she exclaimed,

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge.

"Besides, sir, she has slept with me all this night," broke in her lover, in a very untheatrical meter.

"As a knight, sir, I feel sure you are too much of a gentleman to have taken any dishonourable advantage of my daughter," replied the father.

The surmise proved true, and as a reward the old baron became reconciled, and bestowed his daughter's hand on the young knight. The questionable properties of this bed of honour now, in modern times, I know nothing about; but if stories be true, many of the youths, even of this year of grace 1852—aye, and noble ones too—owe their existence from a visit of their parents to this very cave. Ask O'Leary. On your return you touch at the cottage, and, if the evening is fine, land; where a party is almost sure to be dancing away at some Irish jigs or reels, to the strains of the croaking bagpipes, as light-hearted and as merry as health, youth, and innocence can make them. Should you be Terpsichoreanly inclined, my word for it you will find plenty of partners and lasses that will dance you down too much, as you may fancy you are indomitable from your frequent visits to the Windmill-street Casino or the Cremorne Gardens. As the shades of evening gather around you, you slowly paddle homewards; but ere you land, you must call upon Paddy Blake, a wonderful echo heard from the peninsula at the Lake Hotel, and which repeats most distinctly every cry and holloa you make.

My limits will not allow me to strike out for you the programme for each day's touring. Mr. Thackeray tells us, "As for a man's coming from his desk in London or Dublin and seeing the whole lakes in a day, he is an ass for his pains." And truly does the author of "Vanity Fair" write. To see Killarney well, you require at least a week; but whether you see the Gap of Dunloe on a Thursday, or the Reeks on a Tuesday, or Ross Island on a Wednesday (in inspecting the latter, however, devote a whole day), must be a question for you to decide on when you are on the spot. It would be presumptuous in me to dictate when we remember Terence's aphorism, *Tot homines quot sententia*.

The week over, with regret you inquire of Charles, the waiter, the conveyances to Mallow, where you meet the Dublin train.

"The mail, please your honour, at a quarter past four," he replied.

"Take me a seat, if you please, waiter. Mrs. Brown Smith, of Pimlico, London," chimed in an elderly lady, with a decided toupee of dark black hair and very green eyes. "An inside one, if you please, waiter; and tell the boots to be very particular in bringing down *my* luggage."

The mail—I had an indistinct fancy of a red-painted, light-bodied coach, with four thorough-bred galloping horses, doing the twelve miles within the hour; and wondered what Charles's cynical smile meant as he left the room, mumbling, "An inside place on an outside car—faith! that bangs Banagher!"

I know I was very much astonished, and I saw Mrs. Brown Smith was also astonished, and a sixteen-stone Sheffield bagman, with a ton weight of cutlery, was also astonished, and a young lady was astonished, and my travelling companion was very much astonished, to find her Majesty's royal mail nothing better than a joint-dislocating, bone-breaking, rough, outside "jingle," to carry five people, besides all the luggage and letter-bags, and a bit of a gossoon for a coachman, with a short clay pipe in his mouth, filled with the most execrable tobacco I ever remember to have smelt—and all drawn by one poor unfortunate horse. I conclude Martin's Act is not in force in Ireland.

"Mind that portmanteau, porter," said Mrs. Brown Smith; "do set it up straight. Now be careful, do. Now—now!—there!—I am sure you will spoil everything in it. How very careless and thoughtless these Irish are, sir!"

"Very, ma'am," replied the cutler. "Now, you shaver, are we never to be off? We shall miss the train."

Upon which, the driver gave a peculiar Irish whistle between his lips, and desiring us to scramble up as best we could, played a few dull notes on a tin horn, that set all our teeth on edge, and kept them so for the next five minutes. Once under weigh, I found myself next Mrs. Brown Smith.

"Any danger do you think, sir?" she inquired of me, timidly.

"Yes," I answered, without thinking.

"You don't really mean it? It is a very dull, dreary road I hear, and these Irish are just like Caffres—shoot you from behind a wall, and no one takes any notice at all of it—and no police here, sir. If—if—anything does occur, sir—my will, sir, is with Wilcox and Swanquill, Figtree-court, Temple, sir—and—Jane!—Anne!—"

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "you quite misunderstood my meaning. The only danger I anticipated was that of our being late for the train."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Besides, there are police here; perhaps as fine a body of men as ever you saw. They are drilled like soldiers, and wear a uniform somewhat similar to the Rifles."

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied the duenna. "Are these policemen as successful with gentlemen's cooks as they are in London, do you think?"

"Really, madam," I said, courteously, "I have no experience in the amorous triumphs of policemen, either here or in town."

"I hope my portmanteau is safe," said Mrs. Smith, after a long pause. "You see, sir, I am not much of a traveller. I was never further than Gravesend in my life until now. It is a great undertaking, sir, for me. The sea was very unpleasant—quite different to what I felt when I went down to Greenwich to see the Hospital there, sir."

I endeavoured to explain the difference between the sea and a river, for which the old lady was very much obliged, and in return gave me a short epitome of her family history—of the departed Smith, who had been a tallow-chandler, and of Jane Anne, her daughter.

"I was very nervous the other day, when Jane Anne went to Windsor to see her aunt, sir," said the elderly lady, cutting imaginary circles in the air with her hands, as if she was clearing off some fog gathering around her. "I don't mind a hackney-coach, sir, but those railroads are so very dangerous, and the tunnels very frightful, sir—to be in the dark with a strange gentleman, you know, is anything but correct, sir." And so Mrs. Brown Smith went on prattling until we finished our first stage.

Here we changed horses, and got into the shafts a smartish-looking, rather well-bred mare; much wind-galled, however, and without an ounce of flesh on her bones.

"How far is it to the next stage, boy?" I asked.

"Seventeen miles, yer honour," he replied.

Seventeen miles for one poor unfortunate mare to drag a heavy car, six people, and luggage!

If ever there was a shameful act of cruelty to a poor animal, and that the noblest of creation, surely this stands pre-eminent; but how much more was my disgust heightened by finding she had already done the stage in the morning—*thirty-four miles in one day!* I registered a vow never to travel again by the "Royal Mail," but to take the coach that leaves at ten in the morning in future.

On our arrival at the Mallow terminus, the car would not drive up to the station, urging as an excuse that they were not allowed, by reason of carrying the letter-bags. A herd of ragamuffins, therefore, besiege you on your arrival to carry up your luggage. My friend, Mrs. Brown Smith, had carefully entrusted her portmanteau to a boy, when an opposition "porter" came sneaking up behind him, and pitched the "sacred box" off the bearer's shoulders with all the force imaginable on to the hard flinty road. A pugilistic encounter ensued between the boys, whilst the poor lady sat weeping and gnashing her teeth, declaring ten pounds' worth of damage had been done to her goods and chattels by these audacious wretches, and like patience on the monument she there sat, until the arrival of the Dublin train whirled us all off to Dublin.

Engagements compelled me to return to town immediately; but if you have time, good viator, take my advice, and see the county of Wicklow ere you leave. It will amply repay you.

I look upon Killarney as one of the great features of the world, and my only hope is, that when Albert Smith gets tired of his diorama of Mont Blanc, he will take a peep here, and give us in Piccadilly a few delineations of Irish character, and a few scenes, illustrated by Mr. Beverley, of the south of Ireland.

GHOST OR NO GHOST?

THE following pages have been written in the vain attempt to beguile the weary hours of solitude, and to alleviate the torturing pangs of memory. I shall not, however, fatigue the reader with the story of my own life—a blank indeed—but I shall throw together some incidents which have come under my observation during a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the world—all, I am afraid, coloured by the prevailing hue of my own mind. The first which occurs to my memory, is one which fifty years ago would have assumed the dignity of a ghost-story ; whether, in this sceptical age, it will sustain its pretensions, I do not venture to decide.

It is now many years ago that I was sent to complete my education at a boarding-school at the town of D——. Ah! how well I remember the quiet old place, with its quaint-looking Guildhall, its High-street, with shops where you could get nothing you wanted! the walks that we took, shivering, in the early morning, pæing along demurely two and two together, our watchful governess majestically bringing up the rear—the Sunday procession to church—the stupid old French governess—the sentimental and romantic-looking Italian master, supposed by us to be a prince in disguise! But my recollections are carrying me away—let me return to my tale.

It was, of course, an indispensable condition of my time of life that I should contract certain romantic and indissoluble friendships : of these there were two which stood out pre-eminently from the rest ; one with a young lady, two or three years my senior, of whom I need say nothing here, except that she was in every respect worthy of the affection with which I regarded her. As for my other friend, whose name was Alice, what shall I say of her ? how can I set before your eyes a being at once so attractive and so tormenting ? The calumnies which the male sex are so ready to throw upon ours had some justification when applied to her. Possessed as she was of a singular charm of person and manner, she made admiration her sole object ; so long as that was withheld, nothing could exceed her anxiety to please ; but her object once attained, suddenly the scene changed ; a chilling reserve was substituted for smiles and animation, and similar arts were employed upon some other unfortunate, with similar success, and were followed by similar neglect. But why should I waste time in describing a character so common that all of my readers must at some period of their lives have been acquainted with it ? Yet, with all her faults, one could not help loving her ; to me, indeed, she was less capricious than to others, and I felt sure that time would give her steadiness and consistency, in which points only her disposition was remarkably deficient.

Many happy hours did I spend in that old town ; the small cares and miseries of one's existence—the interminable Italian verbs—the hours and hours spent at the old jingling piano—the formalities and vexatiousness of the tiresome French governess—all intolerable at the moment, were all at once forgotten when I could get a half-hour's conversation with either of the friends I have mentioned—half-hours spent chiefly in forming to ourselves pictures of that world of which we had heard so

much, and knew so little, and in anticipating the day when our visions of it would be realised.

Time always passes slowly to the young, to me it passed slowly enough; how I counted the days—even the hours—which yet intervened before the happy moment in which I should be pronounced "finished." At length the time arrived; on awaking that morning, a dull, drizzling sky presented itself to my eyes. On a sudden, a change came over the spirit of my dream; the acts of kindness which I had experienced from all around, now crowded on my mind; the stupid French governess herself appeared almost tolerable. On the other hand, the future, to which I had looked forward so hopefully, now seemed dim and indistinct before my eyes; what, indeed, had I in prospect? to reside with a relative of whom I knew nothing, and to be brought out into a world of which all I had heard, all I had read, assured me it was false and deceptive—like the mirage, which mocks the fainting traveller in the desert; in the distance it seems to answer all his hopes, but approaching nearer, he finds that there is no change from the arid waste which he has hitherto traversed.

With an aching heart, I dressed myself, and proceeded down stairs. A sad and solemn silence prevailed at our breakfast; for my part, it was with difficulty that I could force a few morsels of bread down my throat. After the gloomy meal was ended (a mist rises before my eyes while I write), we were all summoned to the drawing-room, where in solemn state sat the mistress of the establishment, supported on either side by her deputies. On my approach, the mistress, before not too much beloved by me, arose, bearing in her hand a neatly-bound Bible. I knew well what was coming—it was a ceremony that had been repeated fifty times while I was at the school, but still it seemed to take me by surprise. I stood as if in a dream. My head swam. I had an indistinct conception of the scene which followed. The mistress presented me with the Bible, making, at the same time, a short and, I dare say, suitable address. After her, each advanced in turn with her little offering. I heard the sound of words, but their tenour I discerned not. Last of all, the old, ugly, despised French governess approached and placed in my hands a patchwork reticule, made, it appeared, by her own hands. All the slights, all the affronts I had put upon the poor woman, flashed across my mind. I was fairly overcome, and sobbed like a child. Those presents, I have them all now. The patchwork reticule, it is not beautiful, but I keep it still.

Seeing my distress, they moved off in solemn procession, and shortly my friend Alice came to my aid. Here was a new trial—to part from her. The rest of the morning was devoted to tears and vows of eternal friendship; they have not been too well kept, but I must not complain. Our intentions are good, but, as the poet tells us,

the strong hours
Conquer us.

Besides, a wife and mother has other things to think of besides the desolate.

I find that, in spite of my statement that I should avoid my own story, I have insensibly been dwelling on my own thoughts and feelings at a far greater length than is desirable. I will endeavour hereafter to keep more closely in view the matter in hand. Time rolled on; the elder of

my friends, who had left school some time before me, shortly after married a middle-aged nobleman—a Lord N—an amiable, phlegmatic, rather stupid man—not altogether, however, unsuited in character to his wife.

With respect to Alice, I did not see her for many years, as she resided in London, and I with my aunt at Bath. As a correspondent, she was sadly irregular. Every now and then I had a letter; three sides closely filled and crossed, the folds not being neglected; all three sides, crossings, and folds, breathing the most ardent affection and anxiety for our meeting. Then again would ensue a silence of a year or more. Though I did not see her, however, I heard of her pretty often; as in Bath I fell in with many who had met her during the season in London. The terms in which she was spoken of were, by no means, always those of praise. The gentlemen were most enthusiastic in their expressions of admiration; but her own sex (the elderly portion of them in particular) spoke of her in terms of decided reprobation. Indeed, unless rumour was very unjust to her, she had, in more than one instance, exceeded those wide bounds which custom allows to young ladies on the head of coquetry. Of course no one of her victims went so far as to blow his brains out, or to do any other foolish action of that kind. Even in that day, when there were such things as hearts, a proceeding of that sort was quite out of the question; nevertheless, some of her admirers were led on till they made themselves ridiculous—the point, perhaps, on which they were most susceptible.

At last these reports grew so unpleasant that I determined in my next letter to hint at what I had heard. This I did with great caution, as I knew with whom I had to deal. No answer was returned, and I began to think I had offended beyond hope of forgiveness; when one day, calling on a family who had shortly before arrived from London, they burst upon me with the intelligence that Alice was shortly to be married to a Mr. A—. Mortified as I was that I had been left to learn from strangers tidings so interesting, I concealed my chagrin as well as I was able, and proceeded to make inquiries as to the disposition of the bridegroom. The information I received was anything but satisfactory. A member of a family notorious for violence of temper, he had in nowise degenerated from the hereditary character. Being an only son, at an early age he had quarrelled with his father on some trifling grounds, and was turned out of doors. This dismissal recommended him to a wealthy uncle, who was on ill terms with his father. He accordingly adopted him, and ultimately left him heir to a large property. Besides this, Mr. A— had fought two duels, which, however, were looked upon far more leniently in that day than in the present; still the circumstances attending one of them reflected very much upon him—his adversary having been his most intimate friend, and Mr. A— having insisted on continuing the contest till his opponent was carried off from the field severely, though not mortally, wounded.

So far as station and prospects were concerned, the match was most eligible, the gentleman having for some years sat in Parliament as representative of a certain borough in the West of England, and having made one or two speeches which had been heard with attention by both sides of the House. It was indeed expected that when Mr. A—'s party

came into power, he would be offered some high post under Government. This account of his prospects did not by any means counterbalance the fears which the description of his temper and character caused me. Little, indeed, does external splendour contribute to happiness when the mind is not at ease :

Glories in public view but add to misery
Which travails in unrest at home.

Nevertheless, young as I then was, I well knew that implicit reliance could not be placed on all the *on dits* of society ; so I comforted myself with the reflection that Mr. A.'s disposition might really be more amiable than it appeared in the narrative of my informants.

Immediately I got home, I wrote a long letter to Alice, reproaching her with having left me in ignorance of the important step she was about to take. The next post brought me a hurried note in reply, full of apologies for her long silence, and assurances of unabated affection. It also contained an earnest entreaty that I would officiate as bridesmaid at the approaching ceremony. This invitation I was compelled to decline, as the health of my aunt would not admit of my quitting Bath. In due time the celebration of the marriage was announced to us by the arrival of cards and wedding-cake in due form ; and a note from my friend, now Mrs. A——, informed me that the happy couple intended to spend the next six months in Switzerland and Italy, at the expiration of which time the meeting of Parliament would require Mr. A——'s presence in London.

The six months had almost expired when I again heard from my friend, who now wrote in the highest spirits. She was gifted with a most lively appreciation of the beauties both of art and nature. It appeared that in this respect her husband was no less enthusiastic than herself ; so that while enjoying the romantic scenery of Switzerland and the architectural and pictorial glories of Florence and Rome, they had but little time left for entering into society. This privation Mrs. A—— assured me she did not at all regret ; in fact, she was cured of her taste for gaiety and dissipation, and preferred to all the turmoil of the world the sympathy of one kindred mind. She concluded by assuring me that she was the happiest woman living.

Thus far all was well ; my only fear was, lest this state of things should prove to be of short duration. I forgot to mention that Mrs. A——'s letter informed me that they were on the point of starting on their return to England, having already lingered in that delightful land longer than they originally designed, and longer than was altogether consistent with Mr. A——'s attention to his parliamentary duties.

What I proceed to relate, I have only from the narration of others ; but I assure you it is not to be doubted, as the occurrences have been related to me by those who were present and took part in them. It happened that on Mr. and Mrs. A——'s landing in England, their route to London took them directly past T—— Abbey, the seat of Lord N——. Alice, on finding that she was near the residence of her early friend, whom she had not met since leaving school, thought it too favourable an opportunity of renewing their intimacy to be neglected. They were, as I said before, much pressed for time, Mr. A—— having been already too long absent from the head-quarters of politics. How-

ever, he could not withstand the solicitations of his wife, and consented to indulge her with a few hours' enjoyment of her friend's society, stipulating, however, that in any case they should contrive to arrive in London that night.

They arrived at T—— Abbey about noon. I need not describe the rapture with which the two ladies flew into each other's arms, nor will I weary the reader with the expostulations of Lord and Lady N—— against their intention of continuing their journey that afternoon. Mr. A—— for some time stood firm, much to the dissatisfaction of his lovely wife. At length, as is usual in such cases, a *mezzo termine* was agreed on: as business required Mr. A——'s presence in town, he should go up by the mail, which passed the Lodge at eleven at night; Mrs. A—— should remain until the next Thursday, and then proceed, under the care of some friends who providentially were setting out for London on that day.

Peace being at length concluded on these terms, the newly-arrived visitors had time to look round them. It happened that there were several guests staying at the Abbey; among others, the Count di F——, a Neapolitan, who in his own country had fallen under the suspicion of the government, as a friend of some of the Carbonaro leaders of that day. Though nothing could actually be brought home to him, his position became so uncomfortable that he thought it better to withdraw to England, where he was received in certain circles in London as a patriot and martyr to his principles. This gentleman had frequently met Mrs. A—— in society before her marriage, and had professed himself one of her most ardent admirers. Mrs. A—— was an enthusiastic friend of liberty, equality, and fraternity—principles which were more in favour with our sex at that time than they are now. She threw herself into politics with that ardour which characterised everything she said and did; and consequently the admiration of the Count was by no means disagreeable to her, he being at that time treated quite as a lion by the Liberal party. The affair of course came to nothing, as she was the last person to think of uniting her lot to that of a man without fortune or acknowledged position in society. However, their names had frequently been coupled together: of this Mr. A—— was well aware, and it is quite certain that, had he known that the Count was a visitor at the Abbey, he would not have consented to his wife's remaining there.

The thing, however, was done; and when the Count made his appearance, there was no possibility of drawing back. The lady, indeed, with her customary frankness, did not attempt to disguise the pleasure she experienced in this rencontre; and the Count, on his part, was not behind hand in reciprocating her expressions of gratification at the meeting. The morning was wet and cold, and out-of-door exercise being out of the question, Lord N—— proposed to his guests that they should inspect, under his guidance, the different apartments of the Abbey. His offer was gladly accepted, and, as it fortunately happened that the house was singularly rich in old armour and objects of *virtu*, the greater part of the company was soon engaged in the interesting survey.

The Count, during the whole perambulation, attached himself to Mrs. A——, not quitting her side for a moment: their conversation so completely engaged their attention, that I am afraid they took little

notice of the treasures displayed to their view, or to the learned comments of their *cicerone*. The husband stalked in the rear of the procession, looking black as a thundercloud, and sunk in contemplation of the proceedings of his wife and her admirer.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

The perambulation, which had been tedious enough to one of the party, at length ended, and other guests who had been invited to dinner arrived; when the move was made for the dining-room, the Count contrived to take in Mrs. A——, and was thus seated next her during the repast. But I need not pursue further my description of their proceedings; in brief, they seemed entirely engrossed by each other.

The rest of the company did not fail to comment on this behaviour; some contenting themselves with interchanging significant looks, while others gave vent to their opinions in cautious whispers.

As the evening wore away, the gloom on the brow of Mr. A——, who had remained throughout in moody silence, grew darker and darker; latterly, I am told, his face became perfectly livid with rage. Still, slowly or quickly, pleasantly or painfully, the hours proceed on their noiseless course, and at length the hand of the clock on the chimney-piece announced to the unhappy young man that the time for his departure was arrived. Having taken an unceremonious leave of his host and hostess, and none at all of his offending wife and the rest of the company, he hurried out of the room; the lady, however, who at that moment was dancing with the Count, suddenly called to mind that something was due to the proprieties of life; she accordingly quitted her partner, and ran out after her husband into the hall. What passed between them I cannot say, but in a few minutes she returned to the drawing-room, looking like the ghost of the lovely and animated being she had appeared a short time before. She excused herself from again joining in the dance, on the plea of fatigue, and sat, pale and *distracte*, apparently hardly conscious of the anxious inquiries addressed to her by the Count and Lady N——, and merely asserting in reply that she was perfectly well. Those of the guests who were not staying in the house, seeing that their presence was *de trop*, seized the first opportunity of taking their leave; the others speedily retired to their respective apartments—all of them making their own comments on what had been passing. When they were all gone, Lady N—— conducted Mrs. A—— to her bedroom, where, however, she shortly after left her, thinking that, most probably, solitude and repose would prove the most effectual remedies for her indisposition.

The wretched young woman, on being left alone, sat for some time motionless, turning over in her mind the events of the day. Indistinct images of bloodshed and horror rose before her eyes. At one moment she saw her husband, at another the Count, stretched before her a corpse. Then again other images, indefinable, yet even more terrible, flashed across her brain. Bitterly did she reproach herself with having so hastily united her fate with that of a man against whose violent and implacable temper she had been often warned, and which was now begin-

ning to display itself in the darkest colours. Her grief and dismay were aggravated by the thought, which, drive it away as she would, still kept intruding on her mind, that her own giddiness and imprudence were the sole cause of all this misery. At one time she resolved upon seeking out her husband, and attempting to avert, by prayers and tears, the catastrophe she foreboded. Still the determination not to submit—not to give way—steeled her stubborn heart. She assured herself that she had not been in the wrong—that it was only a suspicious and ill-regulated mind like his which could impute blame to her. In these vain and unprofitable reflections the hours flew unheeded; at last the flickering of the candle in its socket in some degree roused her to exertion. Hastily commending herself to the care of her Creator, she threw herself on the bed, dressed as she was. In a moment or two the candle had completely expired, and before long she lost, in a heavy slumber, the remembrance of her anxieties. How long she slept she knew not, but after a time she partially awoke, and became cognisant of objects about her. A faint, clear light was streaming down upon the bed, which, doubtless, had been the cause of her awaking. This, however, gave her no uneasiness, as she took it to be merely the light of the moon; thus for some time she lay in a half-dreaming state, when suddenly the idea darted across her mind that she had remarked, on entering the room, that the shutters of the only window were carefully closed. At the same moment she became sensible that the light was too blue and pale to arise from any natural cause. This thought, as you may suppose, caused her inexpressible terror; she lay for some minutes, scarcely daring to draw her breath, much less to turn her head to the side whence the light proceeded.

This state of torture became, after a time, too painful to be borne; uttering such prayers for Divine support as her shaken faculties enabled her to call to mind, she raised herself on her elbow, and saw that the curtain of the bed was partly drawn back, and a hand put forth, which seemed to be tendering a letter for her acceptance. One glance was enough; but in that one glance she saw, with feminine instinct, that the hand was white and delicate as that of a woman; besides which she fancied that the letter was tied with a silken thread, the ends being confined by a large seal, bearing the impress of certain armorial bearings. Having seen thus much, her courage quite forsook her, and she sank back on the bed. As she did so, however, she fancied that the hand was withdrawn, the curtain resuming its original position; at the same time she heard a deep sigh, as of disappointment. Here her senses entirely failed her, and what followed further she knew not.

At about four in the morning, Lord and Lady N—— were aroused from their sleep by a faint knocking at the door of their room, which was only separated from that of Mrs. A—— by a long gallery; much alarmed, they hurried to open it, and to their dismay beheld Mrs. A——, stretched in a half-fainting state before them. The usual remedies were applied, and after a time, with success. When she was sufficiently recovered, Mrs. A—— gave an account of what had occurred, similar to that which I have narrated.

On this, Lord and Lady N—— were obliged to admit—not without bitter self-reproach—that the room which had been allotted to Mrs.

A——, had for many years been shut up as exposed to visitations from the other world. They, however, looking on these tales as the offspring of idle superstition, had lately caused it to be opened and refurnished in the modern style, and by ill-fortune Mrs. A—— was the first person whose nerves had been subjected to the severe ordeal of sleeping there.

The distressed lady, heartily sick of the hospitality of T—— Abbey, insisted on immediately rejoining her husband, in spite of all entreaties to the contrary. Her intention being made known, it transpired through one of the servants, that Mr. A—— had not gone by the mail to London, but remained at the village inn ; with what purpose we need not inquire. Suffice it to say, that his afflicted wife flew to him on the wings of love and penitence, and at length succeeded, though not without difficulty, in restoring herself to his good opinion. She, also, though with still greater difficulty, diverted him from his intention of sending a hostile message to the Count, which he had only delayed till he could send it without exciting suspicion in Lord N——'s household. Subdued in spirit, and firmly reconciled to each other, the husband and wife pursued their journey to London.

It remains that I should say a few words on the legend attached to the haunted chamber. An ancestor of Lord N——, who lived in the sixteenth century, was "blessed in a fair wife," which blessing, however, he turned to a curse, by his unreasonable and suspicious temper. It was said, indeed, that the lady permitted herself a flirtation with her cousin, whose estates adjoined those of the N—— family. This indiscreet conduct naturally inflamed the ire of her lord, and one day, in intercepting a letter addressed by his wife to her supposed gallant, he worked himself up to such a pitch of rage, that without so much as opening the letter, he rushed into her chamber, and without giving time for explanation, ran his sword through her body. The story further runs, that the lady was innocent ; and her eyes being at length opened to the folly of trifling with her husband's affection, she had written this very letter to desire her cousin to discontinue his visits at the Abbey, as they gave her husband so much uneasiness. The spirit of the murdered wife was supposed, even in the other world, to resent the aspersion cast on her fair fame, and accordingly wandered about the scene of her death, tendering to every person who fell in her way the fatal letter, as containing proof of her innocence. What is very strange, the armorial bearings on the seal which Mrs. A—— saw, and which she described to her host and hostess, were those of the family of Lord N——.

Some sceptics, indeed, insist that the whole affair was the work of an excited imagination, asserting that Mrs. A—— had seen the arms several times in the course of the morning, and that they had been especially pointed out to her, and commented on by Lord N——. To this they add, that her husband's anger on leaving her had given rise to a disagreeable dream, in which the conversation of the morning was reproduced, coloured by the gloomy thoughts which disturbed her mind when she lay down to rest. Mrs. A——, on the contrary, steadily maintained that she had never seen the arms before they were forced on her attention in that preternatural manner.

It is hardly necessary to point out the numerous improbabilities comprised in the legend of the haunted chamber. That a man should be

hurried into such a violent act, without even taking the trouble to open the letter, which would either dispel or confirm his suspicions, may be explained in this way, that even if he had opened the letter, he would not have been able to read it, as, in the sixteenth century, education was not universal, even among men of rank and property. Again, we may conclude that the lady perhaps could have written the letter, though writing was an accomplishment rare indeed among the fair sex of that day ; but what shall we say of sealing a letter of such delicate import, and one which, she must naturally wish, should escape attention, with the armorial bearings of her husband's family? This absurdity alone is sufficient to stamp the story as an invention. Another and perhaps a still stronger point in favour of the sceptical view is, that the chamber of mystery has been frequently occupied since, and no one's slumbers in it have been disturbed by any ghostly visitant.

However that may be, Mrs. A—— never entirely forgave Lord and Lady N—— for the cruel trial to which they had exposed her. On their attempting to renew their acquaintance with her and her husband, their overtures were received so coldly that they were not induced to repeat the effort. The Count di F——, I am happy to say, shortly after returned to his own country, without having ventured again to present himself before Mrs. A——, after all that had occurred.

The best part of my story I have yet to tell. The events of that night, whether real or imaginary, worked a beneficial change in Mrs. A——'s character. She has since entirely devoted herself to the duties of a wife and mother ; and the most rigid prude cannot now impute to her too great a love of admiration or too great freedom of manner. Her husband, also, is an altered man. Continually bearing in mind how near he was making shipwreck of their joint happiness almost on leaving port, he has since cautiously avoided the shoals and whirlpools that beset the perilous voyage of that frail bark. They both thankfully admit, that for their present happiness they are in great measure indebted to the apparition of the haunted chamber ; and the good effects of its interference being substantial, the reader will agree with me in the conclusion, that it matters little whether it was accomplished by a *Ghost or no Ghost*.

ON THE GRAVE OF MOORE.

BY CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

His music has ceased, and the magic no more
Of his lyre shall strike home to the heart's deepest core ;
The laurel shall blend with the cypress its shade,
And the shamrock and rose deck the turf where he's laid.
The patriot, the poet, the lover, the friend—
He sung for them all—o'er his tomb all shall bend,
Soothe his long-suffering spirit with tear upon tear,
And sigh that the English Anacreon sleeps here.

TEAS AND THE TEA COUNTRY.*

No long period of time can now elapse before a railroad across the Isthmus of Suez, and the opening of the navigation of the Euphrates, will connect the Mediterranean and Indian Seas in the East ; and a host of railroads across the Isthmus of Panama must very soon join the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in the West,—we wish we could also add, would also soon unite Canada and Vancouver in the bonds of brotherhood.

When the entire circumference of our planet is thus opened to steam and rail, and a girdle can be put about the earth in little more than a hundred days, it will no longer be possible for such countries as China, Japan, Cochin-China, Siam, and Burmah, notwithstanding their sullen system of seclusion, to remain long unopen to a busy, inquisitive, and progressive world. In proportion as such strides bring us nearer to these strange countries, in the same proportion do they become objects of interest. The expedition of the Anglo-Americans to Japan, which some years ago would have attracted no more attention than did the conflict of the French with the Annamese, in 1847, is at the present fraught with the deepest interest to civilisation and to the welfare of our species generally. The wars perpetually recurring with the insolent Burmahs must end in their affiliation by the Anglo-Indian Empire, or the humiliation of the latter. These wars have already, by the occupation of Tenasserim, once a Siamese province, brought us into contact with the heart of the Hindu-Chinese countries. The gold-discoveries in California and Australia, and the consequent rapid settlement of those countries, the colonisation of New Zealand, the opening of Borneo, the growing importance of the Sandwich Islands, all tend in bringing those ties closer and closer, which would be capped by gold-discoveries or other efficient causes of colonisation of Upper Oregon and Vancouver, and a rail-communication between the Columbia and the St. Lawrence.

Already, shipwrecked Japanese have been conveyed back from Mexico across the Pacific, westward ; and the now-established emigration of the Chinese—almost as ungraciously met by Brother Jonathan as if he had been a Chinaman, and the Chinese the barbarian—to California, is one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the human race that has occurred since the discovery of the New World. The existing relations established between Europe and China, as a result of the war of 1840, place the latter country—next to Russia, the greatest empire in the world—in a different category to Japan and the Hindu-Chinese states. We have already treated of the progress of events in Japan and Burmah ; and to those who would like to peruse the history of the war with China, rendered the more especially interesting from being derived chiefly from the documents of the Chinese themselves, we cannot but

* China during the War and since the Peace. By Sir John Francis Davis, Bart., F.R.S., late her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China ; Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Hong-Kong. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

A Journey to the Tea Countries of China ; including Sung-lo and the Bohea Hills ; with a short Notice of the East India Company's Tea Plantations in the Himalaya Mountains. By Robert Fortune, author of "Three Years' Wanderings in China." With Map and Illustrations. John Murray.

recommend the first volume of Sir John Francis Davis's recently published and excellent work, "China during the War and since the Peace."

The history of the war (says Sir John) describes the impression produced on this most ancient existing empire, by a blow unequalled in importance since the Manchou Tartar conquest. The British undertaking was the furthest military enterprise, of the same extent, in the history of the world; surpassing, in that respect, the expeditions of Alexander and Cæsar in the one hemisphere, and those of Cortez and Pizarro in the other.

Qui gurgēs, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli?—quæve Britannicæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

Followed so soon by the El Dorado of California, to which the Chinese are swarming from Hong Kong across the Pacific—by that of Australia—and by the short passage over the Isthmus of Panama, it is not easy to calculate the extent of the forthcoming revolutions in the channels of national and commercial intercourse. But it may be predicted that a British colony with 25,000 Chinese subjects, in sight of the south coast of China, is destined to play a part in the drama of the future.

Comparing the China war with the Japan expedition, Sir J. F. Davis also remarks:

Whatever may be the result of this undertaking (the expedition to Japan), nothing important is likely to be gained by mere negotiation, as the United States had already, in 1846, about as strong a force in the bay of Jêdo, including a ship of ninety guns, under Commodore Biddle. It is possible that the present exclusively naval armament may prove sufficient to carry out strong measures; but its amount is very different from our own seventy vessels of war and transports, with 12,000 fighting-men, before the walls of Nanking in 1842. If not sufficient, however, it may lead to something further, from either the same or some other quarter.

This expedition is an opportune confirmation of the views and expectations entertained in the two chapters on the Indo-Chinese nations, who certainly will not be allowed much longer to remain in a state of avowed hostility to the rest of the world;—more especially Japan, which fires on ships in their necessity, and exhibits shipwrecked mariners in cages, preparatory to a cruel death. With them, at least, the time has arrived

————— pacis imponere morem.

It remains for the rest of the civilised world to wish the United States all success, and to expect that they will make a humane, liberal, and enlightened use of it.

We shall turn presently to Mr. Fortune's interesting account of the progress of British connexion with China, but must precede those statements with a few observations of Sir J. F. Davis. First, in regard to Chusan, for the loss of which we are remotely comforted by the assurance that it "is a point of such importance, political and military, if not commercial, that the course of time and events *might* again some day make us acquainted with it," Sir J. F. Davis says, that when occupied by us, "nothing could exceed the good-humour and contentedness of the native Chinese, so different from the assumptions in Yukiên's mock declaration during the war. It was impossible to traverse the suburb between the sea and the town without observing plain proofs of the good understanding existing between the military and the people. In one shop might be seen inscribed, 'Stultz, Tailor, from London;' in another,

'Ici on parle Français,' indications of anything rather than ill-humour and oppression. In fact, the people of Tinghae (the capital) enjoyed opportunities of enriching themselves by industry during our occupation which may not very soon recur."

Chusan derives its importance, not only from its position near the mouth of the Yangtsekeang, and the high-road to the grand canal, but it possesses the finest climate imaginable, in the precise latitude of the tea and mulberry-growing provinces, and four times the area, with much more level surface than Hong-Kong—a name now almost proverbial for its fatality to troops.

Mr. Fortune, who visited Shanghae soon after the war had been brought to a satisfactory termination, said of that city, in his "Three Years' Wanderings in China," that there could be no doubt that in a few years it would not only rival Canton, but become a place of far greater importance. Sir J. F. Davis said of the same place, that the unrivalled advantages of its position, the friendliness of the native authorities, and the zeal and exertions of the consul, were all pledges of the prosperity of this port of trade, which may be expected in no long period to surpass Canton. It is not a little interesting to compare these prognostications of success with things as they actually are, and we are enabled to do so by Mr. Fortune's account of his late journey to the Tea Countries of China, undertaken to obtain seeds and plants of the tea-shrub for the Hon. East India Company's plantations in the north-west provinces of India. Mr. Fortune proceeded at once, in pursuit of the objects he had in view, to the most northerly of the five ports at which foreigners are permitted to trade.

I now found myself, he relates (September, 1848), after having been in England for nearly three years, once more in a China boat sailing up the Shanghae river towards the city. The first object which met my view as I approached the town was a forest of masts, not of junks only, which had been so striking on former occasions, but of goodly foreign ships, chiefly from England and the United States of America. There were now twenty-six large vessels at anchor here, many of which had come loaded with the produce of our manufacturing districts, and were returning filled with silks and teas. But I was much more surprised with the appearance which the shore presented than with the shipping. I had heard that many English and American houses had been built, indeed one or two were being built before I left China; but a new town, of very considerable size, now occupied the place of wretched Chinese hovels, cotton-fields, and tombs. The Chinese were moving gradually backwards into the country, with their families, effects, and all that appertained unto them, reminding one of the aborigines of the west, with this important difference, that the Chinese generally left of their free will, and were liberally remunerated for their property by the foreigners. Their chief care was to remove, with their other effects, the bodies of their deceased friends, which are commonly interred on private property near their houses. Hence it was no uncommon thing to meet several coffins being borne by coolies or friends to the westward. In many instances, when the coffins were uncovered, they were found totally decayed, and it was impossible to remove them. When this was the case, a Chinese might be seen holding a book in his hand, which contained a list of the bones, and directing others in their search after these the last remnants of mortality.

It is most amusing to see the groups of Chinese merchants who come from some distance inland on a visit to Shanghae. They wander about along the river side with wonder depicted in their countenances. The square-rigged

vessels which crowd the river, the houses of the foreigners, their horses and their dogs, are all objects of wonder, even more so than the foreigners themselves. Mr. Beale, who has one of the finest houses here, has frequent applications from respectable Chinese who are anxious to see the inside of an English dwelling. These applications are always complied with in the kindest manner, and the visitors depart highly delighted with the view. It is to be hoped that these peeps at our comforts and refinements may have a tendency to raise the "barbarian race" a step or two higher in the eyes of the "enlightened" Chinese.

A pretty English church forms one of the ornaments of the new town, and a small cemetery has been purchased from the Chinese; it is walled round, and has a little chapel in the centre. In the course of time we may perhaps take a lesson from the Chinese, and render this place a more pleasing object than it is at present. Were it properly laid out with good walks, and planted with weeping-willows, cypresses, pines, and other trees of an ornamental and appropriate kind, it would tend to raise us in the eyes of a people who, of all nations, are most particular in their attention to the graves of the dead.

The gardens of the foreign residents in Shanghai are not unworthy of notice; they far excel those of the Chinese, both in the number of trees and shrubs which they contain, and also in the neat and tasteful manner in which they are laid out and arranged.

The selection of ports, after the treaty of Nanking, was made (with the exception of Canton) under the obvious disadvantage of a very imperfect topographical knowledge of the country. Ningpo and Amoy were named in the instructions from home, as having been formerly ports of European trade; but Shanghai and Foochow-foo were entirely new. The last has proved a decided failure, after more than seven years' trial. It is situated on the Min, a kind of Chinese Rhine, crowded with rocks and shoals; and the city cannot be approached by vessels of any size within eight miles. The disposition of the people is also exceedingly unfriendly, and at the time of Sir John Davis's official visit, the consul was consigned to a very miserable dwelling in the suburb, on the side of the river opposite to the city. Since then, the capital of Fokien and Ningpo have been reduced to vice-consulates, merely aided by interpreters. Mr. Fortune visited also the Fokien capital, and extended his explorations, notwithstanding the jealousy of the inhabitants, up the river Min; first visiting a celebrated Buddhist temple, which, he says, seems to be the Jerusalem! of that part of China, to whose relics, consisting of what appears to be an elephant's or mammoth's tooth, and which is revered as one of Buddha's gigantic masticators, and a mysterious crystal vase, he assigns the importance of commemorative engravings; and next a spring, famous for the excellency of its water, and situated in what he describes as one of the most romantic-looking dells or ravines that he ever beheld. Chinese like, a caldron of this excellent water is kept always boiling, in order that tea may be readily made for visitors. The view from the fir and azalia-clad mountains on the Min is described as being peculiarly picturesque.

The view which I now obtained was one of the grandest I had seen for many a day. Above me, towering in majestic grandeur, was the celebrated peak of Koo-shan, 1000 feet higher than where I stood. Below, I looked down upon rugged and rocky ravines, in many places barren, and in others clothed with trees and brushwood, but perfectly wild. To afford, as it were, a striking contrast to this scenery, my eye next rested on the beautiful valley of the Min, in which the town of Foo-chow-foo stands. The river was winding through it, and had its surface studded with boats and junks sailing to and

fro, and all engaged in active business. Its fields were green, and were watered by numerous canals; while in the background to this beautiful picture were hills nearly as high as Koo-shan, from amongst which the river runs, and where it is lost to the eye.

The gates of the city are always locked soon after dark; but this does not prevent ingress and egress, for ladders are placed against the walls, up which men are seen ascending and descending like a hive of bees, and the guards reap a rich harvest, each man having to pay a few cash for the use of the ladder.

The chief drawback at Amoy has been the comparative poverty of the population, and smallness of the trade; but the latter is improving. The harbour, which is safe and easy of access, has long rendered it a market for the Straits' produce of the Malay Islands; and this trade, and that with Singapore, is, according to the latest information, increasing. Sir John Davis describes the town and citadel as built on low ground, exceedingly dirty, but populous, and bearing a busy appearance. He says that no doubt this port will be second only to Shanghai among the new ones.

Ningpo is a place of considerable importance, by its situation. The people are also favourably disposed towards Europeans. The near neighbourhood of the preferable emporium of Shanghai alone interferes with its success; and at the time of Sir John Davis's visit only one merchant had arrived. The embroidered silks, celebrated for their beauty, are sold in the best streets of the city. The furniture-shops compete, in size and richness, with those of our upholsterers. A kind of highly varnished inlaid work is peculiar to this city, and beautifully carved bedsteads are manufactured, as large as a little room or tabernacle. Mr. Fortune does not say much of this city, whither he arrived from his visit to the tea districts of Hwuy-chow, and whence he proceeded on his still more interesting journey to the Bohea mountains, in both cases disguised as a Chinaman. As these journeys comprise much that is new and curious, both with regard to tea-cultivation and manufacture and also to Chinese geography, we propose to follow our intelligent and intrepid traveller through some of the more striking episodes of these journeys.

The tea district of Hwuy-chow, not yet familiarised to our western ears like Bohea, lies about 200 miles inland from Shanghai and Ningpo, and has been hitherto a sealed country to Europeans. Mr. Fortune procured two men of the country—and great rascals they turned out to be—to act as servants and guides. These men played him false at the onset, having betrayed the secret of his intentions to the boatmen. The shaving that is necessary in adopting the Chinese costume was, in the hands of these servants, an operation entailing no slight suffering. "He did not shave," Mr. Fortune relates, "he actually scraped my poor head until the tears came running down my cheeks, and I cried out with pain. All he said was 'Hai—yah,' 'very bad, very bad,' and continued the operation. To make matters worse, and to try my temper more, the boatmen were peeping into the cabin, and evidently enjoying the whole affair, and thinking it capital sport."

The whole country to the westward of Shanghai, it must be understood, is intersected with rivers and canals, so that the traveller can visit by boat almost all the towns and cities in that part of the province.

Some of the canals lead to the large cities of Sung-kiang-foo, Soo-chow-foo, Nanking, and onward by the Grand Canal to the capital itself. Others, again, running to the west and south-west, form the highways to the Tartar city of Chapoo, Hang-chow-foo, and to numerous other cities and towns which are studded over this large and important plain.

Mr. Fortune's way to the tea district lay in a south-westerly direction, and so populous is this part of China, that he passed two considerable towns, one of them walled and nearly as large as Shanghae, on the second day of his journey. Beyond this, he entered the great Hang-chow silk district, and the mulberry was observed in great abundance on the banks of the canal, and in patches all over the country. In the broad and more shallow sheets of water, the people were gathering ling, a highly esteemed fruit, resembling in shape the head and horns of a bullock, in tubs like our washing-tubs. This silk district occupies a circle of at least a hundred miles in diameter, and it is the principal and best in the country.

At Tan-see, a bustling town of considerable size, the country changed from a level flat to hilly, and is under a high state of cultivation. Mr. Fortune says the country around Hang-chow-foo may be called the garden of China. Hang-chow-foo is itself one of the largest and most flourishing cities in the richest district of the Chinese empire. The Chinese authorities are exceedingly jealous of foreigners approaching or entering the city, the more especially as they have baffled the English by transferring the customs which used to be levied in the ports to this and other interior cities, in opposition to the terms of the treaty of Nankin.

As Mr. Fortune approached the city, everything, he says, which came under his observation marked it as a place of great importance. The Grand Canal was deep and wide, and bore on its waters many hundreds of boats of different sizes, all engaged in an active, bustling trade. Mr. Fortune had been promised by his rascally attendants that they would conduct him to the Hang-chow river without passing through the town; but this, as usual, was a mere deception, and a chair was procured for the botanist, and coolies for the luggage.

Everything being satisfactorily arranged, I stepped into the chair, and, desiring my two servants to follow me, proceeded along the narrow streets at a rapid pace. After travelling in this way for about a mile, and expecting every moment to get out into the open country, I was greatly surprised by finding that I was getting more and more into a dense town. For the first time I began to suspect that my servants were deceiving me, and that I was to pass through the city of Hang-chow after all. These suspicions were soon confirmed by the appearance of the walls and ramparts of the city. It was now too late to object to this procedure, and I thought the best way to act was to let matters take their course, and remain passive in the business.

We passed through the gates into the city. It seemed an ancient place: the walls and ramparts were high, and in excellent repair, and the gates were guarded as usual by a number of soldiers. Its main street, through which I passed, is narrow when compared with streets in European towns; but it is well paved, and reminded me of the main street of Ning-po. Hang-chow, however, is a place of much greater importance than Ning-po, both in a political and mercantile point of view. It is the chief town of the Chekiang province, and is the residence of many of the principal mandarins and officers of government, as well as of many of the great merchants. It has been remarked, not unfrequently, when comparing the towns of Shanghae and

Ning-po, that the former is a trading place, and the latter a place of great wealth. Hang-chow-foo has both these advantages combined. Besides, it is a fashionable place, and is to the province of Chekiang what Soo-chow-foo is to Kiang-nan. Du Halde quotes an old proverb which significantly says that "Paradise is *above*, but *below* are Soo-chow and Hang-chow."

The walls of this terrestrial paradise are said to be forty *le* in circumference, that is, about eight English miles. Although there are a great many gardens and open spaces inside, yet the extent of the city is very great, and in many parts the population is most dense. The suburbs also are very extensive, and must contain a very large population. Sir George Staunton supposed that the population of the city and suburbs was equal to that of Peking, and Du Halde estimates it at a million of souls.

The houses bear a striking resemblance to those of Ning-po, Soo-chow, and other northern towns. Were I set down blindfolded in the main street of one of these Chinese towns, even in one which I knew well, and the bandage removed from my eyes, I should have great difficulty in saying where I was. There are, doubtless, distinctions with which the "barbarian" eye is unacquainted, but which would be plain enough to a Chinese.

I observed in many parts of the city triumphal arches, monuments to great men, and gorgeous-looking Buddhist temples; but although these buildings have a certain degree of interest about them, and many of them are certainly curious, yet as works of art they are not to be compared with the buildings of the same class which one meets with at home.

The shops in the main streets have their fronts entirely removed by day, so that the passenger may have an opportunity of seeing and of forming a good idea of the wares which are for sale. I observed many shops where gold and silver ornaments and valuable Jade stone were exposed for sale. Old curiosity shops were numerous, and contained articles of great value amongst the Chinese, such as ancient porcelain jars, bronzes, carved bamboo, jars cut out of the beautiful Jade stone, and a variety of other things of like description. I observed some large silk-shops as I passed along, and, judging from the number of people in the town who wear silk dresses, they must have a thriving trade. Everything, indeed, which met the eye, stamped Hang-chow-foo as a place of wealth and luxury. As usual in all the Chinese towns which I have visited, there were a vast number of tea and eating houses for the middle classes and the poor. They did not seem to lack customers, for they were all crowded with hundreds of natives, who, for a few cash or "tseen," can obtain a healthy and substantial meal.

Besides the officers of government, merchants, shopkeepers, and common labourers connected with any of these professions, the city contains a large manufacturing population. Silk is the staple article of manufacture. Du Halde estimates the numbers engaged in this operation at 60,000. I observed a great number employed in the reeling process, and others were busily engaged with the beautiful embroidery for which this part of China is so famous.

The people of Hang-chow dress gaily, and are remarkable amongst the Chinese for their dandyism. All except the lowest labourers and coolies strutted about in dresses composed of silk, satin, and crape. My Chinese servants were one day contrasting the natives of Hang-chow in this respect with those of the more inland parts from which they came. They said there were many rich men in their country, but they all dressed plainly and modestly; while the natives of Hang-chow, both rich and poor, were never contented unless gaily dressed in silks and satins. "Indeed," said they, "one can never tell a rich man in Hang-chow, for it is just possible that all he possesses in the world is on his back."

When we were about half way through the city the chairmen set me down, and informed me that they went no further. I got out and looked round for my servants, from whom I expected an explanation, for I had understood that

the chairmen had been paid to take me the whole way through, My servants, however, were nowhere to be seen—they had either gone some other road, or, what was more probable, had intentionally kept out of the way in case of any disturbance. I was now in a dilemma, and did not clearly see my way out of it. Much to my surprise and pleasure, however, another chair was brought me, and I was informed that I was to proceed in it. I now understood how the business had been managed. The innkeeper had intrusted the first bearers with a sum of money sufficient to hire another chair for the second stage of the journey. Part of this sum, however, had been spent by them in tea and tobacco as we came along, and the second bearers could not be induced to take me on for the sum which was left. A brawl now ensued between the two sets of chairmen, which was noisy enough; but as such things are quite common in China, it seemed, fortunately for me, to attract but little notice. The situation in which I was now placed was rather critical, and far from an enviable one. Had it been known that a foreigner was in the very heart of the city of Hang-chow-foo, a mob would have soon collected, and the consequences might have been serious.

Our traveller is at length consigned to a Hong-le—a quiet, comfortable Chinese inn, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Green river. Five or six respectable-looking Chinese merchants were smoking from long bamboo pipes, and discussing the news of the day and the state of the trade. Mr. Fortune took a seat, and, to be neighbour-like, commenced smoking as fast as any of them.

A little incident happened which gave me some uneasiness at the time, but at which I have often had a good laugh since. Preparations began to be made for dinner, and the travellers who were seated around the table arose and wandered about the other parts of the house. It was mid-day, and, as I had eaten no breakfast, I felt rather hungry. In these circumstances it may be thought that the appearance of dinner would have afforded me some pleasure. This, however, was not the case, and for the following reason: I had not eaten with chop-sticks for three years, and I had no confidence in my talents in the use of them. This important circumstance had not struck me before, otherwise I would have practised all the way from Shanghae to Hang-chow, and might have been proficient by this time. As it was, I was quite certain that I should draw the eyes of the Chinamen upon me, for nothing would astonish them so much as a person using the chop-sticks in an awkward manner. I was therefore obliged, reluctantly I confess, to abandon all ideas of a dinner on that day.

Meanwhile the dishes were placed upon the table, and the guests were called by their names, and requested to sit down. "Sing Wa, Sing Wa" (the name I bore amongst the Chinese), "come and sit down to dinner." I felt much inclined to break my resolution and sit down, but prudence came to my aid, and I replied, "No, I thank you, I shall dine by-and-by, when my servants come back." I believe it is common enough for travellers to dine at different hours and in different ways, according to circumstances, so that my refusal did not seem to attract much notice.

The river Tcien-tang-kiang, which Mr. Fortune navigated hence, is fed by three great branches, one of which rises among the green-tea hills of Hwuy-chow, another near to the town of Changshan, on the borders of Kiang-see, and a third on the northern side of the Bohea mountains. Thus all the green and black tea comes down this river on its way to Shanghae, and hence the great mercantile importance of Hang-chow-foo, a city at which, when the treaty is reformed, which is to be the case in a few years hence, permission should be obtained to establish a consular agency.

The journey up the river would have been performed with tolerable comfort, only that one of the coolies imprudently let it be known among the passengers that a Hong-mous, or foreigner, was among them, a circumstance which led to much subsequent annoyance. Two days were spent at a large town called Yen-chow-foo, half way between Hang-chow and Hwuy-chow. Navigation beyond this was impeded by rapids, the hills were covered with pines, and the lowlands, when not cultivated, abounded in tallow-trees, camphor-trees, and bamboos. A palm-tree, the only species of the genus indigenous to, or cultivated in, the northern or central provinces of the empire, was seen on the hill-sides, in a high state of perfection. Some plants of this remarkable palm, which flourishes in temperate climates, were sent home by Mr. Fortune in 1848 or 1849, and were planted in the royal gardens at Kew, and at Osborne House, and braved the severe winter of 1849-50 unharmed, unprotected by any sort of covering. Mr. Fortune is in hopes from these circumstances that we shall one day see this beautiful palm-tree ornamenting the hill-sides in the south of England!

Here also Mr. Fortune discovered that most beautiful tree, the funeral or weeping cypress, seeds of which are now growing in England, and we may expect, in a few years, to see a new and striking feature produced upon our landscape by this valuable acquisition.

Thus, with such discoveries to charm him, our traveller passed day after day pleasantly enough: the weather was delightful, the natives quiet and inoffensive, the scenery picturesque in the highest degree. Large quantities of water-fowl, such as geese, ducks, teal, and several varieties of the kingfisher, were common about the river. Inland, on the hill-sides, pheasants, woodcocks, and partridges, were most abundant. Several large towns were passed, some with a population estimated at least 100,000. At length the tea-plant was met with in frequent cultivation on the hill-sides, and a town called Waeping, with a population of 150,000, heralded the borders of the green-tea district. It was an ancient city, watered by a clear and beautiful river (the Hwuy-chow), surrounded by hills and romantic scenery, and defended by time-honoured walls. The troops in the Hwuy-chow district, it is to be remarked, were not on good terms with those of Hang-chow. The Chinese provincialists, indeed, often speak of one another as of foreigners. As the river got shallow, the boat was obliged to be changed: and upon this occasion, Mr. Fortune found that two coffins, each containing the body of a Chinaman, had been lying directly under his bed for the last three weeks, without his having any suspicion of the fact.

The river port of Hwuy-chow-foo, where the teas are shipped, is called Tun-che, and is a bustling place, with a population of about 150,000. The river had hitherto been bounded by high hills on each side. Now, however, they seemed, as it were, to fall back, and left an extensive and beautiful valley, through the middle of which the river flowed. Nearly all this lowland was under tea-cultivation, and the soil being rich and fertile, the bushes grew most luxuriantly. The place, however, where, according to Chinese tradition, the green tea-shrub was first discovered, is a hill called Sung-lo, or Sung-lo-shan, and was only reached next day. It was found to rise about 2000 or 3000 feet above the plain, and produced but little tea now—the lowlands around furnishing the greater

part of the teas of commerce ; hence the distinction between hill-tea and garden-tea ; but these plains stood at some elevation above the level of the sea.

After some general remarks upon the nature of the soil, and the propagation of the tea-plant by seed, as well as to its cultivation, Mr. Fortune goes on to remark on the vexed question of green *versus* black teas :

In my former work I offered some remarks upon the preference which many persons in Europe and in America have for *coloured* green teas, and I will now give a "full and particular account" of the colouring process as practised in the Hwuy-chow green-tea country upon those teas which are destined for the foreign market. Having noted down the process carefully at the time, I will extract verbatim from my note-book :

"The superintendent of the workmen managed the colouring part of the process himself. Having procured a portion of Prussian blue, he threw it into a porcelain bowl, not unlike a chemist's mortar, and crushed it into a very fine powder. At the same time a quantity of gypsum was produced and burned in the charcoal fires which were then roasting the teas. The object of this was to soften it, in order that it might be readily pounded into a very fine powder, in the same manner as the Prussian blue had been. The gypsum, having been taken out of the fire after a certain time had elapsed, readily crumbled down and was reduced to powder in the mortar. These two substances, having been thus prepared, were then mixed together in the proportion of four parts of gypsum to three parts of Prussian blue, and formed a light-blue powder, which was then ready for use.

"This colouring matter was applied to the teas during the last process of roasting. About five minutes before the tea was removed from the pans—the time being regulated by the burning of a joss-stick—the superintendent took a small porcelain spoon, and with it he scattered a portion of the colouring matter over the leaves in each pan. The workmen then turned the leaves rapidly round with both hands, in order that the colour might be equally diffused.

"During this part of the operation the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking that if any green-tea drinkers had been present during the operation, their taste would have been corrected, and, I may be allowed to add, improved. It seems perfectly ridiculous that a civilised people should prefer these dyed teas to those of a natural green. No wonder that the Chinese consider the natives of the west to be a race of 'barbarians.'

"One day an English gentleman in Shanghai, being in conversation with some Chinese from the green-tea country, asked them what reasons they had for dyeing the tea, and whether it would not be better without undergoing this process. They acknowledged that tea was much better when prepared without having any such ingredients mixed with it, and that they never drank dyed teas themselves, but justly remarked that, as foreigners seemed to prefer having a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum with their tea, to make it look uniform and pretty, and as these ingredients were cheap enough, the Chinese had no objection to supply them, especially as such teas always fetched a higher price !

"I took some trouble to ascertain precisely the quantity of colouring matter used in the process of dyeing green teas, not certainly with the view of assisting others, either at home or abroad, in the art of colouring, but simply to show green-tea drinkers in England, and more particularly in the United States of America, what quantity of Prussian blue and gypsum they imbibe in the course of one year. To 14½ lbs. of tea were applied 8 mace 2½ candareens of colouring matter, or rather more than an ounce. In every 100 lbs. of coloured green tea consumed in England or America, the consumer actually drinks more than half a pound of Prussian blue and gypsum ! And

yet, tell the drinkers of this coloured tea that the Chinese eat cats, dogs, and rats, and they will hold up their hands in amazement, and pity the poor celestials!"

Specimens of tea-dyes were forwarded by Mr. Fortune from the north of China, in time for the Great Exhibition of last year, and these were reported upon by Mr. Warrington, of Apothecaries' Hall, as being composed of fibrous gypsum (calcined), turmeric-root, and Prussian-blue; the latter of a bright, pale tint, most likely from admixture with alumina or porcelain-clay, which admixture may account for the alumina and silica found previously, and attributed possibly to the employment of kaolin or agalmatalite. According to Mr. Warrington, then, it may be remotely inferred, that the same soil that is favourable to the production of green tea, is also favourable to the manufacture of the porcelain wherein to drink it. It is more likely that the idea of kaolin (decomposed feldspar) being prominent, it was immediately associated with evidence of the presence of alumina. Mr. Fortune describes the country as one of Silurian(?) slates and red calcareous sandstones.

The return from the famed Sung-lo-shan tea-country, being with the current, was much more easily effected than the journey thither; and Mr. Fortune having taken the road to Ningpo, he passed several towns of importance in his way. Thence he went to Kintang, or Silver Island, one of the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, where he was treated, not only with civility, but with marked kindness. The green tea-shrub is cultivated very extensively in the interior of this island, and Mr. Fortune obtained a large supply of tea-seeds. There is a road open between Shanghai and Chusan, by Chapoo, not included in the treaty, but which, by enabling the European residents to repair quickly to the islands in the bad season of the year, has saved many lives.

From Shanghai, Mr. Fortune repaired with his collections to Hong-Kong, returning thence by Foo-chow-foo, of which we have before spoken, once more to Ningpo, whence this time he was bent upon an excursion to the Bohea mountains, the great black-tea district, and a name more familiar to English ears than that of the great green-tea district of Hwuy-chow or Sung-lo. The way lay at first up the Hwuy-chow, or Green river, taking, at the old city of Yen-chow-foo, the south-west tributary, instead of the north-west, which he had ascended the previous year. Although the larger branch, this river was full of rapids, and difficult of navigation. Passing Nan-che, which Mr. Fortune describes as one of the prettiest Chinese towns which he had seen, reminding him more of an English place than a Chinese one, and containing about 200,000 inhabitants, and the river in front covered with boats, and several other towns, pagodas, and bridges, he arrived at Chang-san, beyond which the river was no longer navigable.

Hence the journey, therefore, had to be performed in a chair, which materially increased exposure and chance of detection. And at one of the inns on the roadside, our traveller was very nigh being discovered by some of the Canton merchants who frequent the tea districts. The land journey extended to Yuk-shan, a walled town of considerable size, whence, having crossed the line or ridge which divides the streams that flow to the eastward from those which flow to the westward, Mr. Fortune was enabled to take to the water again. The descent to Quan-sin-foo, a

large city to the west of the Bohea mountains, was quickly effected ; and beyond this he came to Hokow, the great emporium of the black-tea trade, and one of the most important inland towns of the empire, having a population of about 300,000 souls. Large inns, tea-hongs, and warehouses, were met with in every part of the town, and particularly along the banks of the river. The boats moored abreast of the town were very numerous. There were small ones for single passengers, large passage-boats for the public, and mandarins' boats gaily decorated with flags. Besides these, there were large cargo-boats for conveying tea, and other merchandise, either eastward to Yuk-shan or westward to the Puyang lake. Hokow is to the inland countries of the west what Shanghae and Soo-chow are to places nearer the sea.

From hence Mr. Fortune proceeded, in a mountain-chair, across the Bohea hills to Woo-e-shan ; the natural difficulties of the way increased by the importunities of beggars. Beyond Yuen-shan was a crowded and bustling thoroughfare, like that between Yuk-shan and Chang-san, with inns and tea-shops all along the road. Huc describes the same thing as existing in more northerly parts of China. Long trains of coolies, or porters, laden with chests of tea and other produce, and travellers in mountain-chairs, were toiling up the mountain sides, or winding along the valleys.

Soon the Bohea mountains lay before our traveller in all their grandeur ; their tops pierced through the clouds, and showed themselves far above them. They seemed to be broken into a thousand fragments, some of which had most remarkable and striking outlines. But still over the mountain-road was good, there was the same crowded thoroughfare, and the same perpetual succession of inns and tea-shops. Great gates and an arched way divided the provinces of Fokien and Kiang-see at the crest of the mountains. Vegetation was various and beautiful, and beyond this the streams flowed to the southward. There was another lower range to cross, and one or two towns, before reaching the tea-districts of Fokien. In the midst of the district is the great town of Tsong-gan-hien, where nearly all the teas are packed and prepared for exportation.

The "far-famed Woo-e-shan" is a collection of little hills, of broken rocks, and perpendicular cliffs and precipices, some of which attain a height of more than a thousand feet, and stand in the midst of the plain of Tsong-gau-hien.

Woo-e-shan (says Mr. Fortune) is considered by the Chinese to be one of the most wonderful, as well as one of the most sacred, spots in the empire. One of their manuscripts, quoted by Mr. Ball, thus describes it : "Of all the mountains of Fokien those of Woo-e are the finest, and its water the best. They are awfully high and rugged, surrounded by water, and seem as if excavated by spirits ; nothing more wonderful can be seen. From the dynasty of Csin and Han down to the present time, a succession of hermits and priests, of the sects of Tao-cze and Fo, have here risen up like the clouds of the air and the grass of the field, too numerous to enumerate. Its chief renown, however, is derived from its productions, and of these tea is the most celebrated.

I stood for some time on a point of rising ground midway between Tsong-gan-hien and Woo-e-shan, and surveyed the strange scene which lay before me. I had expected to see a wonderful sight when I reached this place, but I must confess the scene far surpassed any ideas I had formed respecting it.

There had been no exaggeration in the description given by the Jesuits, or in the writings of the Chinese, excepting as to the height of the hills. They are not "awfully high;" indeed, they are lower than most of the hills in this part of the country, and far below the height of the mountain ranges which I had just crossed. The men who were with me pointed to the spot with great pride, and said, "Look, that is Woo-e-shan! have you anything in your country to be compared with it?"

The day was fine, and the sun's rays being very powerful, I had taken up my position under the spreading branches of a large camphor-tree which grew by the roadside. Here I could willingly have remained until night had shut out the scene from my view, but my chairbearers, who were now near the end of their journey, intimated that they were ready to proceed, so we went onwards.

When they arrived at the foot of the hills, they inquired their way to the temple. "Which temple do you wish to go to?" was the answer. "There are nearly a thousand temples in Woo-e-shan." The Buddhist priesthood, like the monks of old, always select the most beautiful spots for the erection of their temples and dwellings. The first group our traveller visited was situated on the sloping side of a small valley or basin, on the top of Woo-e-shan, with a small lake in its centre. Our traveller was most kindly received and hospitably treated. Whilst with these priests, Mr. Fortune relates,

During our meal the conversation between Sing-Hoo and the priests turned upon the strange scenery of these hills, and the numerous temples which were scattered over them, many of which are built in the most inaccessible places. He informed them how delighted I had been with my walk during the afternoon, and how much I was struck with the strange scenery I had witnessed. Anything said in praise of these hills seemed to please the good priests greatly, and rendered them very communicative. They informed us that there were temples erected to Buddha on every hill and peak, and that in all they numbered no less than 999.

The whole of the land on these hills seems to belong to the priests of the two sects already mentioned, but by far the largest portion belongs to the Buddhists. There are also some farms established for the supply of the court of Peking. They are called the imperial enclosures; but I suspect that they too are, to a certain extent, under the management and control of the priests. The tea-shrub is cultivated everywhere, and often in the most inaccessible situations, such as on the summits and ledges of precipitous rocks. Mr. Ball states that chains are said to be used in collecting the leaves of the shrubs growing in such places; and I have even heard it asserted (I forget whether by the Chinese or by others) that monkeys are employed for the same purpose, and in the following manner: These animals, it seems, do not like work, and would not gather the leaves willingly; but when they are seen up amongst the rocks where the tea-bushes are growing, the Chinese throw stones at them; the monkeys get very angry, and commence breaking off the branches of the tea-shrubs, which they throw down at their assailants!

Of all the varied and picturesque scenery of the tea-district of Woo-e-shan, that of "the Streams of Nine Windings," and of which a Chinese bird's-eye view is given in Mr. Fortune's work, is, however, the most curious and striking. It is from hence that the finest *souchongs* and *pekoes* are derived, and we would strongly recommend it, with the rest of the Woo-e-shan, to the attention of Mr. Burford. In bidding adieu to this curious spot, Mr. Fortune says:—"In a few years hence, when China shall have been really open to foreigners, and when the naturalist can roam unmolested amongst these hills, with no fear of fines and imprisonments to haunt

his imagination, he will experience a rich treat indeed. To the geologist, in particular, this place will furnish attractions of no ordinary kind. A Murchison may yet visit them, who will give us some idea how these strange hills were formed, and at what period of the world's existence they assumed these strange shapes which are now presented to the traveller's wondering gaze."

Mr. Fortune returned from the Bohea district by Ponching-hien, then across the mountains again, to the province of Chekiang, and by Ching-hoo and Ne-chow to Shanghae, whence he took ship to Hong-Kong and India. As a result of his new observations on the tea-plant, our traveller remarks as follows :

The principal tea districts of China, and those which supply the greater portion of the teas exported to Europe and America, lie between the 25th and 31st degrees of north latitude, and the best districts are those between 27 deg. and 31 deg.

The plant in cultivation about Canton, from which the Canton teas are made, is known to botanists as the *Thea bohea*, while the more northern variety, found in the green-tea country, has been called *Thea viridis*. The first appears to have been named upon the supposition that all the black teas of the Bohea mountains were obtained from this species, and the second was called *viridis* because it furnished the green teas of commerce. These names seem to have misled the public, and hence many persons, until a few years back, firmly believed that black tea could be made only from *Thea bohea*, and green tea only from *Thea viridis*.

In my "Wanderings in China," published in 1846, I made some observations upon the plants from which tea is made in different parts of China. While I acknowledged that the Canton plant, known to botanists as *Thea bohea*, appeared distinct from the more northern one called *Thea viridis*, I endeavoured to show that both black and green teas could be made from either, and that the difference in the appearance of these teas, in so far as colour was concerned, depended upon manipulation, and upon that only. In proof of this I remarked that the black-tea plant found by me near Foo-chow-foo, at no great distance from the Bohea hills, appeared identical with the green-tea plant of Chekiang.

These observations were met by the objection, that, although I had been in many of the tea districts near the coast, yet I had not seen those greater ones inland which furnish the teas of commerce. And this was perfectly true. The same objection can hardly be urged now, however, as I have visited both the green-tea country of Hwuy-chow and the black-tea districts about Woo-shan, and during these long journeys I have seen no reason to alter the opinions I had previously formed upon the subject.

It is quite true that the Chinese rarely make the two kinds of tea in one district, but this is more for the sake of convenience and from custom than for any other reason. The workmen, too, generally make that kind of tea best with which they have had most practice. But while this is generally the case in the great tea districts, there are some exceptions. It is now well known that the fine Moning districts near the Poyang Lake, which are daily rising in importance on account of the superior character of their black teas, formerly produced nothing else but green teas. At Canton green and black teas are made from the *Thea bohea* at the pleasure of the manufacturer, and according to demand.

After detailing the differences in the manufacture of black and green teas, Mr. Fortune adds, that these not only fully account for the difference in colour, but also for the effect produced on some constitutions by green tea, such as nervous irritability, sleeplessness, &c. This, he says, is fur-

ther shown by the observations of Mr. Warrington, of Apothecaries' Hall, as well as by his own made on the spot.

"The question presents itself, then," says Mr. Warrington, alluding to the variation of physical and chemical properties in green and black teas, "from whence do these distinguishing peculiarities arise, and to what are they to be attributed? From observations made in other directions, in the course of the routine work of the establishment to which I am attached, I had formed in my own mind certain conclusions on this subject. I allude to the exsiccation of medicinal herbs; these are for the most part nitrogenous plants, as the *Atropa belladonna*, the *Hyosciamus niger*, the *Conium maculatum*, and others. The plants are brought to us by the growers or collectors from the country, tied up in bundles, and when they arrive fresh and cool, they dry of a good *bright-green* colour; but on the contrary, it is found that if they are delayed in their transit, or remain in a confined state for too long a period, they become heated, from a species of spontaneous fermentation, and when loosened and spread open emit vapours, and are sensibly warm to the hand: when such plants are dried, the whole of the *green colour* is found to have been destroyed, and a *red-brown* and sometimes a *blackish-brown result* is obtained. I had also noticed that a clear infusion of such leaves evaporated carefully to dryness was not *all* undissolved by *water*, but left a quantity of *brown oxidised extractive matter*, to which the denomination *Apothem* has been applied by some chemists; a similar result is obtained by the evaporation of an infusion of black tea. The same action takes place by the exposure of the infusions of many vegetable substances to the oxidising influence of the atmosphere; they become darkened on the surface, and this gradually spreads through the solution, and on evaporation the same *oxidised extractive matter* will remain insoluble in water. Again, I had found that the green teas, when wetted and re-dried, with exposure to the air, were nearly as dark in colour as the ordinary black teas. From these observations, therefore, I was induced to believe that the peculiar characters and chemical differences which distinguish black tea from green were to be attributed to a species of heating or fermentation, accompanied with oxidation by exposure to the air, and not to its being submitted to a higher temperature in the process of drying, as had been generally concluded. My opinion was partly confirmed by ascertaining from parties conversant with the Chinese manufacture, that the leaves for the black teas were always allowed to remain exposed to the air in mass for some time before they were roasted."

Here, then, we have the matter fully and clearly explained; and, in truth, what Mr. Warrington observed in the laboratory of Apothecaries' Hall may be seen by every one who has a tree or bush in his garden. Mark the leaves which are blown from trees in early autumn; they are brown, or perhaps of a dullish green, when they fall, and yet, if they are examined some time afterwards, when they have been exposed to air and moisture in their detached state, they will be found quite as black as our blackest teas.

I must now make some observations upon the tea-plant itself. It has already been remarked that two tea-plants, considered to be distinct varieties, are met with in China, both of which have been imported into Europe. One, the Canton variety, is called *Thea bohea*; the other, the northern variety, is called *Thea viridis*. The former produces the inferior green and black teas which are made about Canton, and from the latter are made all the fine green teas in the great Hwuy-chow country and in the adjoining provinces. Until a few years back it was generally supposed that the fine black teas of the Bohea hills were also made from the Canton variety, and hence its name. Such, however, is not the case.

When I visited Foo-chow-foo for the first time in 1845, I observed that the tea-plant in cultivation in that neighbourhood was very different from the Canton variety, and apparently identical with the *Thea viridis* of Chekiang.

Foo-chow-foo was not a very great distance from the Bohea hills, and I had good reasons for believing that the Bohea plant was the same as the Foo-chow one; but still I had no positive proof. Now, however, having been on Woo-e-shan itself, and over a great deal of the surrounding country, and having dried specimens of all these plants before me, I am better able to give an opinion upon this long-disputed subject.

I believe that the Woo-e-shan plant is closely allied to the *Thea viridis*, and originally identical with that species, but slightly altered by climate. On the closest examination I was only able to detect very slight differences, not sufficient to constitute a distinct variety, far less a species, and in many of the plants these differences were not even visible. The differences alluded to were these—the Woo-e plant showed less inclination to throw out branches than the Hwuy-chow one, and its leaves were sometimes rather darker and more finely serrated.

But it is possible to go into a tea-plantation in any part of China, and to find more marked distinctions amongst its plants than these I have noticed. The reason of this is obvious. The tea-plant is multiplied by seed, like our hawthorns, and it is perfectly impossible that the produce can be identical in every respect with the parent. Instead, therefore, of having one or two varieties of tea-plant in China, we have, in fact, many kinds, although the difference between them may be slight. Add to this, that the seeds of this plant are raised year after year in different climates, and we shall no longer wonder that in the course of time the plants in one district appear slightly different from those of another, although they may have been originally produced from the same stock.

For these reasons I am of opinion that the plants of Hwuy-chow and Woo-e are the same species, and that the slight differences observed are the results of reproduction and difference of climate.

With regard to the Canton plant—that called *Thea bohea* by botanists—different as it appears to be, both in constitution and habit, it too may have originally sprung from one and the same species.

These changes, however, do not alter the commercial value of those plants found cultivated in the great tea-countries of Fokien and Hwuy-chow, where the finest teas are produced; for, while the tea-shrub may have improved in the course of reproduction in these districts, it may have become deteriorated in others. For this reason seeds and plants ought always to be procured from these districts for transmission to other parts of the world, where it is desirable to grow tea.

Of late years some attempts have been made to cultivate the tea-shrub in the United States of America, and also in our own Australian colonies. I believe all such attempts will end in failure and disappointment. The tea-plant will grow wherever the climate and soil are suitable, and, were it merely intended as an ornamental shrub, there could be no objections to its introduction into those countries. But if it is introduced to be cultivated as an object of commercial speculation, we must not only inquire into the suitability of climate and soil, but also into the price of labour. Labour is cheap in China. The labourers in the tea-countries do not receive more than two-pence or threepence a day. Can workmen be procured for this small sum either in the United States or in Australia? And if they cannot be hired for this sum, nor for anything near it, how will the manufacturers in such places be able to compete with the Chinese in the market?

China, it will appear from these remarks, is likely to remain the "Tea Country" *par excellence*. To every country its own gifts and its own natural produce. At the same time, Mr. Fortune's researches and discoveries will gradually effect a great revolution in the nomenclature and use or abuse of teas, and, it is to be hoped, will explode the coloured, adulterated, and poisonous compound, sold at such high prices to the luxurious uninitiated.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE fine hunt-embossed note of which we have spoken was not sent to Tom Hall without very deep and mature consideration. It had formed the subject of very anxious deliberation between Major and Mrs. Guineafowle; the former opposing his wife's urgent precipitancy, on the ground that they were not prepared for company; the latter insisting on the necessity of immediate action, because of the certainty of such an undoubted prize as our Tom being quickly caught up. She knew what a run there would be after him, she said; and how all the nasty designing women would be spreading their nets and snares to catch him. The fact of Tom breaking out in the character of a sportsman seemed to favour their design, and Mrs. Guineafowle congratulated herself upon not having let the major give up his hounds, as he had often and often threatened to do. The result of the debate was, that the major wrote the aforesaid note, quite in the sporting strain, inviting our friend to come over and hunt with his hounds, and partake of whatever might happen to be going on; adding, that he could put him up a couple of horses, and hoped he would stay as long as he liked: quite the hail-fellow-well-met sort of note. This style was thought better than requesting the honour of his company on such a day, to stay till such a day, inasmuch as, though they would get up all the steam of pomp and circumstance they could raise, it would enable them to put any deficiency to the rough-and-ready score of the sportsman. In truth, it was rather an anxious time for our friends; for with an advancing in expense family there had been a receding in amount income; the rents of the Squashington and Slumpington estates, as indeed their names would imply, having been seriously affected by the repeal of the corn laws; while the colliery, or coal mine, near Leeds, in the county of York, still did nothing towards their assistance. The consequence was, that the major, who had been an ardent repealer, and, like some other intemperate men, had denounced the class of which he was an unworthy member, began to sing extremely small, and complain that he had been robbed and plundered for the million, who had got far more than they ought to have. He threatened most vehemently to give up his hounds. This Mrs. Guineafowle still opposed, feeling assured that he would be nothing without them; and knowing how attractive they had been to herself, she was anxious that her daughters should now participate in the benefit. It was only the tax on eight couple—sixteen sixteen shillings—twelve pound sixteen a year—and an occasional lap at the pig-pail the night before hunting. It was worth all that to see them figuring in the newspapers, even though the knowing editors did class them as harriers.

Though a trencher-fed pack is generally a troublesome affair, there being generally some one or other of the worthies in mischief, either worrying sheep, or lambs, or poultry, or hunting on their own account among the standing corn, yet, upon the whole, the major's were as well-conducted as any.

For this they were mainly indebted to the exertions of their neighbour, Mr., or, as he was commonly called, Billy Bedlington, of Cakeham Manor, a ponderous twenty-stone farmer—not an agriculturist, but a farmer—a man who farmed to make money, who paid great attention as well to the hounds' breeding as to their morals. He it was who crossed them judiciously, drafting the skitters, and babblers, and nickers, and choppers, and cunning ones, keeping none but true nose-to-the-ground hunters, that wouldn't go a yard without a scent; his maxim being to keep no cats that didn't catch mice. Billy was ably assisted by our old friend, Jonathan Falconer, who had grown not only grey but snow-white in the service of the major.

Jonathan Falconer was one of a class of servants of which the breed is now nearly extinct—an honest, industrious, painstaking man—who was always doing something, and could turn his hand to anything; never standing upon this not being his work, or that not being his place, but just doing whatever he saw wanted doing. He did not begin life as a huntsman, or, indeed, as anything else in particular; and, we dare say, if the major had taken a yacht instead of a pack of hounds, Jonathan would have turned his hand to the sea-service just as readily as he did to the land. In the major's establishment he filled many offices, being huntsman, coachman, groom, gardener, game and cow-keeper, and occasionally, second footman. The major, when on his high horse at his dear watering-places, and so on, used to talk as if he had a man in each of these departments; and even at home, when talking before those who he thought were not up to the ins and outs of his establishment, this man-of-all-work was called Jonathan in the house, and Falconer in the field, as if for all the world he were two men.

The real domestic staff, at the period of which we are writing, consisted of one Joshua Cramlington, a tall, knock-kneed stripling, who outgrew his clothes, and whose protruding hands and receding knees now showed how far advanced was the quarter. He was an awkward, careless boy, always breaking and spoiling things, whom no drilling would ever make into a servant. The major, who always dealt in cubs of this description, used to console himself for their awkward *gaucheries* with the reflection that they were cheap, and by getting them young, he attached them to his person; while, he said, they would make fine figure footmen as they grew up and got furnished. When, however, they did grow up and get furnished, they invariably took themselves off, and the major had to catch another, and go through the process of teaching and attaching again. Cramlington was, however, perhaps, the most hopeless article the major had ever had to do with, being as stupid and mischievous a lad as ever came out of a workhouse. His extreme cheapness—8*l.* the first year, and 10*l.* the second—was completely counteracted by the enormity of his appetite and the amount of his breakage.

The sporting reader will perhaps observe, that amid the great multiplicity of real or imaginary servants, there has been no mention whatever of that usual appendage to a pack of hounds, a whipper-in; "Moy whipper-in"—Tom, or Bill, or Jack, or Joe—never having been heard of. The censorious will perhaps imagine that the major had none, or, perhaps, that he filled that department himself, or was indebted to the exertions of any chance sportsman for turning the

hounds to Jonathan Falconer; but there they would be wrong—the major had a whipper-in, though he didn't do to talk about, being, in fact, neither more nor less than a great, tail-less, Smithfield cur, that ran at the erring pack just as he would at a flock of sheep. At a word—almost a look—from Jonathan Falconer, Bluecap—as they called him, from his colour—would rush from his horse's heels, and “at” the pack with a zeal that made them uncommonly glad to fly to Falconer—for protection. It was a cheap and ingenious device; and if it had been ingenious without being cheap, possibly the major might have proclaimed it: as it was, however, he was content with knowing it himself, and let others find it out that liked. “Moy whipper-in,” therefore, was never mentioned.

We will now take a look at our Tom, for which purpose we will begin a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“SIVIN and four's elivin, and fourteen is twenty-five—I've heard of Major Guineafowle; that's to say, I know the name. He's one of your huntin', gamblin' chaps,” replied old Hall, in answer to his son's inquiry if he knew anything of him. “Ah!” continued he, running his memory through the light reading of his ledger, “his name was to Longwind's bills, in 1849, and a precious deal of trouble we had with it—was forced to put it into Grinder's hands afore we could get the money.”

“He keeps a pack of hounds,” observed Tom, exhibiting the fine hunt-embossed note—men, with winding horns, riding among a porpoisey pack along the top.

“I know he does,” replied Hall, taking it; “see 'em in the papers constant—at least, every now and then; and that's what surprised me that he didn't take up the bill. But these huntin', gamblin' chaps are all queer—never know where you have them—always outrunnin' the constable,” as Grinder says.

This was rather a damper; and there is no saying but Tom would have listened to his father's suggestions, had he not been suffering under the united influence of Angelena's coquetry and Laura's loveliness.

“Ruddles, this is the gent—the right honourable gent that's a courtin' of the great heiress at the barracks,” still sounded in Tom's ears, while Laura had drawn her languishing, love-killing eyes slowly over his face and down his fat person, as she lolled becomingly in the old barouche before Diaper and Dimity's door. She had given him just such a look as Miss Longmaide gave the major the first time they met at Rumbleford Wells—a look that neither said “what an object you are!” nor yet, “what a beauty you are!” but just a medium look of approbation, inviting, as it were, a further acquaintance.

Tom, who always loved the last eyes that beamed upon him best, was so struck with Laura's beauty, that he took three turns up and down before the carriage, ere he went to the Salutation Inn to ask the ostler whose carriage that was with all the fine things on the panel—the major having come out uncommonly strong with two crests, Longmaide's and his own, and supporters, two guinea-hens, with a many-quartered coat of arms, made

entirely out of his own head, surmounted with red and white petticoats, entwined with bell-pulls in great abundance. Jonathan Falconer, too, had got a fine three-rows-of-curls coachman's wig under his gold-laced cockaded hat, an appendage that Jonathan complained gave him cold when he exchanged it for his hunting cap. However, "pride feels no pain" being one of the major's maxims, he adhered to the wig, consoling Jonathan with liquorice, and assuring him that it was the weather and not the wig that gave him cold; that he had cold himself, just the same, and he didn't wear a wig.

This sort of finery being unusual in the country, and the major's carriage, haunting the streets of Rattlinghope rather than Fleecyborough, caused considerable commotion, especially with such a beauty as Laura inside, and such dashing green-and-yellow rosettes flowing at the well-shaped but rather light-carcassed hunter carriage-horses' heads. Shuttle-ton, and Jaycock, and Gape, and Pippin, and several others of the Jolly Heavysteeders, had been ringing their spurs on the flags, and ogling the fair inmates of the carriage as it jingled from Miss Flouncey's to Mrs. Sarcenets, and from Mrs. Sarcenets to Miss Cheapstitches, and from Miss Cheapstitches to Mrs. Skeins, for an ounce of Lady Betty worsted, and from the Lady Betty worsted-shop back to Miss Flouncey's again. Whether Laura had looked benignly on *them*, too, is not to the purpose of our story, seeing that Tom was not there, and assuredly she looked pleasantly on him. That look—or, rather, that series of looks—were now counter-acting old Hall's advice.

"Well, but he" (meaning the major) "must have money," observed Tom, "for he keeps a pack of hounds, and I've heard that old Heartycheer's cost him three or four thousand a year."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and twenty's thirty-one—if they do, he must be a very bad old man," replied Hall. "Sivin and four's elivin, and thirteen is twenty-two—no wonder the major couldn't take up the bill. Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-one is fifty-two—these huntin', gamblin' chaps are none on 'em to be trusted," mused Hall, inwardly determining to get rid of head-and-shoulders Brown's account, which was oftener on the wrong side than the right. And so old Hall talked against the invitation.

Mrs. Hall thought better of the major than her husband did, or rather, having had a good look at Laura, as she passed the carriage on her way to Briкет the butcher, she thought she was not only a great deal younger, but a great deal better-looking than Angelena, whom, she inwardly hoped, Laura might extinguish; consequently she favoured the expedition, and undertook to get all Tom's flash shirts and ties ready against the day, by which time she had no doubt he would have recovered from the unpleasant effects of the day with Lord Heartycheer's hounds. So, after many pro's and con's, our Tom wrote to the major saying that he would have great pleasure in availing himself of his polite invitation—an answer that reconducts us to Carol Hill Green.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE receipt of Tom's note changed the spirit of speculation in which our friends were indulging, into that of bustling, active preparation. The major, as we said before, ever since the repeal of the corn-laws, had been contracting his expenses, and in place of maintenance, had been

letting things go down hill a little. The consequence was, that what with the natural wear and tear of that consuming animal, a house, aided by the spoilage and breakage of such boys as Cramlington, now that it became necessary to smarten up a little, it was found that there was a very serious deficiency in glass, china, crockery—all perishable articles, in fact; the very lamp-shades that Cramlington displayed so conspicuously on his shelves were found to be broken on the far side, though, as the major had not taken stock on the departure of his predecessor, John Snuffles, of course Cramlington declared they were so when he came; of tumblers and decanters there was a woful deficiency, while the stock of wine-glasses was scarcely worth speaking of. Altogether the major found things in a very dilapidated state; though, as Cramlington stood out that they were just as they were when he came, the major could only anathemise Snuffles, and determine to look sharper after Cramlington and Co. in future.

Though it was so near Christmas, and his credit by no means first-rate, sundry little documents being in course of preparation at Rattlinghope, headed with the ominous words, "to bill delivered," the major was forced to try his luck at Fleecyborough for such things as couldn't be dispensed with, thereby suffering severely in carriage for his want of credit at home. However, he hoped it was all for the best, and that the expenditure would tend to the capture of our most desirable young friend, Mr. Hall. So the major took heart, and dashed off his order just as if he was full of money.

Mrs. Guineafowle, too, knowing the influence that the first daughter marrying well has on the fortunes of her sisters, was most anxious that Laura should have every advantage; so, step-mother like, she intimated to the fair-haired daughters of the first marriage, that having had their "opportunities," they must not interfere with Laura.

Well knowing, too, how even the greatest beauty may be improved by dress, Mrs. Guineafowle spared no expense in getting Laura up becomingly. Miss Birchtwig, of course, had a first-rate London milliner—namely, her cousin, Miss Freemantle, calling herself *Mademoiselle de Freemantle*, of the Rue de la Paix, Paris, and South Audley-street, London—with whom she always recommended her "young friends" to leave their measures, in case they chanced to want anything smart when they got into the country; and from this eminent artiste was procured, at the usual short notice of ladies, a beautiful light-blue silk dress, with trimming *en tablier* down the front, composed of a dozen very narrow silk flounces, embroidered in chain stitch. The body was made tight, setting off to advantage Laura's beautiful figure, with, of course, ample fly-away sleeves, for sweeping things off tables and dragging into teacups and soup-plates.

Dresses being at length arranged, dinners then occupied their united attention. The major and Mrs. Guineafowle were most anxious that they should be of the most elegant description, partaking as much of the character of one recently given by the Duke of Gormanstone as Miss Nettleworth, the Gormanstone Castle toady, had been able to recollect and narrate to Mrs. Guineafowle.

Gormanstone Castle, we may observe, was the stronghold of the Tory

heaven from which our major was expelled when he ratted over to the Whigs.

After due deliberation and counting of the cost, it was determined that the major should write off to Shell and Tortoise for as much of their shabby-genteel turtle-soup as would serve two parties of ten, which the major did, promising to send a post-office order for the amount, but omitting to furnish a reference, thinking, perhaps, his signature, with "Major, Mangelwurzelshire Militia," attached, would be amply sufficient; but Shell and Tortoise, not reverencing military rank, as they undoubtedly ought, after the lapse of some days sent a bill, intimating that the soup would be forwarded when the money came. This threw our friends completely out; for, independently of the fine, dashing style of leading off a dinner with turtle-soup, the Shell-and-Tortoise procrastination prevented their making other arrangements, and in lieu thereof they were obliged to put up with mutton-broth—a much better thing, by-the-way, when well made, than spurious turtle-soup.

Misfortunes, however, never come singly; and Mr. Clearwell, the stupendous landlord of the Duke's Head, at Rattlinghope, who had always acted butler at Carol Hill Green on state occasions, having become afflicted with the usual innkeepers' malady, *delirium tremens*, wrote, or rather scratched, to say he couldn't possibly come; so that the execution of affairs devolved on Joshua Cramlington, assisted by Jonathan Falconer.

The major used to have an arrangement with Clearwell, who was a fine, stately, important-looking personage, for enacting the character of butler, whereby he flattered himself he not only imposed upon strangers, but got his raw lads a little useful drilling. When on his high horse, especially at watering-places, he used to talk of "moy butler getting fat," and "moy butler having nothing to do," and "moy butler acting the gentleman."

Clearwell's defalcation greatly afflicted our friend, for independently of the imposing appearance of this magnificent man, revolving noiselessly about the little dining-room, scarcely elevating his voice above a whisper, Cramlington was so totally undrilled, that even among themselves he was continually making the stupidest mistakes, which made the major dread his appearance in public.

However, there was no help for it; so the major just ordered a rehearsal, making Joshua arrange the table for a party of ten, with the fine Italian-patterned T. Cox Savory electro-plated covers and corner-dishes; showing him how to raise the former, without giving the next sitter a shower-bath, and how to hand the latter about on the palm of his hand, without upsetting them into a helper's lap. The major, too, established a code of signals—a forefinger to his nose indicating when Cramlington was to bring in the champagne, a piece of bread stuck up on end when he was to hand round the sherry. There had been no asking to take wine at the duke's—and of course our friends must follow the fashion, be it ever so absurd and unsociable. Indeed, we may here observe, by way of parenthesis, that we don't know why people trouble themselves to give parties at all, when a division of the money among the intended guests would answer every apparent purpose. That observation, however, reminds us that we must say a few words about the Carol Hill Green guests.

Deep and anxious were the deliberations who they should have to meet our distinguished friend. They must be people whom Tom would think stylish, and yet people who would not interfere with their plans. As it was a dead set at our Tom, of course they were most anxious to make it appear otherwise. The major, indeed, would shudder at the idea of asking young men to his house in the hopes of getting them for his daughters, while Mrs. Guineafowle was equally disinterested in theory, only determined not to lose a chance in reality. They hugged themselves with the reflection of having such an excellent excuse as the hounds for asking Tom over.

Well, who should they have to meet him? Sir George and Lady Happyhit were their cock acquaintance, and had no daughter old enough to interfere with their plans; but they were hitey-titey, prior-engagement, or "expecting-a-friend-from-London" sort of people, who never came if they could help it. Their excuses cut but sorry figures when they came to be sifted through the searching ordeal of servants' hall inquiries. Still, asking them was something, as it enabled the major to say, in his usual off-hand way, "We asked the Happyhits to come, but unfortunately they were engaged," and so on. Accordingly, they sent a hunt-embossed note, requesting the honour of Sir George and Lady Happyhit's company at dinner, and enclosing a hunt-embossed card of two days' meets of Major Guineafowle's, the Carol Hill Green hounds—one at Hestercombe House, the other at Loxley Mount, each morning at half-past ten. They also asked Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Smith, and Mr., Mrs., and Miss Brandenburg Brown, thinking that out of so large a venture they were sure to get as many, if not more than they wanted. Indeed, they made so sure of the Browns, that they asked young Smoothley, the curate, who was supposed to be looking after Miss Brown, to meet them. Here, however, they were all wrong again; for the Browns expected company at home, and had booked Mr. Smoothley themselves, the Smiths were going away, while Sir George and Lady Happyhit merely presented their compliments, and were sorry they were prevented the honour, &c., &c. What a nuisance! what a bore! It surely was the most unsociable neighbourhood in the world; and then they had to set to and cast over their acquaintance again. The Carboys had no carriage, and would not like to hire one; the Owens were hardly good enough for a state occasion; and Mrs. Manfield was so disagreeable, with her great staring daughters, that they had firmly resolved never to have them any more. Worse than all, time was running short, and people who heard that others had been asked, would not be likely now to accept, and so book themselves as second-class guests. They thought over several people, both far and near—the Fieldings, the Thompsons, the Passmores, the Lockseys, the Braceys, the Flappers, and the Figginses; but there were objections of some sort or another to the whole of them. Instead of having two parties of ten, they did not seem likely to get one, and the major was nearly writing off to Shell and Tortoise to bid them send only half the quantity of soup. Billy Bedlington was always to be had at short notice, but turtle-soup would be wasted on such a monster as that. It then occurred to Mrs. Guineafowle that the mention of turtle-soup, so unusual a thing in their quiet circle, might have a beneficial effect in drawing company, and the major

forthwith penned a "Dear sir" epistle to the Rev. Mr. Pantile, saying he would esteem it a favour if he would come and give his opinion on some he expected from London, adding, that he hoped Mrs. and Miss Pantile would accompany him.

Pantile was a learned man, full of Heroditus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, who thoroughly despised hunting and all belonging to it. But for the mention of the turtle-soup, he would have refused to dine with such a hare-hunting squireen as Guineafowle. As it was, he pretended to yield, at the suggestion of Mrs. Pantile that it was his duty as a Christian minister to go and endeavour to reclaim Guineafowle from the wild atrocities and inhumanities of the chase, and implant nobler and loftier principles in his bosom. Mrs. Pantile liked a run out as well as anybody, and knew how to tickle her Solomon into going. Miss Pantile, too, was all for going from home whenever she could get, and strongly supported her mother's views; for though very plain, not to say ugly, she had an irreproachable hand and arm, and played beautifully on the harp.

After so many refusals, it was a godsend to Guineafowle to get an acceptance, and he followed up his luck by asking another divine, the Rev. Arthur Pinkerton, to come and pass judgment on the soup also. Pinkerton, however, hearing that Pantile, whom he hated, was coming, declined; and, as a last resource, Guineafowle summoned the great Billy Bedlington, intimating that as Mr. Pantile was coming, it would be well to avoid the subject of hunting. And Billy, who could talk of little else, wondered that there should be such a creature in the world as a man who didn't like to hear about hunting, and inwardly promised himself considerable amusement from the interview. So he told his hind to give "t'ard meer" an easy day in the plough, as he should be wanting her in the Whitechapel at night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TERRIBLE is the trouble of unaccustomed party-making—desperate when you want to make a dash with inefficient forces; our gallant friend felt the full force of the situation, and never appreciated Clearwell at his full value before. Our major could have raised a regiment of militia with less trouble than this party gave him, and drilled and trained them with more ease than he could drill and train Joshua Cramlington.

Though they had had three rehearsals, he could not get the stupid boy to understand that the punch was only to be handed round after the turtle-soup; Jos would have it in at all intervals, thinking, no doubt, that it was much better stuff than wine. Our host never despaired of the turtle-soup until the Shell-and-Tortoise bill arrived, which it did close upon dinner, having taken a jaunt to some other town beginning with an R.; then, indeed, he was horrified. Pantile, too, coming expressly to eat it! He denounced Shell and Tortoise from the bottom of his heart.

But to our spread. The major having finished the third rehearsal, and especially charged Joshua Cramlington to be on the alert, and not to forget any of the injunctions he had laid upon him, dismissed him to run his arms and legs through his fine green-and-yellow livery, while he went and got himself up for the reception.

Resolved upon doing the thing in style, and having read in the papers how the Duke of Wellington received Prince Albert at the door of Apsley House on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, he went and squeezed his little pot-belly into the now very tight militia uniform in which he achieved his great victory over the beautiful Miss Longmaide, inwardly hoping that it would lead to a similar beneficial result in Tom Hall's case.

Then as he stood before the glass, examining first one grizzly cheek and then the other, his hair now partaking more of the silver-grey than the ginger-heckle, a luggage-loaded fly was seen crawling up the avenue, and, girding on his sword, our friend nearly broke his neck by tripping over it as he hurried down stairs. Fortunately, the nearly-exhausted horse gave him time to recover his equilibrium, and as the door opened responsive to the porch bell-pull, our flexible-backed major, *chapeau bras* in hand, stepped courteously forward, making a series of those remarkable salaams that never were equalled save by old Vauxhall Simpson of glorious memory.

Our Tom, who was gaping out of the fly-window at the white-winged, white-bodied little house, in the manner of an appraiser, or a person with a design upon it, was startled at the apparition that suddenly disclosed itself; while the fly-man stood with his hand on the door, unable to make out what it meant.

The flexible-back having at length subsided, and the major having motioned the man to open the door, out rolled Tom, in a pair of the widest red-checked, snuff-brown tweed trousers that ever were seen, a light grey jacket, with scarcely any laps, a stout, double-breasted white corduroy vest, and a wide-extending, once-round buff joinville—looking as if his stomach was sensible of cold, but his fat throat impervious to it.

"Proud of the honour of seeing you at my humble hunting-box," bowed the major, tendering Tom a hand. "Hope, if I can't put you up as sumptuously as I could wish, I shall be able to make amends by the sport I shall show you with my hounds; and if you will honour us with a visit at either Slumpington or Squashington, in the county of Somerset, we shall be able to do by you as we could wish."

Whereat our Tom grinned, being partly struck by the magnificence of the major, and partly occupied in thinking what the gates had been in coming, so that he might not be imposed upon by the flyman.

The clatter of the major's sword in the passage, and the pompous prosiness of his greetings, acted as warnings to the inmates of the little drawing-room on the right, causing them to hurry their aprons and dirty things out of sight, and arrange themselves in company postures; Mrs. Guineafowle in the centre, supported by Laura, in her beautiful Freeman mantle dress, on her right, with the three other girls, in various-coloured, rather shabby merinos, on the left.

The major, lord-chamberlain like, then appeared, backing and bowing our Tom into the presence, introducing him to his intended and the family circle generally. And if the truth must be told, Laura thought Tom rather stout; while the sour-grapes sisters declared they never saw such a man, and they pitied poor Laura excessively. However, they all chimed into a forced conversation, chiefly about the weather, which was unusually open,

leading into speculation as to its probable features at Christmas. The major helped the cry on by expatiating on the splendid season his hounds had had; something quite unusual, as indeed all his seasons were. "Never had a better season," he said, "and he had kept hounds now five-and-twenty years—five-and-twenty years—a long time—very long time—though not so long as his brother-master, Heartycheer, had done," the memory of man not running to the time when Heartycheer took them.

Then the major asked if Tom's horses were come, and was glad to find he had only one, which he thought would save the bin; and then he asked whether Tom would take anything before dinner, observing, "that they dined at six, which he thought was a better hour than seven in winter, as it didn't make the evening so long; and, indeed, after a hard day's hunting, he was always quite ready for his dinner at six, for he never took anything out with him, except it might be a biscuit, or a bun, or something of the sort, which he often brought back, the excitement of the chase completely absorbing his faculties, and making him insensible of hunger, thirst, danger, everything," kicking his sword behind him as he spoke, to prevent its tripping him up again.

The gallant man was proceeding in this strain when Cramlington came sneaking into the room, announcing to Mrs. Guineafowle, in such an undertone as enabled every one to hear, that "cook wanted her;" whereupon Mrs. Guineafowle knit her brow and disappeared, wondering whether the cat had got the fish, or the soot had come down the chimney, or the cook was overcome with the heat of the fire or the strength of the brandy, or which of the hundred-and-one ills of party-making had befallen her. The Amphitryon reader will readily conjecture that the non-arrival of the turtle-soup was the cause: Jonathan Falconer had returned for the third time from the station without it, and the missent Shell-and-Tortoise letter arriving simultaneously with Jonathan, extinguished the last ray of hope. "What a go!" as the major said, when he read it. There was nothing for it but to substitute the mutton-broth; and then, oh dear! what would Pantile say? There surely never was anything so unlucky. If the major could have got at Shell and Tortoise, he would have run his sword down one of their throats, and his scabbard down the other.

The flyman then sent to say he was "ready to go" (Guineafole's house not affording entertainment either for man or horse); and just as Tom had settled his demands, his newly-caught groom, Jack Tights, arrived with his horse. John was a slangy, saucy Londoner, who could dress himself, or dress his master, or dress a hook, or dress a mutton-chop—indeed, dress anything except a horse. He called himself "groom and valet," and was up to all the bad practices of both services. He had been in many good places, but, like all these characterless fellows, the experience of adversity was totally lost upon him, and no sooner did he get a fresh place, than he seemed to be trying how soon he could get out of it again. His last master had dismissed him for making his horses' corn into brandy-and-water. His real name was Branfoote—John Branfoote—but he had ridden several steeple-chases—"Aristocracies," of course—as Captain de Roseville. He had acquired the name of "Tights" from having his clothes made so tight that it was a marvel how he ever got into them. He was a nephew of Greedy Sam's, the ostler at the Salutation Inn, who had strongly recommended him to our

Tom as the "very man for him;" and Tights, being hard upon starvation, had not let the chance slip. He had now got himself into a complete new rig-out at Tom's expense—a flat, indeed a rather *retroussé* brimmed hat with a cockade, a tremendously long-backed, short-lapped, tight grey coat, with an equally long striped waistcoat, leathers that would do nothing for his legs after their accompanying stomach had had the run of old Hall's kitchen for a month, and roast-chestnut-coloured top-boots, with very long-necked spurs. Such was the gentleman who came working his arms into the little Guinea-fowle stable-yard, with his horse knee-capped and head-stalled, in proper marching order.

"Ah, that's you, is it?" observed Tom, recognising them through the gathering gloom of a winter's evening. "How's the horse?" asked he.

"*All is serene, sir!*" replied Tights, with a sort of military salute, throwing himself jockeyways off his horse.

"All is what?" muttered Tom, who had not got the last London phrase.

"Well," said Tom, following Tights into the stable, "I shall want you to dress me in half an hour or so."

"By all means, sir," replied Tights, who had been imbibing on the road, and was obligingly drunk.

"Your things, and my things, and the stable things, are somewhere," observed Tom, whose fly-load of luggage had not been all for himself, though he had certainly brought as many clothes as would serve a moderate man a month.

"*All is serene,*" repeated Tights, lurching up to the horse's head.

Tom, puzzled at the phrase, then returned to the family circle in the parlour, where his quantity of luggage was undergoing discussion, raising the important speculation how long he was going to stay.

"I hope you find everything right and comfortable for your horse," observed Guinea-fowle, as Tom entered; adding, "I wish, though, you had brought a couple with you, as then we might have hoped for the favour of a longer visit; for really it's due to oneself to get as much hunting as ever one can before Christmas."

"It is," assented Tom, who had just as much taste for the thing as Guinea-fowle. "However," said he, "I have a very excellent groom—a Melton man—who tells me he has a most wonderful recipe, by means of which he can bring a horse out every day in the week."

"Indeed," stared Guinea-fowle; observing, "it must be a very valuable recipe; he must be a very surprising man."

"It's an invention of his own," continued Tom, in an off-hand sort of way; "the Melton men offered him no end of money for it, but he wouldn't sell—preferred dispensing it himself."

"Indeed!" said Guinea-fowle. "What is the principle of it?"

"Don't know," replied Tom—"Don't know; it's some decoction of herbs, mixed with spirit—rum, I think. But he makes it at midnight, and won't let any one come near, let alone see *what it is*." Tights kept bad hours, and used to declare, when found fault with, that he was busy with his chemistry.

After some more forced discussion about the wonderful discovery,

during which Mrs. Guineafowle re-entered, showing by her anxious face that there was something wrong, our host proposed showing Tom his room—the best lofty four-poster, of course—with the usual indications of a lady's eye, where the redoubtable Tights was laying out such a multifarious wardrobe—such coats, such waistcoats, such cravats, such trousers, so many pairs of boots—that the major thought any deficiency of horseflesh was amply compensated by the quantity of clothes. Having stirred the fire, lighted the toilette composites, and told Tom dinner would be ready in half an hour or so, the major retired to learn the soup calamity, and indulge in the denunciations against Shell and Tortoise that we have already mentioned; and having duly anathemized them, our gallant friend proceeded to release himself from the bondage to which he had been subjected in his tight uniform, and instal himself in his green dress hunt-coat with bright buttons, velvet collar, and silk facings, and a roll-collared white waistcoat, with a yellow silk under one. Dressing was the order of the day throughout the house. Tinkle tinkle went the bells; hot water here, hot water there. One miss wanted her shoes, another wanted her comb; and the whisking commotion of petticoats sounded up and down stairs, and throughout the little house. Our Tom went to work anxiously, and, after no end of tryings-on and takings-off, alterings, and changings, and pinchings, and tyings, and twistings, he at length accomplished a toilette that stood the test of the mirror; for, being an ugly dog, of course he was correspondingly conceited—that is to say, in the inverse ratio, ugly dog, great conceit.

And Tights, as he now retired from valeting him, met Harriet, the joint-stock ladies' maid, as she emerged from her young mistress's room, and in reply to her inquiry what all the crumpled cravats dangling over his arm were about, answered, with the most pompous throatiness:

"F-a-i-l-yars! f-a-i-l-yars!"

The sound of Pantile's phaeton-wheels, grinding under his window, aroused Tom from the admiration of himself, his studs and his stockings, his marvellous shirt-front and amplified Joinville, and caused him to put the finishing-stroke to the performance by a copious dash of essence of Rondeletia into his cambric pocket-handkerchief. He then gave his ivory-backed brushes a final flourish through his light hair, and, descending the little staircase, he re-entered the parlour just as the Pantiles were subsiding into seats, after the grinnings, and smirking, and bowings, and curtsayings of coming were over. They then resumed the operation, and Mrs. Pantile's quick eye now seeing at a glance what Laura's beautiful pink silk, chain-stitch, embroidered flounced dress was for, by a skilful manoeuvre took a chair nearer the fire, leaving a vacant one between the pretty pink and the silver-grey silk of mamma for our Tom.

The major, seeing the petticoat movement, observed, as he finished introducing Tom, that Mr. Hall was a brother-sportsman who had come to have a little hunting with his hounds; and Mrs. Pantile, who was a tolerably skilful "mouser," said to herself, as she eyed Laura glancing alternately at our Tom and then at her own pink tulle drappé, "Believe as much of that as we like;" and as she was talking earnestly to Mrs. Guineafowle about the weather, thinking all the time what a shame it was dressing Laura out in that way, instead of in a neat book-muslin, like her sisters, the door opened, and, to Pantile's horror, the great

Billy Bedlington came sweeping the ceiling with his head. Pan hated Billy, and Billy didn't like Pan, and, moreover, Pan thought Billy wasn't exactly the sort of man to have to meet them. He, therefore, gave Billy a very cool reception, and closed in, instead of making room for him, at the fire.

Nor did matters mend when, on the announcement of dinner, Tom stuck to Laura, instead of offering his arm to Miss Pantile, who, consequently, fell a prey to the giant; and Pantile, who was watching how things went as he took Mrs. Guineafowle out, doubted, if he had known, whether even the turtle-soup could have induced him to come. Judge then of his dismay, when, after enunciating an elaborate grace, Joshua Cramlington gave the orthodox flourish to the tureen-cover, and the major began apologising for the substitution of mutton-broth! Pantile inwardly didn't believe a word about the turtle-soup; it was just one of the major's cheap flashes that he was always indulging in; and he began cross-questioning him most severely how the thing could have happened?—who wrote?—who took the letter to the post?—whether it was legibly directed?—and, as a climax, who he sent to?

This was rather a clencher, for if the major answered "Shell and Tortoise," the murder would be out, and his splendour thought nothing of; so, after a moment's hesitation—recollecting where Lord Heartycheer got his—he boldly answered, "Painter, in Leadenhall-street."

"Indeed," replied Pantile, thinking he had heard the name.

"Have dealt with him for twenty years," asserted the major, "and this is the first time he ever disappointed me.

"Very unfortunate," observed Pantile, wondering he had never heard of the major's turtle-soup parties before, and thinking he could have had mutton-broth at home; and presently Joshua Cramlington, as if by way of adding insult to injury, placed a green glass of punch under Pantile's nose; when an exclamation from the major of "No! no! you stupid dog!" so startled Jos, that he spilt the contents over his mistress's turban and silver-grey silk. Great then was the hubbub, and mopping, and napkining, and declaring that it wasn't of the slightest consequence, though Jos knew it would be a very different story on the morrow. However, that stopped the further supply of the punch; and when he got the tray into the kitchen, Tights, who was making himself agreeable to the cook, moved that, as they couldn't drink it in the parlour, they should have it in the hall; and filling glasses round, he tossed off a bumper to a better acquaintance with them all.

Mrs. Hogalard and he had been speculating whether the fine London dresses would be likely to catch his young master, and affording each other such insights into their respective families as servants are in the habit of doing. There is very little that servants don't know, as any master or mistress will find if they make an unexpected descent into their receiving-rooms at meal or unexpected times. But to our story.

Cramlington's glass of punch, hastily swallowed after sundry bottle ends, coupled with the hurry of waiting and the anxieties of office, got into his head, and he nearly let the best chain-bordered porcelain down as he entered with the second course, giving Mrs. Guineafowle, and all parties interested in its welfare, the creeps. The major looked unutterable things at the great goul; but the drink was more potent than the major's eye, and our host sat trembling as he saw the lad blinking and

winking at the candles, and every now and then making a false dart at the fishes. The major always insisting upon having everything handed round by the servants, the dinner made very little progress, and Jonathan Falconer, never having "led," was of little or no use. The major sighed for the days of Clearwell, who made all things go as if of themselves. The lad presently got stupid.

The sherry signal and the champagne signal were equally disregarded, and as the major, of course, could not be so unfashionable as ask any one to take wine, the guests were soon high and dry. The boy had been round once with the sherry, making some very bad shots at the glasses, then filling bumpers, and dribbling the wine plentifully over people's hands. "*Get some champagne,*" at length snapped the major, as the guests being now helped to the contents of the dishes, Joshua stood winking and blinking, and disregarding the signal.

Jos then disappeared, and finding Tights in his old quarters in the kitchen, they took another glass of punch together, then diving into the foot-bath in the sink, where he had the wine cooling, he hurried away with a bottle. It being the finest sparkling, not to say frisky, 42s. a dozen stuff, made at the well-known champagne and foreign liqueur distillery in Lambeth, the major had especially charged Jos on no account whatever to cut the string until he had the wine in the room, well knowing that if it once got away, there would be no stopping it; and this injunction suiting the *laches* of which Jos had just been guilty, he now frantically seized a knife off the sideboard, and cutting the string, as he stood behind his master's chair, *pop! bang!* went the cork against the opposite wall, and w—h—i—s—h went the foaming fluid right into the major's hair! What a commotion there was! If the major had been played upon by a fire-engine, he couldn't have been wetter, while Jos, in the agony of the moment, put his thumb over the bottle-top, causing it to spirt sideways into Mrs. Pantile's face.

"Get out of my sight! get out of the room! get out of the house!" screamed the little major, rising from his chair, seizing the still fizzing, bubbling bottle with one hand, and Joshua with the other, whom he kicked and cuffed into the passage, while the remanets rose and offered such consolation to Mrs. Pantile as a lady in a new black-watered—now, alas! champagne—silk required. Great was the mopping and rubbing, and patting and drying, again.

At length, having done all they could, the guests resumed their seats; and it being impossible to rally the scattered consequence, Mrs. Guineafowle sent Jonathan Falconer to get Harriet to come in and wait. This she did so ably, that when the major returned, after locking Cramlington up in his bed-room, and changing his own wet upper garments, he found Pantile leading the charge against men-servants in general, vowing that they were nothing like women for waiting—an opinion in which Billy Bedlington heartily concurred, adding, that he would match his Mary against any two men that ever were seen. But though the major wouldn't admit this view, attributing Pantile's preference a good deal to jealousy, because he only kept a tea-tray groom himself, he candidly admitted that Cramlington was not quite the thing, muttering something about his "old butler, Clearwell—never used to have any trouble"—observations that were meant more for Tom Hall's ear than Pantile's, who was evidently on the alert for a cavil.

However, now that they had got rid of the chill of *etiquette*, and people began to reach and ask each other for what they wanted, the dinner progressed more pleasantly: they got what they wanted to eat at the time they wanted, and not after, while Harriet subdued a bottle of champagne very skilfully, and doled it out to Guineafowl's satisfaction. As yet he could not accord his guests the privilege of helping themselves. The "Duke" had had the wine handed round, and so must he. By the time the second—but what ought to have been the third bottle—was disposed of, and the chopped cheese had circulated, people began to be more at their ease, especially as they heard, by Cramlington's kickings and roarings at the door, that the dangerous boy was in safe custody. So the cloth was drawn, the wine and dessert set on, and the room presently vacated by the servants. Our friends then began to be more sociable, and to take the events of the evening more philosophically. Pantile was the least agreeable of the party. In the first place, he didn't fancy being made a cat's-paw of, helping Guinea to capture Hall; in the second place, he had been done out of a day's coal leading with his horse, by having to come there to serve, as he thought, on a turtle-soup jury; and, in the third place, he thought they had no business to ask Billy Bedlington to meet them. If Billy had had to rely on the parson's asking him to take wine, he wouldn't have got a drop. Thanks to the Cramlington catastrophe causing it to be within reach, he came better off than usual when dining with his distinguished friend.

Pantile, thinking to have a cut at his pretending host through Billy, attacked the latter about his hunting, as soon as the ladies withdrew.

"Well, Mr. William Bedlington," drawled he—for he did not care to come the familiar "Billy"—"well, Mr. William Bedlington, I see you still pursue the chase."

"Whiles, Mr. Pantile, whiles," replied Billy, sucking away at an orange.

"Well, but don't you think you might employ your time more profitably, more beneficially, than scampering about the country after a poor timid hare?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Pantile," replied Billy, firmly.

"Life was given us for a nobler purpose, surely!" exclaimed Pantile.

"P'raps it may," replied Billy, carelessly.

"Besides," added Pantile, "a man of your size and weight can never hope to ride up to hounds as he ought."

"P'raps not," replied Billy; "but ar can glower at 'em all the same."

"Glower at 'em all the same," snapped Pantile, as Hall and Guinea-fowle began tittering at Billy's cool treatment of the classic. "But where's the pleasure—where's the excitement of glowering? I thought the great enjoyment of hunting consisted in braving and surmounting the dangers and obstacles of nature."

"Ah," said Billy, "that 'ill be your steeple-chase gents, and chaps wot want to break their necks. I go to see hounds work, not to crack my crown."

The major here tried to turn the conversation by passing the wine, and engaging Tom Hall on the military tack, expatiating on the splen-

down of Lord Lavender's Hussars, and hoping their regiments might be embodied together; but Pantile, who had got a petition up against the militia, would not chime in, and, the first opportunity, was nagging at Billy Bedlington again.

"Well now, Mr. William Bedlington," resumed he, in his usual sneering, drawling tone, "I don't understand the pleasure of a man who can't follow the hounds going out to hunt."

"Well, Mr. Pantile, that's possible enough," replied Billy, taking a back hand at the port—"that's possible enough; but you might as well say that no one has any business at a race that can't ride one, as that no one has any business at a hunt, unless he can ride to tread on the hounds' tails."

"I don't see that, Mr. William Bedlington," replied Pantile, rubbing his hook nose for an idea.

"I do," replied Billy, now taking a back hand at the sherry.

"I don't," rejoined Pantile, looking very irate.

The major then again tried to turn the conversation by inquiring if Mr. Pantile had succeeded in getting the old land hay he wanted, which led to a discussion on the price of straw, and the difficulty of getting any, all the tenants being restricted from selling, which Pan thought a foolish rule, and Guinea a wise one; and finding that they had got on a disputed point, the major made another effort to turn the conversation by dilating on the unpunctuality of their foot-messenger with the letters, but Pantile, who had been meditating another cut on Billy, availed himself of the break to make it.

"You still have your great brown horse, I see, Mr. William Bedlington," observed he.

"I have," replied Billy, with an emphasis; adding, "you did wrong not to buy him." Billy and the parson had had a hard deal, and only parted for fifty shillings.

"Well, but they say he's spavined," observed Pantile.

"Do they?" replied Billy; adding, "as much spavined as I am."

"They say he's not good in the shafts," observed Pantile.

"Good in anything!" exclaimed Billy; adding, "that horse can draw anything."

"Can he draw an inference?" asked Pantile.

"He can draw a ton and a half," replied Bedlington, with a shake of his head, drawing his acre of buff waistcoat from under the table as he rose to depart. And the major, who accompanied him to the door, in order to have a few words with him about the next morning's meet, reported on his return that it was a fine starlight night; which induced the Pantiles to stay, in order that the fine hand and arm might do a little execution on the harp; the consequence of which delay was, that it rained dogs and cats the greater part of their way home.

And Pantile declared that no power on earth should ever induce him to dine with that humbug again, and the Guinea-fowles unanimously agreed that the Pantiles were the most disagreeable people under the sun.

JUNG BAHADUR.

NEPAUL, though greatly curtailed in extent by the peace of 1815, is still one of the largest and most compact sovereignties of India. The country is composed of three belts of territory: one a low plain, hot, wooded, and unhealthy; a second hilly, with rich vales; a third mountainous. Writers differ very much as to the origin of the inhabitants. Colonel Kirkpatrick, who wrote a well-known account of his visit to Nepaul in 1803, argued that though the Newars have round and rather flat faces, small eyes, and low-spreading noses, they bear no resemblance to Chinese features. Captain Smith, the author of "A Narrative of a Five Years' Residence at Nepaul," recently published by Messrs. Colburn and Co., avers, on the contrary, that the great aboriginal stock is Mongol. The fact, says the late assistant political resident in Nepaul, is inscribed in characters so plain upon their faces, forms, and languages, that we may well dispense with the superfluous and vain attempts to trace it historically in the meagre chronicles of barbarians. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, author of an interesting little work, "A Journey to Katmandu, with the Camp of Jung Bahadur," also describes himself as being much struck with the great similarity of the mass of the lower orders to the Chinese. The Nepaulese appear, indeed, to have always had relations with the Flowery Empire. Separated from them only by the mountains of Thibet, they were invaded in 1792 by a large army of Chinese, on which occasion they sought, but without success, an alliance with the English. Captain Smith and Mr. Oliphant exhaust themselves in conjectures as to the political objects of Jung Bahadur's visit to this country. The relations of Nepal, as tributary to China on the one hand and to England on the other, may have had much to do with it.

The Gurkhas, the now dominant race in Nepaul, are only a mountain tribe; there does not appear to be any race-distinction between them and the Newars. The Brahmins fled into the country before the tide of Musulman conquest, converted many, especially the Gurkhas, and introduced the Hindu blood in the now numerous tribe of the Khas, whence the proud title of Kshatriya, the military order of the kingdom. There are also several other tribes and denominations in the country, arising from occupations, as in the instance of the Darwars and Margis, husbandmen and fishermen; or from situation, as the Parbattiahs, or hill people; but the chief differences are founded in religious opinions, the Brahmin or Hindoo creed being, however, dominant over the Mongolian Buddhism.

The East India government has ever been dissatisfied with the secret treaty concluded by the Nepaulese with the Chinese government, on the occasion of the invasion of the country by the latter, and which treaty was concluded without Colonel Kirkpatrick's assistance. An attempt to establish a commercial treaty in 1801 failed equally signally. At length, in the time of Bhim Sah, the Gurkhas began to carry the passion for territorial aggrandisement, not only among surrounding hill rajahs, but also into territories subject to the British government.

Taking advantage of a demand for assistance on the part of the Rajah of Bityah, whose territories had been invaded by the Rajah of Muckwan-

pure, abetted by the Gurkhas, a military force was detached, under Major Kinloch, who succeeded in driving the Gurkhas out of the province. This was in 1767. In 1811, the Nepaulese again invaded Bitiyah, to a portion of which territory they have never ceased to advance hereditary claims, and committed many gross outrages upon the servants of the company; among others, killing at one spot eighteen armed police, and tying the head officer, or Kaunadar, to a tree, and despatching him with arrows. These and other acts of violence, added to disregard of every attempt at conciliation, led to the war of 1813-14.

It is not our object here to follow out the details of this border war, as they have been recorded by Professor H. H. Wilson, in his continuation of Mills's "History of India;" and by Professor Wilson, in Captain Smith's work. Suffice it that the war was by no means either always favourable or honourable to Anglo-Indian prowess. The siege and storming of Kalunga, and the death of General Gillespie, gave a foretaste of the gallant resistance with which the Gurkhas everywhere met their enemies. Women and children fought in the ranks of the brave mountaineers, and were slain with them in the defence of the fort. This sanguinary affair was followed by a signal reverse, met with in a too hasty pursuit of the retiring enemy. The energy and ability of General Ochterlony, however, ultimately retrieved all disasters, and the result of the first campaign was the expulsion of the Gurkhas from the debated territory.

Attempts at negotiation were then made, and after the usual amount of specious professions and deceit common to native courts generally had been practised by the Nepaul durbar with a view to gain time, open hostilities broke out with redoubled vigour on both sides. General Ochterlony commenced the second campaign by moving an army of 36,000 men across the Chariagatty hills, an operation involving incredible toil and difficulty, but which was, nevertheless, performed with the greatest rapidity. This accomplished, he advanced upon Muckwanpure, which, after two engagements, fell into our hands, but with a loss amounting to nearly 300. This fort commanding the valley of Katmandu, the durbar now entered into serious negotiation. "The terms which were finally agreed upon differed little from those previously proposed, leaving in our hands a portion of the Turai, and what was more important, giving the Gurkhas a better opinion of the power of the enemy they had to deal with than they had gained from their experience in the first campaign.

The young Rajah of Nepaul having died on the 20th of November 1816, of small pox, and having been succeeded by an infant son, named Raj Indur Bikrum Sah, this event contributed to fix more firmly the authority of Bhim Sing, by giving him another lease of uncontrolled dominion pending a second long minority. This minister directed the home and foreign policy of the durbar with such ability and moderation as to have preserved peace and tranquillity for twenty-two years. The rajah having, however, with the progress of time, wedded the daughter of a Guruckpure farmer, his rani resolved upon the overthrow and destruction of the minister. The latter brought a rival rani into play, but without success; the senior queen's party prevailed, and Bhim Sing was imprisoned and found dead in his cell with his throat frightfully mangled.*

* According to Captain Cavenagh, who accompanied Jung Bahadur in an offi-

The young rajah, thus left to evil counsellors, resolved upon war with the English, and despatched an embassy to Peking for assistance in men and money. As, however, Nepaul was tributary to China, the celestial emperor treated the embassy as a piece of great impertinence, and resented it by sending a large Tartar force against the Nepaulese, which obliged them to sue for peace, with an additional tribute of 10,000*l.* to be sent overland every five years to Peking.

At the same time, Colonel Oglander, of the 26th Cameronians, was sent to guard our own frontier, and the presence of a British force had the effect of procuring the dismissal of the Pandee, or war ministry, and the formation of another, called the Chountra, or British ministry. But upon the withdrawal of the troops, the latter found themselves in danger, and the king and durbar evinced violent hostility towards Mr. Hodgson, the well-known naturalist, at that time British resident in Nepaul, and several scenes occurred, which were remarkable for a rare mixture of absurdity with danger :

Upon one occasion the king came down to the Residency, accompanied by several chiefs and a large body of troops, and demanded that a British merchant, who had been trading for some years in Nepaul, and was within the walls of the Residency, should be given up. The merchant had become a party to a civil suit in the Nepaul court of law; but not having appeared in answer to a summons, judgment was given against him, and he became (the Nepaulese said) amenable to their penal laws. The British resident deeming him a proper object of protection, refused to surrender his person. The rajah waxed insolent, threatened immediate coercion, and even gave an order for the seizure of the merchant. The writer, being then in command of the escort, resisted the execution of this order, and assuming an attitude of defiance, alarmed the Nepaulese and his chiefs, and compelled them to withdraw themselves and their pretensions.

A few days after this—the court being then in mourning for the senior queen, neither the king nor chiefs were allowed, for a certain period, to ride either in carriages or on horseback—the king and heir-apparent having had a quarrel, and a serious disturbance taking place in the palace, determined upon coming down to the Residency; the heir-apparent insisting, that the rajah should accompany him. It had been raining heavily in the morning, and about twelve o'clock we were informed that the rajah and heir-apparent were outside the Residency gates. We went out to meet them, and there found the rajah and his son mounted on the backs of two very decrepit old chiefs. The heir-apparent requested the rajah at once to give us the order to pack up, and take our departure for the plains. The rajah refused, whereupon the heir-apparent abused him most grossly, and urging his old chief close up to the rajah, assaulted him. A fight ensued, and after scratching and pulling each other's hair for some time, the son got hold of his father, pulled him over, and down they went, chiefs and all, into a very dirty puddle. The two old nags, extricating themselves, hobbled away as fast as they could, as did the other followers from fear. After rolling in the muddy water, up got the now two dirty kings, and after some little delay, fresh nags were obtained, and the rajah and his son were taken home.

cial capacity to Europe, as also on his return, and who published some account of his experiences in Calcutta, under the title of "*Rough Notes of the State of Nepaul,*" &c., Bhim Sing, or Bhém Sen, committed suicide. In this, as in many other matters, Mr. Oliphant has followed the opinion of his fellow traveller, not only in the sense, but to the letter. The fact is, that their notes were probably derived, in that part of the journey in which they were associated, from the same sources.

In this dilemma the king called back Mahtabur Sing, the nephew of Bhim Sing, who had fled, on his uncle's death, into British territory, and gave him the sanguinary mission of destroying both ministries. Nine of the Pandee chiefs were at once made away with; but it was not so easy to destroy the other faction, which was sufficiently powerful to get the new premier himself shot, an occurrence which took place in the upper apartments of the palace. A frightful state of anarchy succeeded to this murder. Upwards of seventy chiefs were killed, and among them the head of the Chountra party, Fatty-Jung.

The rajah, who fled upon these disasters to Benares, where his equally cruel ancestor Run Bahadur had sought refuge nearly fifty years before, was succeeded on the throne by the heir-apparent, Mahrja Girwan Juddha Bickram Sah, the present King of Nepaul, who has done his best towards drawing closer the bonds of amity between the British and Khatmandu courts. Jung Bahadur, the present prime minister of the King of Nepaul, is the son of a brother of Mahtabur Sing, who commanded the army on the north-west frontier. He is thus nephew to the late prime minister, and grand-nephew to the equally unfortunate Bhim Sing. Jung distinguished himself, from his earliest years, by a peculiarly bold, daring, and reckless disposition; and when his uncle, Mahtabur Sing, was raised to power, he organised a momentarily formidable conspiracy against his present friends, the British. It does not appear, however, that at that time, although the nephew of the prime minister, that he was much in favour with the king.

It was perhaps (says Mr. Oliphant) the near relationship of Jung to the prime minister that brought upon him the ill-will of the prince, who treated him with the most unmitigated animosity, and used every means in his power surreptitiously to destroy him. On one occasion he ordered him to cross a flooded mountain torrent on horseback, and when he had reached the middle of the current, which was so furiously rapid that his horse could with difficulty keep his footing, the young prince suddenly called him back, hoping that, in the act of turning, the force of the stream would overpower both horse and rider. This danger Jung escaped, owing to his great nerve and presence of mind. In relating this anecdote he seemed to think that his life had been in more imminent peril than on any other occasion; though the following struck me as being a much more hazardous exploit. After the affair of the torrent the prince was no longer at any pains to conceal his designs upon the life of the young adventurer, and that life being of no particular value to any one but Jung himself, it was a matter of perfect indifference to anybody and everybody whether the prince amused himself by sacrificing Jung to his own dislikes or not. It is by no means an uncommon mode of execution in Nepaul to throw the unfortunate victim down a well: Jung had often thought that it was entirely the fault of the aforesaid victim if he did not come up again alive and unhurt. In order to prove the matter satisfactorily, and also be prepared for any case of future emergency, he practised the art of jumping down wells, and finally perfected himself therein. When, therefore, he heard that it was the intention of the prince to throw him down a well, he was in no way dismayed, and only made one last request, in a very desponding tone, which was, that an exception might be made in his favour as regarded the being cast down, and that he might be permitted to throw himself down. This was so reasonable a request that it was at once granted; and, surrounded by a large concourse of people—the prince himself being present by way of a morning's recreation—Jung repaired to the well, where, divesting himself of all superfluous articles of clothing, and looking very much as if he were bidding adieu

for ever to the happy valley of Nepaul, he crossed his legs, and, jumping boldly down, was lost to the view of the prince and nobles, a dull splash alone testifying to his arrival at the bottom. Fortunately for Jung there was plenty of water—a fact of which, most probably, he was well aware—and there were, moreover, many chinks and crannies in the porous stone of which the well was built; so, having learnt his lesson, Jung clung dexterously to the side of the well until midnight, when his friends, who had been previously apprised of the part they were to perform, came and rescued him from his uncomfortable position, and secreted him until affairs took such a turn as rendered it safe for Jung Bahadoor to resuscitate himself. Such was the adventure of the well, which, marvellous as it may appear, was gravely related to me by his excellency, who would have been very much scandalised if I had doubted it, which of course I did not.

Mr. Oliphant goes on to relate a story of Jung Bahadur subjugating a musk or rutting elephant by jumping on its neck. It is quite evident that the friend of the minister does not insist upon the reader placing implicit credit in such stories, although related by Jung Bahadur himself.

The most extraordinary feature in Jung Bahadur's history, however, is, that he was, in our social view of the matter, the murderer of his unfortunate uncle, Mahtabur Sing; at least, so say Captain Cavenagh and Mr. Oliphant. Captain Smith, who was resident in Nepaul at the time, gives a different, and it is to be hoped a more correct, version of this story.

According to Mr. Oliphant, Mahtabur Sing incurred the displeasure of the rani, by very properly refusing to put to death some of her personal enemies. In consequence of this, she became his implacable foe—applied to the very party whom she intended to destroy, for assistance in the furtherance of her nefarious designs, and the prime minister was doomed to fall a victim to his own “indecision,” by the hands of his favourite nephew. We cannot see here, how, if Jung Bahadur was a “favourite” nephew of Mahtabur, he could also be one of the party whom the rani doomed to destruction, and who were opposed to the prime minister.

One night, about eleven o'clock, a messenger came from the palace to inform him (Mahtabur Sing) that his services were required by their majesties—for the queen had always kept up a semblance of friendship with him. Without the slightest suspicion he repaired to the palace, but scarcely had he ascended the great staircase, and was entering the room in which their majesties were seated, when the report of a pistol rung through the room; the fatal bullet pierced the heart of the gallant old man, who staggered forward, and fell at the feet of the wretched woman who had been the instigator of the cruel murder.

It is difficult to say what were the motives that prompted Jung Bahadoor to the perpetration of this detestable act, of which he always speaks now in terms of the deepest regret, but asserts that it was an act of necessity, from which there was no escaping. The plea which he invariably uses when referring to the catastrophe is, that either his life or his uncle's must have been sacrificed, and he naturally preferred that it should be the latter. However that may be, the immediate effect was the formation of a new ministry, in which Jung held office in the capacity of commander-in-chief. The premier, Guggun Singh, was associated with two colleagues. A year had hardly elapsed before Guggun Singh was shot while sitting in his own room. This occurred in the year 1846. A sirdar was taken up on suspicion of having committed this murder, and Abiman Singh, one of the premier's colleagues, was ordered by the queen to put him to death; as, however, the rajah would

not sanction the execution, Abiman Singh refused to obey the command—a proceeding on his part which seems to have raised a suspicion in the mind of Jung that he had been concerned in the assassination. This suspicion he communicated to Futtch Jung, the other colleague of the late prime minister, suggesting that Abiman Singh and the sirdar already in custody should be forthwith executed, and Futtch Jung installed as prime minister. Futtch Jung, however, refused to accede to so strong a measure; and Jung, who was not of a nature to be thwarted in his plans, determined upon temporarily depriving him of his liberty, in order to enable him to put the design into execution himself.

He had no sooner decided upon his line of conduct than he displayed the utmost resolution in carrying it out. On the same night, and while at the palace, the suspicions which Jung already entertained were confirmed, by his observing that Abiman Singh ordered his men to load. It was no time for hesitation. The two colleagues, with many of their adherents, were assembled in the large hall, where the queen, in a highly-excited state, was insisting upon an immediate disclosure of the murderer of Guggun Singh, who was supposed to have been her paramour. At this moment, Jung gave the signal for the seizure of Futtch Jung. The attempt was no sooner made than his son, Karak Bikram Sah, imagining that his father's life was at stake, rushed forward to save him, and seizing a kukri, had already dealt Bum Bahadoor a severe blow, when he was cut down by Dere Shum Shere Bahadoor, then a youth of sixteen or seventeen.

Futtch Jung, vowing vengeance on the murderers of his son, sprang forward to avenge his death, and in another moment Bum Bahadoor, already seriously wounded, would have fallen at his feet, when the report of a rifle rang through the hall, and the timely bullet sped by the hand of Jung Bahadoor laid the gallant father by the side of his no less gallant son.

Thus Jung's *coup d'état* had taken rather a different turn from what he had intended; the die, however, was cast, and everything depended upon his coolness and decision in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. Though he may have felt that his life was in most imminent peril, it is difficult to conceive how any man could attain to such a pitch of cool desperation as to enact the scene which closed this frightful tragedy. There still confronted him fourteen of the nobles whose leader had been slain before their eyes, and who thirsted for vengeance; but the appearance at his side of that faithful body-guard, on whose fidelity the safety of the minister has more than once depended, precluded them from seizing the murderer of their chief. It was but too clear to those unhappy men what was to be the last act of this tragedy. Jung received the rifle from the hand of the man next him, and levelled it at the foremost of the little band. Fourteen times did that fatal report ring through the hall as one by one the rifles were handed to one who would trust no eye but his own, and at each shot another noble lay stretched on the ground. Abiman Singh alone escaped the deadly aim; he managed to reach the door, but there he was cut almost in two by the sword of Krishn Bahadoor.

Thus, in a few moments, and by his own hand, had Jung rid himself of those whom he most feared. In that one room lay the corpses of the highest nobles of the land, shrouded by the dense smoke still hanging in the confined atmosphere, as if to hide the horrors of a tragedy that would not bear the light of day. The massacre now went on in all parts of the building. One hundred and fifty sirdars perished on that eventful night, and the panic was wide-spread and general. Before day had dawned Jung Bahadoor had been appointed prime minister of Nepaul, and had placed guards over the arsenal, treasury, and palace.

In the morning the troops were all drawn up on parade; before them were placed, in a ghastly heap, the bodies of their late commanders, to which Jung pointed, and he assured the army that it would find in him all that it had ever

found in them, and he consoled many of the officers in a great measure for the loss they had just sustained by granting them immediate promotion. It seems as easy for a daring adventurer to gain the affections of an army in India as in Europe, and Jung found no difficulty in reconciling his Ghorkas to a change of commanders, and they have ever since professed the greatest devotion to his person.

Jung Bahadur having thus, according to his own statement, risen to power by almost indiscriminate slaughter, he had himself, in his turn, to use the utmost caution, lest the partizans of those whom he had massacred should succeed in organising a conspiracy against his life. A sirdar, Mr. Oliphant tells us, was put to death, simply because he had a private audience with the king !

Circumstances soon showed that Jung had good reason to feel the insecurity of his position. The two elder princes, sons of a former queen, had been for some time in confinement, and the ranees now attempted to induce Jung to put them to death, in order to secure the throne for one of her own sons. This he positively refused to do, and his refusal brought upon him the wrath of this vindictive woman, whose vengeance had already been so signally wreaked on his uncle by his own instrumentality.

He had not played so prominent a part on that occasion without profiting by the lesson he had learnt; and knowing well the character of the woman with whom he had to deal, he took care to obtain accurate intelligence of all that transpired at court.

Information soon reached him that a plot was formed against his life, and that the post of premier had already been promised to his intended murderer, ~~in reward~~ for so dangerous a service. Once more the command, which had been issued to Mahitar Singh, issued from the palace, desiring the immediate attendance of the minister; the messenger was the very man at whose hand Jung was to meet his doom. He had scarcely delivered his treacherous message, when he was struck to the ground by one of the attendants of the prime minister. Jung then proceeded on his way to the palace, where he at once demanded of the rajah to be dismissed from office, or to be furnished with authority to order the destruction of all the enemies of the heir-apparent. The king could not refuse to grant the authority demanded; and it was no sooner granted than Jung seized and beheaded all the adherents of the conspirator.

As the ranees herself was the most inveterate enemy of the young prince, the rajah's order was at once carried into effect against her, and, to her infinite astonishment, she was informed by Jung that she was to leave Nepal immediately, accompanied by her two sons. It was of no use to resist the successful young adventurer, whose indomitable courage and good fortune had triumphed over the plots and intrigues of his enemies, and who thus saw himself freed from every obstacle to his quiet possession of the government.

The rajah accompanied the queen to Benares. Meantime the heir-apparent was raised to the throne, and the whole administrative power vested in his minister.

The old monarch, upon hearing of his son's installation as rajah, evinced, for the first and last time of his life, some interest in proceedings by which he himself was so seriously affected; and the result was a determination not to relinquish his throne without a final struggle. Urged to this course, probably, by the persuasions of the ambitious and disappointed rani, he collected a few followers, and crossed the southern frontier of Nepal. Jung, however, had received timely notice of his intention, and the luckless king had no sooner encamped in the Nepal dominions than he was surprised at night by the troops of the minister,

and his small forces utterly routed, four or five hundred remaining killed or wounded upon the field. The rajah himself was taken prisoner, and placed in confinement, by the dutiful son who now occupies the throne, and who sometimes allows him, on grand occasions, to take his seat upon it next himself.

Such (says Mr. Oliphant) was the rapid rise to power at the early age of thirty of General Jung Bahadur, the Nepanlese ambassador to England, who would have been invested with a deeper interest than the mere colour of his face or brilliancy of his diamonds entitled him to, had the British public known the foregoing particulars of his eventful career. But, perhaps, it was as well for him that they did not, since our occidental notions as to the legitimate method of carrying political measures might have altogether excluded him from the favour of those who delighted to honour him during his visit to England; but, in extenuation of his conduct, it must be remembered that the mode employed by him of gaining power is the common one in his country, and that his early training had induced a disregard of life and recklessness of consequences; for he is not, I am convinced, naturally cruel. Impetuous and thoughtless, he has many generous and noble qualities; and in a companionship of two months I discovered so many estimable traits in him, that I could not help making allowances for the defects in a character entirely self-formed by one ignorant of all moral responsibilities, the half-tamed son of an almost totally uncivilised country.

And while thus unreservedly relating his history, I do so in the belief that he has no desire to conceal what, in his own mind and that of his countrymen, is not regarded as crime, since I have frequently heard him refer, with all the simplicity of conscious innocence, to many of the facts I have related, and some of which he himself is my authority.

The account given of Jung Bahadur's rise, by Captain Egerton, in his "Journal of a Winter's Tour in India," &c., differs materially from that given by Captain Cavenagh and Mr. Oliphant, and which, being evidently derived from Jung Bahadur himself, cannot but be considered as at once one-sided and highly coloured; and, indeed, is on many accounts not to be depended upon.

I heard to day (relates Captain Egerton) what I suppose is the true history of our friend Jung's accession to power. The first move was the assassination of a certain general, Guggun Singh, a great friend and ally of the queen, or maharanee. In the confusion arising from that murder, three other chiefs were assassinated; by whom nobody seems to know, but probably friend Jung was at the bottom of it. One was also cut down by Budree Nur Sing. The maharanee's object seems all along to have been the placing her own son on the throne, which she could only contrive by removing the king's son (the present rajah). This Jung would not at all agree to. (He was then not prime-minister, I believe, but a man of authority in the army.) So the good lady settled to do away with him too. She had long been the real ruler of the country, and had not been sparing of blood in enforcing her authority, the maharajah having taken himself off to Patan, in a fright, soon after the massacre of the chiefs before-mentioned. In furtherance of her plans, she got another friend of hers appointed prime minister, with power to get rid of her enemies. Jung, however, got intimation of this, and summoning his friends, he started instantly for the durbar, where he found the maharajah and the heir-apparent together. On his way he met the new *soi-disant* prime-minister, and after a few civil remarks on that gentleman's conduct, he effectually stopped his game, by making a sign to an attendant, who instantly killed him with a rifle-shot. That enemy removed, he had little difficulty in getting rid of the remainder. The maharanee and her sons were sent to Benares, whither the

maharajah, after his deposition, subsequently followed them, and Jung has ever since been in possession of the supreme power.

Both Captain Smith and Mr. Oliphant unite in ridiculing the reception given to Jung Bahadur and his relatives upon the occasion of his *visit to this country*—for it is absurd to call that an embassy which was self-suggested—as also the ludicrous notion entertained by the English of Nepaul generally, and of Jung Bahadur and his companions in particular. The world cared not, however, for the antecedents of Jung Bahadur and his brothers and suite ; it was sufficient that their costume was splendidly martial, their bearing gallant, their liberality profuse, and their diamonds and pearls undeniable. The plain “general” was immediately elevated to the titular distinction of “prince,” and the dignity conferred by common consent on his stolid, tartar-looking brothers. Invitations from every distinguished host or hostess rained upon them, and “his excellency” figured daily in the *Morning Post* as the guest at some *soirée*, or the visitor of some public place of amusement. “The Peninsular and Oriental Company,” says Captain Smith, “in one of whose fine steamers they had come to England at a charge of 5000*l.*, gave them a ball. The artillery at Woolwich, the Guards in the park, were reviewed before them : and the military authorities (*risum teneatis*) coveted their critical applause! Managers of public places of recreation held out their coming, as baits to the populace : and the baits took, though the prince did not always go. The press, aroused at the excitement the ‘illustrious strangers’ produced, devoted articles to brief (and erroneous) descriptions of Nepaul, circulated a variety of absurd, apocryphal anecdotes, and wrote lively satires of their appearance.”

Notwithstanding the frivolous character of many of these anecdotes, and the weaknesses of the oriental chief, which were more paraded than his virtues, it would appear from Mr. Oliphant’s account, that he has been far from deriving no advantages, moral or intellectual, from his visit to Europe.

Many stories were related, when Jung Bahadur was in this country, of his prowess as a marksman ; Mr. Oliphant corroborates these statements, by what he himself witnessed on his voyage to Calcutta.

Time never seemed to hang heavy on the hands of the Minister Sahib, for that was his more ordinary appellation ; rifle practice was a daily occupation with him, and usually lasted two hours. Surrounded by those of his suite in whose peculiar department was the charge of the magnificent battery he had on board, he used to take up his station on the poop, and the crack of the rifle was almost invariably followed by an exclamation of delight from some of his attendants, as the bottle, bobbing far astern, was sunk for ever ; or the three strung, one below the other, from the end of the fore-yard-arm, were shattered by three successive bullets in almost the same number of seconds. Pistol practice succeeded that of the rifle, and the ace of hearts, at fifteen paces was a mark he rarely missed.

Then the dogs were to be trained, and in a very peculiar manner. A big was dragged along the deck before the noses of two handsome stag-hounds, who, little suspecting that a huge hunting-whip was concealed in the folds of their master’s dress, were unable to resist so tempting a victim, and invariably made a rush upon it,—a proceeding which brought down upon them the heavy thong of the Minister Sahib’s whip in the most remorseless manner. That task accomplished to his satisfaction, and not being able to think of any

thing else wherewith to amuse himself, it would occur to him that his horse, having thrown out a splint from standing so long, ought to be physicked. He was accordingly made to swallow a quantity of raw brady! It was useless to suggest any other mode of treatment, either of horse or dogs. The general laughed at my ignorance, and challenged me to a game of backgammon. Occasionally gymnastics or jumping were the order of the day, and he was so lithe and active that few could compete with him at either.

While smoking his evening pipe, he used to talk with delight of his visit to Europe, looking back with regret on the gaieties of the English and French capitals, and recounting with admiration the wonders of civilisation he had seen in those cities. Mr. Oliphant was particularly taken with the youngest of the brothers, Dhir Shum Shir, he was, he says, the most jovial, light-hearted, and thoroughly unselfish being imaginable, and brave as a lion, as recent events in Nepaul have proved. His merits were, alas! entirely passed over in England, the more elevated position of the Minister Sahib monopolising all the attention of the lion-loving public.

Jung Bahadur took to himself a wife at Benares, and this was no less a personage than the second daughter of his highness Prince Bir Rajundah, ex-Rajah of Curg. The Princess Gouramma, now Victoria, who was lately admitted into the Christian Church under the sponsorship of her Most Gracious Majesty, is a younger daughter of the same rajah by another rani.

The old rajah, with all due deference, must be a bit of a latitudinarian in the disposal of his daughters. One he hands over hastily to a bird of passage, a Hindu with Tartar blood in his veins, and one of the most intelligent, but least scrupulous, adventurers of his time, perhaps, in the East; another he humbly consigns to a religion of meekness and self-denial, and to the guardianship of our most gracious sovereign! Mr. Oliphant's ideas of the old rajah were quite different to this. He saw nothing but a speculative, bigotted old Hindu in the now liberal and enlightened rajah.

The fact is, that the old Hindu could in reality have cared very little for Gungahmah—for such is the euphonous name of Jung's wife—being seen by eyes profane, or he would never have allowed his favourite Gouramma to become a Christian. Gungahmah, however invisible at Benares, was critically examined at Jung Bahadur's camp.

Leaving Jaunpore about midnight, I reached the camp of Jung Bahadur on the following day. The scene as we approached was in the highest degree picturesque; 5000 Nepaulese were here collected, followers, in various capacities, of the prime minister, whose tents were pitched at a little distance from the grove of mango-trees which sheltered his army and retainers. On our arrival he was out shooting, so, mounting an elephant, we proceeded to join him. We heard such frequent reports of fire-arms that we fully expected to find excellent sport; great was my disappointment, therefore, when I saw him surrounded by some twenty or thirty followers, who held umbrellas, loaded his guns, rushed to pick up the game, or looked on applaudingly while he stealthily crept up to take a deliberate pot shot at some unlucky parrot or small bird that might catch his eye as it perched on a branch, or fluttered unconsciously amongst the leaves. But the most interesting object in the group was the lately-wedded bride, who was seated in a howdah. Jung introduced her to me as "his beautiful Missis"—a description she fully deserved. She was very

handsome, and reflected much credit on the taste of the happy bridegroom, who seemed pleased when we expressed our approval of his choice.

On their way from Benares to Katmandu, the renowned Turai had to be passed. This is a long narrow strip of territory, extending for 300 miles along the northern frontier of British India, and about twenty miles in breadth. The whole tract is a dead level. About ten miles of this appears to be occupied by vast forests of the valuable saul tree. Beyond the Turai are the Chariagatty hills, a sandstone range, which presented a dangerous and formidable obstacle to the progress of our army, and some of the severest fighting took place in these hills in 1816, during the Nepalese war.

The principal sources of revenue derived from the Turai, are the land tax, and the receipts from the sale of licenses, for felling timber, and for grazing cattle. The large amount thus received, together with the number of elephants which are annually caught in the great forest, render the Turai a most valuable appendage to the Nepaul dominions. Still the Turai, Mr. Oliphant says, might be made yet more profitable. At present, no use whatever is made of the hides and horns of the hundred of head of cattle that die "daily" (?) in this district, and which are left to rot on the carcases of the beasts. Such a belt of forest-jungle and marsh is naturally, in such a climate, a rich focus of disease. For nine months of the year a malarial fever, denominated by the natives the Ayul, renders it impassable even to the natives themselves. The native superstition is, that the air is poisoned by the breath of serpents and noxious animals. Goitre and cretinism are also prevalent.

Besides elephants, rhinoceroses, immense-sized wild oxen, bears, alligators, and wild dogs, abound in the forests and marshes of Nepaul. Accurate information upon subjects of natural history cannot be expected from accidental travellers, like Cavenagh, Smith, and Oliphant; but both of the latter relate many sporting scenes enacted with these monsters of the forest, which are equally curious and interesting. A statement regarding the musk-deer is so novel as to be well worthy of extracting.

The musk-deer, although one of the most timid and harmless, is at the same time one of the most deadly enemies the viper and adder have in the hills, and its mode of destroying them is curious. The ground on which the musk-deer are generally found contains likewise large numbers of the small hill-adder, a reptile little more than eighteen inches long, but very venomous. It throws itself in the way of man or beast, and invariably bites them. The musk-deer, however, seek for and destroy the adders, wherever they find them, in the following manner. The deers travel generally in pairs; the first that discovers an adder, gives a sharp snort through the nostril, when the other deer immediately comes to its side. The two now commence a series of the most eccentric gambols, jumping and skipping about, over each other's backs, and running round the viper in a circle (I may here mention that the inner hoof of the musk-deer is black and hard and as sharp as a knife), and after jumping over the adder for five or six minutes, the male strikes it with the fore-foot so rapidly, that the eye cannot follow it, and the adder is thereby immediately destroyed. He then, with two blows, severs the head from the body, after which he displays his triumph and satisfaction by a series of gambols round and over the dead adder and then lies down. On these occasions the musk-deer is invariably followed by a

large buzzard or kite, who, as soon as the deer lies down, flies to and carries off the headless body of the dead adder to the nearest rock and there devours it. The charge of carnivorousness, laid on the poor musk by the ignorant natives, is thus accounted for and removed. I may add that the favourite food of the musk-deer is a bulbous kind of wild garlic, for the digging up of which nature has provided the male with two small tusks in the upper jaw, about three inches long, and of the thickness of a common quill; with these he digs up the bulb, which smells as powerfully, when fresh, as the strongest musk, and from this food undoubtedly the glutinous and musky matter contained in the bag of the deer is generated.

To return, however, to our hero, Jung Bahadur, Mr. Oliphant describes his brilliant reception by the court of Katmandu; and yet this honourable reception was succeeded, only a week afterwards, by an attempt made upon his life by Run Bahadur, one of his brothers, who had acted as prime minister during his absence in Europe! Certain it is, both from the testimony of Captain Smith and of Mr. Oliphant, that the position of Jung Bahadur in Nepaul, where he is now supposed to be the advocate of European manners and civilisation, is at once unpopular and exceedingly dangerous.

Upon his arrival at Nepaul, Jung Bahadur became the victim of much obloquy. Jealous of the exalted position and influence he had acquired, some people about the court conspired to displace him from the command of the army; and in the attempt to accomplish this end, they found a ready agent in one of the men who had accompanied him to England. This man trumped up a story that he had lost his caste by associating, eating and drinking with people of a low caste—*pariahs*, in fact—for such he regarded the English. Nothing could be more untrue.

Jung Bahadur was a most rigid observer of the usages enjoined by his religion, never going anywhere unless arrangements could be made for his dining with his own suite, and in a retired and exclusive apartment. Denounced for his alleged violations of the practices of devout Brahmins, he took a signal vengeance on his calumniator. Assembling the troops on parade, he called the offender before him; and challenging him to an open accusation, the wretch fell on his knees, declared himself most unworthy, and entreated pardon. Jung Bahadur turned upon him like a tiger, applied to him all the horrible epithets with which the Hindoo vocabulary abounds, and then commanding some soldiers to throw him to the ground, caused the most shocking indignities to be offered to his person.

This crushed the conspiracy; and from that time to the present, he has continued uninterruptedly in the possession of his office of commander-in-chief.

Mr. Oliphant, also, after detailing his own personal convictions that Jung Bahadur is doing everything in his power to ameliorate the condition of his countrymen, and to introduce more liberal and enlightened views with regard to their intercourse with Europeans, gives melancholy evidence as to the obstacles by which the minister is beset.

It cannot but be regretted that with so pure an object he should be totally without co-operation from any quarter. The young king, capable only of aiding in nefarious schemes, such as those already recounted, can in no way comprehend the new-fangled philanthropic views of the prime minister. He cares little about the welfare of his country; his amusement seems to consist in concocting and executing bloody designs, and his mind must be so accustomed to these species of excitement that it can scarce do without

it. It is unfortunate that the rajah's hobby should lie in this peculiar direction, more unfortunate still that the contemplated victim should be Jung; for I presume that there is little doubt that the king's brother, who was engaged in the last conspiracy against the minister's life—which took place a few days after my visit—must have acted with the knowledge, and most probably at the instigation, of his majesty.

Nor can Jung look to his brothers for support as in times of old: one of them, whom he esteemed amongst the most faithful, was, as before mentioned, deeply implicated in the same attempt on his life; and there is no one now on whom he can confidently depend in the hour of need except the two youngest of the family, who accompanied him to England, and whom I consider thoroughly devoted to his interests. Deserted by his king, who owes his throne to him, his life conspired against by one of his own brothers, bound to him by the yet stronger ties of blood, he stands alone a mark for the dagger of any one who would win the approval of his degraded sovereign. But his bearing is not the less bold, or his eye less piercing, as he makes the man quail before him who is that moment planning his destruction. He anticipates the fate of his fourteen predecessors; they were all assassinated! His predecessors, however, did not surround themselves with a guard armed with rifles always loaded. In all probability the man who takes the life of the prime minister will do so at the price of his own. So securely guarded is he, and so careful of his own safety, that I cannot but hope he may live to frustrate the designs of his enemies, and to carry out that enlightened policy which, while it morally elevates the people, would develop the resources of a country possessing many natural advantages, in its delightful climate, fertile soil, and industrious population. Valleys unvisited by civilisation, save as received through the medium of a few semi-barbarous travellers, may contain treasures which they are now unknown to possess; mines of copper, lead, and antimony, now clumsily worked, may be made to yield of their abundance; tracts of uncultivated lands be brought into rich cultivation, and efficient means of transport would carry their transport far and wide through the country. Katmandu itself would be on the high road for the costly trade of Chinese Tartary and Thibet with the provinces of Upper India.

Alas! it is not likely that either Lancaster's or Purdie's rifles will long protect the life of a man who is charged with losing caste, who wishes to introduce European customs and habits into his country; who is suspected of heresy, is surrounded by enemies, and is alike feared and hated by the king! With all his faults, however, we cannot but wish him success in his philanthropic objects, and though the result must be either a revolution favourable to an unlimited ascendancy to power, or a fatal fall, still the future career of Jung Bahadur will not now be without interest to a wide circle of Europeans.

MR. JOLLY GREEN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ELECTION FOR MUFF-
BOROUGH.

I.

THE POLITICAL AGENT.

It will surprise no one who is familiar with the impulsiveness of my fervent spirit to learn that, since I made my last appearance in public, I have been hewing out a new path to celebrity.

The restlessness of genius—if I may be permitted to say so—has constantly driven me ahead of my time, and I feel that, to a certain extent, I have been a man "*incompris*"—a being too subtle and too far-reaching to be comprehended by the existing generation. It is, without doubt, a public misfortune that any one should be in this predicament, but I have, at any rate, the secret satisfaction of knowing that I perfectly understand *myself*, and I am sustained by the conviction that the day will come when the temple erected to my memory shall be pointed at as the landmark of the human race. I have already prepared an inscription for the portico of that temple, but to mention it just now would be premature, and I turn, therefore, from the realms of idealism to the world of fact, and—not to keep the public any longer in suspense—I think it incumbent on me to state that I have got into Parliament for the purpose of achieving a brilliant political career.

Under what circumstances I resolved upon this course, and how I accomplished my intention, I shall proceed to narrate.

The condition of parties, during the session which has just ended, had, as a matter of course, engaged my serious attention, and I could not conceal from myself the fact that "the coming man," who has been so long promised, had not yet made his appearance. If the leaders of the different sections of politicians could have been rolled into one, such a man might, perhaps, have resulted, but as this was no less a moral than a physical impossibility, it behoved those who had the best interests of the country at heart to look elsewhere; and, after fully considering the subject, I cast my eyes on an individual on whom I felt my countrymen had long been gazing.

That individual was MYSELF.

I ran over, mentally, the qualities which distinguish some of our principal public men, and had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that "all that adorn'd the others met in me." I felt that in my person were combined the caution of L—rd J—hn, the frankness of G—h—m, the placidity of R—b—ck, the astuteness of S—bth—rp, the wit of B—g—n, the suavity of C—bd—n, the matter-of-fact plainness of G—l—st—ne, the statesmanship of Ch—sh—lm Anst—y, and the temper of the Ir—sh Br—g—de; and to all these attributes were to be added an eloquence and a capacity for business that were entirely my own. I was untrammelled by official harness, unfettered by red tape, fresh for my work and ready to plunge into political life with all the ardour of one who yearns for a new excitement.

The only question that remained was how to make my self-devotion generally known.

I was, of course, well aware that few persons in the metropolis enjoyed a greater share of popularity than myself: the misfortune, indeed, was that I was too popular. Thus had I issued an address to the electors of Marylebone, where I at present reside, the next day would have beheld a deputation from Lambeth or Finsbury knocking at my door, and the exigencies of Parliament would have compelled me to select one, while, like the people of Edinburgh, I threw cold water upon the rest. My position would have resembled that of the—the—the quadruped between two portions of provender,—so I came to the determination of not putting up for any of the metropolitan boroughs. The same reason that deterred me from offering myself to the largest constituencies operated in preventing me from embarrassing the counties, and I, therefore, resolved to specify no place in particular, but leave the question to the good taste of the British public in general.

I accordingly drew up an advertisement which, by paying for pretty handsomely, I got inserted at the head of the fourth column of the *Times*, where it figured for several days as conspicuously as I could desire, and I flatter myself, quite took the shine out of "Beans and Door-mat," "Where the Teuton intermixes with the Slave," "Bocaj.—All's well!" "Rowley Nowley,"—"I am an Ass." and even eclipsed "Slmipi F, npi C, qgi & F, &c.," that celebrated hieroglyphic, I have no doubt, of diplomacy. It was simply this:

"TO THE UNC-NV-LESS OF BR-T-IN. THE COMING MAN IS READY! At home from ten till six daily—Sundays excepted. All letters addressed (post-paid) to the care of J—lly Gr—n, Esquire, Mephistopheles Cottage, St. John's Wood, will be promptly attended to. N.B. A private door round the corner."

This advertisement produced its effect, though not in the first instance, exactly in the manner I expected. I received numerous calls, and a great many letters—not all of them post-paid, by-the-by—but the majority were applications for the loan of "a small sum," to "humble individuals" whom my "benevolent intimation" had "reluctantly dragged from the depths of a painful obscurity," and so forth. These I got rid of in a summary way, at the cost of a few pounds; but there were others which I could not so easily shake off. The intelligent reader will readily understand why, when I tell him that my advertisement had, in some cases, been interpreted in a matrimonial or *quasi*-matrimonial sense, and that "settlements," "jointures," "champagne," and "dog-carts," were subjects which came under discussion when the (fair) applicants succeeded in obtaining an interview. As I found that this kind of importunity increased, I was obliged to alter the terms of the advertisement, and striking out the "private door round the corner," I substituted "No female need apply;" though I am free to admit, such is the peculiarity of the sex, that on the day after this alteration, the feminine pulls at my "visitors' bell" were three times as many as they had ever been before.

At length, after several days of surprised suspense, during which I began to wonder what the people of England could really be thinking about, I received a letter, in a very formal handwriting—and evidently a disguised one—which ran as follows:

"180, Parl^t Street, July 2, 1852.

"Mr. Topcock, having noticed Mr. J—lly Gr—n's adv^t in the *Times* of yesterday, will have the pleas^r of waiting on that gentl^m at a quarter before eleven to-mo^r m^r, when he trusts he shall be able to communicate someth^g of mut^l advant^g."

After reading over this note carefully about a dozen times, in order to detect any *arrière-pensée* that might be lurking in it, I came to the conclusion that the writer was, as the French say, *au niveau de mon intelligence*, and I answered it forthwith, informing Mr. Topcock that I should hold myself at his service at the hour appointed.

Being fully alive to the value of appearances, the importance of which I had learnt in the different courts, camps, and vaticans, of Europe, where my talent had been displayed, I made my arrangements accordingly, and, after an early breakfast on the day named, withdrew to my study to prepare for the interview. The first thing I did was to order Blithers, my butler, to wheel up my Glastonbury reading-chair between the windows, in such a position that the cross-light might fall full upon the countenance of the stranger, whose inmost soul I should thus be enabled to dissect, while my own features and the workings of my mind were hidden in impenetrable obscurity. The library table was then advanced to an easy distance of the Glastonbury, and besides being amply provided with writing-materials, was strewn with a few choice books, calculated to impress the stranger with the variety and extent of my acquirements. It may be of advantage to those who may one day chance to be thrown into a similar situation, if I mention some of the works I had selected. There were "Hobbes" and "Sir Thomas Brown" (the younger) of course; "Göthe's Faust" (in the original Greek), "Lardner, on the steam-engine," "Gulliver's travels," "Thoughts on Select Vestries, by a Marylebone rate-payer" (a presentation copy, handsomely bound—at my own expense—in green calf), "Enfield's Speaker" (scarce), "The Newgate Calendar" (a few leaves wanting), "Johnson's Dictionary," the "Statutes of George IV., Anno Tertio" (entirely uncut), the "Almanach de Gotha" (for 1804), "Professor Liebig's Report on Allsopp's Pale Ale" (a circular), the "Official Catalogue of the Great Exhibition," "Heal's List of Bedding," "Dod's Parliamentary Companion," and—in somewhat satirical juxtaposition, that he might see I was up to a thing or two, and not to be done—"Izaak Walton's Complete Angler." He who could master this collection—and they did not form the fiftieth part of what stood on my library shelves—must possess a mind of no common order—a fact which I was resolved the stranger should feel; and that he might not suppose these works were merely set out for show, three or four of them were open for purposes of reference, while, with a meditative air, I took up my pen and commenced the pamphlet called "Thoughts on the present Crisis," which, when it is published, will, I flatter myself, let in a little light on the condition of public affairs.

I had got as far as the dedication "To my esteemed friend, Mr. Ridgway, of Piccadilly," and had just signed myself "Ignotus," when,

suddenly, according to my instruction, Blithers opened the study-door and announced :

"Mr. Topcock !"

I started with well-feigned astonishment, threw down my pen, passed my hand across my brow, and, for a few moments, gazed vacantly on the stranger. Then, as if abruptly recalled from philosophic musings to the world of action, I suffered a diplomatic smile to steal vaguely over my countenance, and requested Mr. Topcock to do me the honour to take a seat. I have since put it to myself, very frequently, whether Lord P—l—m—r—st—n could have done the thing better, and my invariable reply has been that he could *not*.

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of the new-comer—which was very natural under the circumstances—before he spoke. I shall take advantage of the pause to give a description of his person.

Mr. Topcock was a man who might have been supposed to have passed the period of middle life, but there was a freshness in his appearance and a ruddy hue on his features, which showed, as Gray says in his "Ode to the Passions," that "even in his ashes glowed his wanton fires;" here and there, perhaps, the hyacinthine locks of youth had been slightly touched, though by the delicate hand of an "Elkington and Co.," with frosted silver, but the general effect was massive, redundant, and prolific. His nose, which was florid and squarely chiselled, beetled boldly over a capacious mouth, which revealed, when he smiled, a row of Herculean teeth. His whiskers were stiff and stubbly, the certain indications of an untiring and energetic nature, somewhat foxily-tinged, it might be, but well-planted on his cheek. His forehead was broad and unwrinkled, his eyebrows thick and shaggy, and the eyes, which he seemed to have a habit of keeping half shut, gleamed with the verdant light of the un-ripened gooseberry. His stature exceeded mine considerably, in a standing posture, but when we were both seated, the difference was not so remarkable; but his figure struck me as bulky and overgrown, though this opinion might have had its birth in the recollection of what I was in the habit of seeing every morning in the *cheval*-glass of my dressing-room. However, taken altogether, Mr. Topcock would have passed with the multitude for a very personable sort of man. On his powers of intellect I had yet to form a judgment.

After a couple of preliminary hems, in which he tried to cough away the embarrassment he felt, he thus addressed me :

"Mr. Jolly Green, I presume?" he said, inquiringly, for up to the present moment the newspaper *incognito* had been religiously observed in our correspondence.

"I have that honour," I replied with dignity.

"I, sir," he continued, "am Mr. Topcock—a name," he added, smilingly, "pretty nearly as well known, in certain quarters, as your own."

"I have the measure of this person's capacity," thought I; "he is conceited—I shall wind him round my little finger."

I made no observation, however, but merely bent my head, diplomatically.

"Your advertisement, sir," Mr. Topcock went on—"your advertisement, when it caught my eye, struck me as the production of a man of an original turn of mind."

"Not so bad as I thought," said I to myself.

"There was a species of persuasive home-thrusting in it, sir, that convinced me we might do business together; a conviction, sir, which has been increased by the practical character, combined with the *elegantia vite*, of everything I see around me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Topcock," exclaimed I, interrupting him, "but have you breakfasted?"

"Hours since, Mr. Green," was his reply.

"A glass of Madeira and a sandwich?" I asked.

"Not at present, thank you. We will first of all settle the little matter that has brought me here." Then fixing his eyes steadily upon me, which he opened ever so little wider, and sinking his voice to a whisper, he said: "You want to get into Parliament."

"Mr. Topcock," replied I, "your penetration has not deceived you; I do."

"And," he continued, "you have not yet selected a constituency."

"It is perfectly true, Mr. Topcock, I have *not*."

"Suppose then, Mr. Green,—I say only suppose—that I knew of a—shall we say—borough—a nice little borough—uncanvassed, you know, and in want of a—a statesman like yourself—to represent it?"

"There are many such," I observed, confidently.

"Hem! hem! no doubt, no doubt there are, if one could only put one's finger upon them. Plenty that would jump at *you*, Mr. Green, as far as wishes go; but we're a little late in the field, and most of the constituencies have, I fear, been tampered with—yes, tampered with, that's my meaning. Fine flowery addresses, easily got up, mean nothing, cost nothing but the printing—no wear and tear of mind, person—or *pocket*,—none of the old stuff about 'em,—no boldness, no home-thrusting,—all gammon—mere words,—no *laying it on thick in the right place, no opening of people's minds*. Ah, Mr. Green, I haven't had the pleasure of your acquaintance any great length of time, but it's pretty clear to me that a gentleman of fortune like you—hang it, why shouldn't I speak my mind, what's the use of conferring *with* a gentleman if one isn't frank and aboveboard—if, as I say, you *have* a mind to go in and win, what's to prevent you?"

"You think I could?" said I, fixing a piercing, interrogative glance on his broad, unmeaning face. "You imagine that if I were to make an eloquent appeal——"

"Eloquent! ah, that's just it; eloquence, of *the right sort*, is exactly what's wanted. Come, Mr. Green, I don't mind trusting you with my secret. I had a letter, only this morning, from a very worthy fellow—can pretty nearly do anything he likes with the borough he lives in—who was lamenting that there was nobody now-a-days *who knew how to appeal to an elector's feelings*. He *did* ask me, casually, in the postscript, if I happened to be acquainted with a good man. I haven't," pursued Mr. Topcock, thoughtfully—"no, I haven't answered his letter yet."

There was a pause for a minute or two, during which Mr. Topcock was, I suppose, collecting his ideas, in order to bring his intellect up, as far as it was possible, to the level of mine.

"There's no such thing now Mr. Green," he at length resumed,—"*no such thing now as what people used to call 'bribery and corruption,'*"

you know; *that's* all done away with,—the last Parliament put *that* out."

"I should hope so," was my terse and patriotic rejoinder.

"Very good; just what I expected," chimed in Mr. Topcock; "besides, electors are not to be bought now-a-days,—they shudder at the bare idea. By-the-by, Mr. Green, did you see the accounts last week of the dreadful fires in Canada?"

"No," replied I; "what about them?"

"They have raised the price of timber immensely. Deals are not to be had for love or money."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, wondering what connexion there was between charcoal and politics.

"And without deals," pursued Mr. Topcock, soliloquising, "how are we to build our hustings? At all events, they'll be tremendously expensive. Hustings are a part of the British Constitution. I suppose you are aware, Mr. Green—though of course you are—that the candidates always pay for the hustings?"

"Oh, yes," I returned, with a strong matter-of-fact emphasis, not sorry to let him see I was well up in statistics—"oh, yes—hustings, posters, and advertisements—those are the three great elements."

"Quite right, Mr. Green; and voters' conveyances, and—during this hot weather, there's an act of parliament provides for that—a little refreshment, just to sustain nature."

"Oh, of course," said I, "people must eat and drink, as well as vote."

"Exactly—ha, ha, ha! so they must; very good indeed: and flags, banners, and ribbons, I needn't allude to *them*. Well, then, Mr. Green," he continued, taking up a pen, and jotting down numbers while he was speaking, "if I were to name a constituency, ready for the coming man"—here he made a long pause, "I suppose you wouldn't mind doing the regular thing? When I say 'regular,' we must consider the advanced price of deals."

"Mr. Topcock," said I, impressively, "it was not without a motive that I made that stirring appeal, which, as you say, caught your eye. Money is no object to me, provided it be legitimately employed. You, I perceive, are a man of the strictest honour and integrity. I place myself in your hands. A glance at that book will convince you that the sinews of war will not be wanting."

"Really, Mr. Green, there was no necessity for this," replied Mr. Topcock, repelling my bankers' book, which, however, I forced him to examine; "well, if you insist, hem—hem—'balance to the 30th ult., two thousand two hundred and forty-one pounds nine and three'—a very nice little balance; yes, sir, I will *not* be premature, but I think I may whisper in your ear that I shall shortly have the pleasure of drinking the health of the honourable member—for Muffborough; *that's* the place, Mr. Green, and you shall be the man!"

We grasped each other's hands cordially across the table, and passed the Rubicon together.

In the course of half an hour we had settled all the necessary details, and pledged each other in some of my best Madeira. I gave him a check for a thousand pounds, to buy up timber, before the price rose again, as he felt sure it would; and with the strongest expressions of confidence in the result, Mr. Topcock took his departure.

I folded my arms and gazed steadfastly on his huge retreating form. When he had disappeared from my view, I exclaimed :

"The Tuscan was right. 'It is the privilege of Mind to triumph over Matter!'"

II.

I APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

THE ancient and independent town of Muffborough, being at least fifteen miles distant from the nearest railway station, and accessible only by a cross-road traversed by one omnibus and a fly, is one of those places which seem as likely to preserve their antiquity and independence as any town in the west of England.

On the dissolution of the Heptarchy by William the Conqueror, the last of the Saxon king, named Mulphus or Muffus (the name is written differently in "Domesday Book" and the "Roll of Battle Abbey"), took refuge, with a chosen band of gallant followers, in the fastnesses of the extensive downs that lie between London and the Land's End, where he founded a city, called after him Muffabyrig or Muffsburg, which in the process of time became corrupted into Muffborough, the name it now bears.

The Saxon, or, locally speaking, the Muffish character of the inhabitants, is still very strongly marked, as well in their dialect as in their personal appearance; but, fortunately for themselves, they have preserved with these attributes, which are very broadly developed, all the simplicity of their honest but unpolished ancestors.

We do not find Muffborough mentioned as having any particular concern in the numerous and violent contests* between the houses of York and Lancaster—most probably because it was at a considerable distance from both those places; but there is no doubt that King Charles I. slept here the night before the battle of Culledon, as a building called "The Banqueting House" is still shown, which perfectly accords with the jovial disposition of "the merry monarch," some of whose witticisms are preserved in the archives of the town, and are invariably used at the installation of the mayor, and on other remarkable occasions. At what time Muffborough fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces is not certain, but it is clearly established on record that, as far back as the reign of George III., it returned one member to parliament.

At present, perhaps, it would be a fruitless task to endeavour to discover the nature of the constitution of Muffborough at the period just referred to; but the oldest inhabitant distinctly remembers that writs were issued when he was a young man, for one of them was served upon himself, and the Cage being out of repair, he was locked up for the night in the Pound, from whence he contrived to effect his escape with no greater damage than an awkward rent in his lower garments.

In the scale of productiveness Muffborough formerly held a high place, as well on account of the delicate texture of its smock-frocks, as for the durability of its corduroys; but in the reign of Elizabeth the latter staple was put down, the Virgin Queen having resolved, after the suppression of Wat Tyler's rebellion, that no one should wear pantaloons but herself. It was, most likely, owing to the want of stoutness in the modern corduroy, caused by Elizabeth's edict, that the accident which we have mentioned occurred to the temporary denizen of the Pound. Be

this as it may, the corduroy trade has never revived in Muffborough, and the graceful frock is the only manufacture it now can boast of.

Muffborough is famous for its annual fair, which is held on the 1st of April; and so highly have the inhabitants cultivated the accomplishment of grinning through a horse-collar, that it is believed there is no other place in England can come near them. It is affirmed by Leland, that they once challenged "y^e renowned Cheshyre cattles to gryne for ane tunne of beere," but that the wager was not accepted.

The town is built on a gentle eminence, and is in shape like the letter T, consisting of one street, called the High-street, and of two others which cross it at the upper end, and bear no name at all. It has a market-place, which is well filled with vegetables, as I happen to be particularly aware, and makes a good show of black pigs on the first Wednesday in every month. The principal buildings are the workhouse, which, from the chief occupation of its tenants, is supposed to have been erected after the designs of *Flarman*; the almshouses, more remarkable for length than elevation; and the town pump, of very Gothic construction, and as useless as it is old, which occupies a conspicuous position at the loftiest extremity of the High-street. It is a curious fact, and has probably some bearing on the maritime discoveries of our countrymen, that the handle of the Muffborough pump, which is made of cast iron, always points due north.

As I am not writing a "Guide to Muffborough"—however well qualified to do so—I shall not enter into any more local details, further than to mention that the general style of its architecture is either the whitewashed gable end or the square red-brick front; that an open gutter—a very valuable contrivance for carrying off the superfluous moisture—runs down each side of the High-street, and is crossed, every here and there, before the doors of the leading inhabitants, by a large flat stone, inclined from the pavement; that there are numerous dark passages leading nowhere; and that the two principal inns are "The Bear's Paw" and "The Green Lion," the last-mentioned being that which was selected for my head quarters.

The country immediately round Muffborough cannot, perhaps, vie with Switzerland for romantic scenery, nor with Lombardy for fertility; "but those," as a native historian observes, "who can relish a stony soil, and have no particular objection to dust in summer and mud in winter, may, during those genial seasons, receive a considerable portion of gratification from the views which the Muffdunian landscapes afford."

It will be observed, by the preceding extract, that I have availed myself of the labours of a local antiquary, whose valuable work I have consulted; but it is also necessary for me to state that I have derived a considerable portion of my information respecting Muffborough from the communications which were kindly made to me by Lawyer Smoaker, the chairman of my committee.

I felt that to represent so important a constituency as that of Muffborough would, under any circumstances, be a high honour, but coming forward as I did, with no tie subsisting between the electors and myself, save that of congeniality of sentiment, must greatly enhance the importance of the triumph over my antagonist; for—in spite of the halo which surrounds my name—I was not to be allowed, it seemed, to walk over the course without a struggle.

My opponent, moreover, was a person of considerable local influence, which, though it rendered the struggle more arduous, only made it more exciting. To battle with the tempest has been my happy privilege in all the leading events of my chequered life, and it was not denied me on this momentous occasion. He was a country squire, named Shovel, and resided on his own acres at Fitchfork Hall, within three or four miles of Muffborough. His politics, I need scarcely say, were diametrically opposed to mine; but, without characterising them more specifically, I may observe that, like his colours, they were intensely blue, while mine were vividly green. My devotion to my country was sublime, his was sufficiently ridiculous—a distinction which narrowed the neutral ground on which we fought, but made our conflict rage the fiercer.

"I see," said Mr. Topcock, as we sat at breakfast, *chez moi*, on the morning after the conference which I have already described—"I see that the nomination for Muffborough is fixed for the 7th; the time is short, but we must make the most of it. I have prepared the rough draught of an address for you, which I will send off to the papers as soon as it is copied out fair—"

"An unnecessary trouble," I observed, with a benignant smile; "I haven't embarked in this cause without knowing what are the duties attached to it. While you and the rest of the world were sleeping, last night, I was consuming the midnight oil; and this is the result."

With these words I opened my treasury despatch-box, which I had bought only the day before, and drew forth a sheet of paper on which I had already drawn out the address he meditated. It was couched in these words:

"ELECTORS OF MUFFBOROUGH,

"A stranger to you, though not, I flatter myself, to *Fame*, the promptings of an ardent nature have impelled me into the vortex of politics, to redeem you from the bonds of the oppressor, and raise you in the scale of humanity. Too long has the galling yoke of slavery weighed down your manacled limbs. I come to rend those chains, and restore you to yourselves. But how, let me ask you, free and independent electors—how is this to be done? You have read, no doubt, in your *Æsop*—that valuable political *vade-mecum*, that 'real blessing to (the) mothers' of electors—you have read, I say, how Hercules, one day, stuck in the mud while going across the country—it might have been such a country as yours, brother fox-hunters and independent electors,—and how, when he was fairly bullfinched in the clay, he called upon somebody to help him out again. On that occasion—and it was 'the proudest day of his life,' I dare say—a countryman who was standing by quaintly observed: 'The best way to get out of that fix, friend Hercules, is to *help yourself*!' Hercules immediately put his shoulder to the wheel—of his dog-cart—and at once became that glorious character, a *freeman*. Such, brother electors, is your position. You must help yourselves out of the "dough of despair" in which you have so long been immersed; but if you fail to do so by your own energies, I AM HERE to stimulate you. Mine is the voice that is destined to cheer your labours, mine the accents to reward them when you place me at the top of the poll. My "detested rival"—I use this term in a 'free and independent' sense, for personally I have the highest respect for his character, though until yesterday I was

ignorant of his existence—my ‘detested rival’ is, they tell me, a staunch agriculturist; beware lest he treat you like his own oxen. If he threaten with the goad, retort with your horns, bold men of Muffborough! Drive him from between the stilts of his own plough, bushharrow him with his own implements, dig it into him with his own spade, winnow him through his own sieve, thrash him with his own flail, pitch it into him with his own fork, grind him in his own mill. He reckons upon your votes as if he had sown them broadcast; arise, brother husbandmen, and show him that the few he reaps have been only drilled, in small, dark, separate holes, shunning the light of day. I am not a mere practical agriculturist like Squire Shovel, but, let me tell you, sons of the soil, that I am something more. I am the advocate of every measure for fattening the farmer without stinting the meal of the mechanic. While I thrust my hand into no man’s pocket for rent, I levy no distress upon the tythe-pigs of the houseless poor. Anxious to relieve all classes from pressure, I trample upon no man’s corn. I am for everything. Not only would I remove your civil disabilities, but gladly sweep away all that are uncivil. My principles, in a word, are these: to humanise, improve, elaborate, and enlarge my species; and if ever the destinies of this great and happy country should be entrusted to my guidance—as I feel assured they one day will be—rely upon it, my sea-girt companions, that you will then have at the helm a pilot who *can* and will weather the storm. In the mean time, brother electors, prepare your plumpers, and on the day of election record them for

“Your obedient and faithful Servant,

“JOLLY GREEN.

“Mephistopheles Cottage, St. John’s Wood,
July 4, 1852.”

“What do you think of that, Mr. Topcock?” I exclaimed, as soon as I had finished; “that will make a slight sensation in Muffborough, I fancy.”

“Slight, sir!” replied my agent, on whose countenance it was difficult to say what emotion was uppermost; “‘slight’ is not the word—say rather ‘stunning.’ I beg your pardon, Mr. Green, but I really did *not* imagine—though I was in *some* degree prepared—that even *you* could have produced so—so—so remarkable a composition.”

“I thought not,” I observed, with an air of quiet triumph. “You are of opinion, then, that it will tell?”

“Perfectly,” returned Mr. Topcock; “it is exactly what an election address ought to be; grand and misty, looming large with possibilities, but committing you to nothing; figurative, vague, and eloquent. There is nothing in that address that the other side can, by any possibility, lay hold of. I call it as fine a piece of that sort of writing as the human pen is capable of producing. I couldn’t have done it myself. Really, the newspapers ought to admit it for nothing; but they won’t, that’s the worst of it; the better these things are done, the more they make you pay for ‘em.”

“Well, my friend,” said I, “that can’t be helped. Never mind the expense. What is it but a tribute to genius?”

“You’re right, Mr. Green. You’re a sort of person I *do* like to do business with. By-the-by, we shall want a little more of that balance at

Goaling's. There's petty cash, and secret service-money, and sundries, you know. It's all nonsense to talk about an election costing *nothing*. It *must* cost something. I haven't been at this sort of thing for thirty years without finding *that* out."

"Don't mention it," I replied. "The man who wouldn't lay down his cash for his country is unworthy to be called her representative. How much do you want?"

"A noble sentiment, Mr. Green. How much? Suppose we say—another—hey?—another thousand?"

Not to detain the public with financial details, let it suffice that I gave Mr. Topcock a *carte blanche* for conducting all the expenses of the election. A little private memorandum also passed between us, by which I bound myself to lodge to his credit the sum of five hundred pounds the day after I took my seat in the House of Commons. It was the least I could do for one who was exerting himself so much in my cause, to the neglect, as he said, of all his other clients.

"Now, Mr. Green," said he, as he put up his pocket-book, "I have a favour to ask of you. You must dine with me to-day. I want to introduce you to Smoaker, the leading attorney at Muffborough; does all my business there; happened to be in town just now; the very man to be chairman of your committee; he'll be delighted with you, and you with him. We'll settle the whole plan of the campaign together. I'll put you in Smoaker's hands, and then the sooner you go to the country the better."

I did not hesitate to accept this friendly invitation, and a very pleasant dinner we had. Topcock's claret was excellent, and Smoaker and I soon came to an understanding. I saw that he was just the man for my purpose, and drew him out accordingly. Indeed, so completely was he fascinated by my conversation and manners, that I believe there was nothing in the world he would not have promised to do for me, when, after shaking hands a great many times, we separated for the evening.

III.

AFTER A TREMENDOUS STRUGGLE, I WRITE MYSELF "M.P."

PEOPLE who are unaccustomed to trace effects to their causes, would have felt the profoundest astonishment at witnessing the electrical effect which my presence excited in Muffborough, when, on the third day after the appearance of my address in *The Muffborough Gazette*, I entered that loyal city. Topcock and Smoaker had already preceded me, and been busy, as they told me, in canvassing the electors; but I very well knew what it was that had so suddenly rendered me popular amongst the honest and unsophisticated burgesses. The shaft that is barbed by true eloquence never fails to hit the bull's-eye of the public mind; and that mine had done so was plain to the meanest apprehension. To what other cause could be ascribed the demonstrations in my favour which greeted me at every turn? Why should the wives of even the humblest of the electors have put on new gowns on the very day of my arrival; why should their husbands have been unceasingly occupied in drinking my health, in the strongest beer that the tap of the Green Lion afforded; why should the boys in the streets have assembled beneath my windows, and shouted my name till they were hoarse, when I scattered the coppers for which they so madly scrambled?

"The Muffs," he said, "are a body whom it is not difficult to persuade to their own advantage. They see in you, Mr. Green, a thorough Liberal; and I have taken care they shall feel that your principles are so. A narrow, and, as I may term it, a close-fisted policy is not the thing for the men of Muffborough, who are themselves eminently open-handed; they would ill deserve to be *ten-pound* householders if they were not. I believe, when the Reform Bill was carried, the assent of the men of Muffborough to that valuable measure was mainly obtained by the insertion of the ten-pound clause. I think, Mr. Green," he continued, smilingly, "that I can promise you one-half of the constituency; and when the Man in the Moon comes out, it will go very hard if we can't at least divide the remainder."

"Excuse me, Mr. Green," he replied, "that is one of our little mysteries; the Man in the Moon is a particular friend of yours, though you may not happen to be acquainted with *him*. Every one knows Tom—hem—hem; what I mean is, that he is a distinguished stranger, who takes a great interest in your election; he is very influential with the Muffs, especially the ten-pounders. *Incog.*, Mr. Green, *incog.*; you understand me."

My committee, who dined with me every day during my canvass, and who were the jolliest set of fellows I ever met with, were in the highest spirits at the brilliant prospect which lay before me; and Lawyer Smoaker, as he coupled my name with the new House of Commons, gave it as his decided opinion that it only rested with myself to turn Mr. Sh—w L—f—vre out of the Sp—k—r's chair on the very first night of the session.

There is one thing which, as may well be supposed, I did not omit, in prosecuting my personal canvass, and that was to pay my respects to the softer portion of my constituents; neither will it startle the public to learn that my efforts were highly successful. I think it is a tolerably well-ascertained fact that the fair sex are not absolutely impregnable, and as far as my own experience goes—but perhaps I may be excused from dilating on this subject, discretion being my motto as well in *affaires de cœur* as in political warfare. I say nothing, therefore, of my interview with pretty Mrs. Sh—r—o—k—e, the wife of the chief b—k—r of Muff-borough, of whom I ordered a hundred-weight of p—r—t—m—e—t—t—e and appropriate idea—to distribute amongst the juvenile population

of the town; neither shall I describe the scene that took place between those fascinating rival m—ll—n—rs, Miss B—bb of the H—gh-street, and Miss T—ck—r, of the street without a name, when they quarrelled for my favours (I mean my political ones, though I might, perhaps—but no matter), a feud which I healed by requesting each to make as many as she could find hands to employ in the work; nor shall the public accuse me of vanity in repeating what Mrs. Sw—thr—d, the buxom b—tch—r's wife, said about my "uncommon pluck," when I paid her the compliment of requesting an unlimited supply of r—mpst—ks and k—dn—ys for the luncheons at the "Green Lion," on the day when the free and independent burghesses were called upon to exercise their electoral rights. It may be enough for me to say, that I won all hearts, and that the name of Green became thenceforward a household word in Muffborough.

The day of nomination at length arrived. Although I knew the importance of the stake for which I was playing, and how entirely my country's welfare depended on the issue, I met the morning with an aspect as serene as that of nature herself. It is true that I had directed the Boots to call me early, for I was desirous of going over, in the privacy of my chamber, the heads of the speech which I was shortly to deliver; and as soon as he had performed his function, I sat up in bed for the purpose. I had, however, scarcely broken ground with the words, "Brother Electors," when I heard a considerable scuffling and pattering of feet on the pavement beneath my bedroom window, which looked out upon the market-place. My impression was, that some of the most zealous of my supporters were assembling to offer me a serenade, and I paused in my oration to listen to the welcome tribute; but though I heard the sound of voices ascending, I could not exactly make out the words. I therefore stole quietly out of bed, and gently approaching one of the windows, raised it a little, while I concealed myself behind the curtain. The sounds arose again; yet, nearer as I now was to the enthusiastic choristers, I seemed as far off as ever from catching the meaning of the song. The Muffborough dialect, thought I, must be singularly broad, thus to evade the acuteness of my ear! Again I listened, but, except a kind of nasal chant, now rising clamorously, and then subsiding into faint tones, like the last efforts of an expiring violin, I could make nothing out of it.

"I will take a peep at the singers," said I to myself, and, at any rate, see if I cannot understand them."

Cautiously removing my nightcap, that I might not be caught *en dés-habille*, if accidentally discovered by any of the Muffborough ladies who chanced to be amongst the musicians, I peeped from behind the curtain; but, to my extreme surprise, not a human being was visible, though the voices were louder than ever. I was now determined, *coûte qui coûte*, to find out who the serenaders were, and fairly thrusting my head out of the window, gazed eagerly up and down. I am not prone to superstition, nor apt to believe in ocular deceptions; but what I saw was either preternatural or strangely delusive, for, except a flock of cackling geese, and a few grunting black pigs, the market-place was entirely empty. These annoying brutes expecting, I suppose, that I had come to feed them, set up a loud noise on seeing me; but they took nothing by their motion, for I slammed the window down in their faces and went back again to

bed, thoroughly disgusted with the interruption, which had entirely driven my intended speech out of my head. I imagine, after this, that I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I recollect was a loud knocking at my door, and the well-known accents of Blithers, informing me that nine o'clock had struck, and that the committee were waiting breakfast for me, before they escorted me to the hustings.

Of course I made short work of my toilette when I found myself thus called upon by my country, and in less than ten minutes I was encircled by my friends, sustaining nature with prime rashers of Muffborough bacon. It was well that we made play; for before the process of mastication had been ten minutes in operation, the sound of music—real music this time—was heard, accompanied by the shouts of the multitude. Smoaker jumped up and rushed to the balcony. It was my own band that was advancing along the High-street, like an avalanche down Mount Blanc. As quick as lightning I dashed into the balcony after Smoaker, and taking off my green velvet cap, waved it in the air, while I uttered three British cheers. The Muffborough men took up the signal, and rent the air with their cries, while at the same moment the gallant band struck up the well-known melody of "See the conquering Hero comes," a compliment which I acknowledged by saluting and cheering more vigorously than ever. The *cortège* speedily assembled in front of the Green Lion, to form in order of procession. Smoaker's activity was unparalleled. He was here, there, and everywhere, in a moment; now serrying the ranks of the non-electors, now deploying the columns of the free and independent burgesses; now throwing the right in front, now making the left the pivot. Ten o'clock struck, and I issued from the portico of the Green Lion, radiant with animation and full of martial fire. It was a sea of green in every direction: green were the banners, green the ribbons, green the electors, and greener than all MYSELF. If I had had a sword by my side, I should have drawn it at that moment; but unfortunately I was not standing for the county, so there was no pretext for wearing one. *En revanche*, I kissed my hand and smiled upon the ladies, who waved their kerchiefs and fluttered their ribbons in reply, while the men of Muffborough shouted their *cri de guerre* of "Green for ever!"

The procession then moved on. First came a phalanx of non-electors, three-and-three, the sacred colour of the Moslemah streaming from their wideawakes, and brilliantly contrasting with the ensanguined glow of their countenances. Then followed my brave banner-bearers, who "gave their horse-tails to the wind" with more than Moslem energy. The banners themselves were worthy of the utmost admiration. On one of them, I appeared at full length in the costume of the infant Hercules strangling the Hydra of Protection in his gory cradle; on another, armed *cap-à-pie*, and with my lance in the rest, like the Knight of La Mancha, I was charging a windmill, a severe and bitter allegory, intended to typify my hostility to dear bread; on a third, I was represented in full British pontificals, trampling on a triple crown, to signify my horror of Popery; and on a fourth, I stood forward in the very dress which I then actually wore, while a scroll floated over my head, on which was inscribed, "Behold the man of our choice!" Next came the band, playing the inspiring air of "Go where Glory awaits thee;" a troop of real electors followed, two-and-two, and then, leaning on the arms of Smoaker and my

seconded, appeared the Hero of the Day! After this it is scarcely worth while to particularise anybody else.

It was not far to the hustings, but owing to the popular enthusiasm which caused the procession to halt repeatedly, it was some time before we reached them, which we did, it seems, simultaneously, with the other party, who cut but a very sorry figure, the only allegory they could muster being conveyed by the tune of "Hooray for the Bonnets of Bloo!"—a ridiculous anachronism, which might have answered very well at John o' Groat's or the Land's End, but was quite out of place in Muffborough. It would have formed a fine subject for Vandervelde or Sir Thomas Lawrence, had either of them been present, the moment when I first encountered my antagonist *on the hustings, which my money had paid for*, a fact which he little knew, or he would have trembled where he stood, as, indeed, I think he did. We glared at each other privately, for a moment, beneath the shadow of our head-pieces, and then, with ready dissimulation, converted these deadly scowls into the semblance of a friendly greeting.

"I am at home here," said I, in a tone of deep meaning which my adversary was unable to fathom. "Animosity is for the battle-field. Mr. Shovel, accept my hand!"

I accompanied these words with the proffer of my stalwart palm, and the magnanimity of my conduct elicited deafening shouts from the multitude. Mr. Shovel shook it in some confusion, and then retired to his side of the hustings.

Being the older man of the two, my antagonist's name was put up first. He was proposed by Mr. Poleaxe, a Conservative butcher, and the sworn foe of the Liberal Sweetbreads. The man made a slaughtering kind of speech, as if he was killing a calf, instead of supporting a friend. The seconder was a farmer, named Gumpshire, who wore a very bad hat, and talked worse language—but it was quite good enough for the occasion. Then came my turn. Smoaker proposed me. Smoaker was eloquent; Smoaker was strong; I could hardly have done it better myself. My seconder was Mr. Spinner, the eminent wheelwright; and he, too, turned the agricultural party over and over, as if they had been so much hay, and he was making it.

The nominations made, Mr. Shovel stood forward. He told the electors that no one loved Muffborough so well as he; and splendidly hooting at him in reply, they asked him what he had ever done for it? He said he was for preserving all the institutions of the country, and was reminded of being an unmitigated game-preserved. He said he would support the Church, and straightway was asked where was his subscription for the steeple? About the extension of the franchise, he did not think it expedient—Here he was interrupted by such a roar of impatience, that every syllable he afterwards uttered was lost in the din; and thoroughly discomfited by his reception, Mr. Shovel withdrew to devour that mortification which was increased in a tenfold degree when THE POPULAR CANDIDATE, gracefully bowing, advanced to the front of the hustings.

What I said I need not recapitulate. The arguments I made use of have ever since furnished the *Times* with materials for leading articles, which are not even yet exhausted; while the editor of the *Muffborough Gazette*, who was standing with six of his best reporters at my elbow, was heard to declare, that for wit and sarcasm, and brilliant gladiatorial

display, he was convinced that not even the present Ch—nc—ll—r of the Exch—q—r was a match for me, and in the next number of his paper he seriously advised him, in a notice to correspondents, to look to his laurels. At the close of my speech a show of hands was taken, and declared, as a matter of course, to be in my favour; on which a poll was demanded on the part of Mr. Shovel. Then came a scene of tremendous confusion. The Blues made a rush at the hustings, as if with the intention of attacking the popular candidate, but were gallantly met and driven back by the indomitable Greens; fisticuffs were exchanged, cabbage-stalks darkened the air, vituperative epithets flew about like wildfire, and at one moment a strong disposition showed itself on the part of the civic authorities to read the Riot Act, a course which was only prevented by two circumstances; first, the fact that there were no troops in the town to fire upon the Blue mob, and next, that the moment the subject was mentioned, the aforesaid Blue mob took to their heels, and left the field of victory to the triumphant Greens.

It was now that the real, stirring business which had thrown me upon the regards of the Nation began, and my marvellous activity, aided in a minor degree by Topcock and Smoaker, developed itself. As I descended from the hustings to the tune of "There's a good time coming, boys," Topcock whispered in my ear that the Man in the Moon had arrived; "but," he added, "I recommend you not to notice him; he knows what he's about. Shovel's party is stronger than I thought for, so our friend will have to lay it on pretty thick." I understood diplomacy too well to interfere with another minister's department, and could only express my thanks by a grateful look. "I must now," said Topcock, "look up the outlying voters: we must get all the doubtful ones first." Space does not permit me to describe all the manoeuvres which, like another Hannibal, I performed, in conjunction with Smoaker, to secure the unsophisticated Muffs, who would otherwise have fallen victims to the arts of the opposite party; but I will mention one instance. Topcock, by means of an argument which he assured me his experience had always found successful, though what it was he would not tell me, had obtained the promise of a vote from a most respectable elector, named Porker, whose only failing—if it could be called one during the late hot weather—was a manifestation in favour of strong beer. Mr. Porker resided on his own farm, eating, drinking, and smoking, like another Cincinnatus, and not devoting himself with remarkable energy to anything else. As long as he remained in his Sabine retreat, it was evident to myself and Smoaker that he could not be depended upon to go to the poll. His inclination and his intellect, feebly as it glimmered, would have led him to record his vote in favour of "the popular candidate;" but it was difficult to make him understand who that was, and, moreover, he might be waylaid, if he set out unaccompanied.

On the evening before the election, having given it out that I was engaged in writing despatches, I borrowed a cap and gown from the landlady of the Green Lion, and, slipping out by a private way, proceeded to the residence of Mr. Porker. Accessible, as I understood he was, to female blandishments, I commenced operations by singing the Irish melody of "Wake, dearest, wake," beneath his lattice, which soon brought him outside; and once across his threshold, changing the air to "Come unto these yellow sands," I inveigled him to a lonely public

house, called the "Muffborough Serpent," where Blithers, and two or three faithful followers whom he had retained, soon persuaded him to taste the joys of the flowing can, and whiff "the gem-adorned chibouque," to such an extent that he was not in a condition to return home that evening. In the mean time the Shovellers had surrounded Mr. Porker's domicile, and remained all night in his garden, intending to grab him the first thing in the morning. When that morning came, he was conducted from "the Muffborough Serpent" to the polling-booth, and the first burgess who testified in my favour to the purity of election was Mr. Porker, of Gruntwell.

But feminine fascination and barrelled beer were not the only inducements held out to make the men of Muffborough take a statesmanlike view of the great question which impended. I distributed myself amongst them, and, without committing myself by a single definite promise, which would have amounted to "intimidation," threw out such lures of colonial governments, fat livings, military commands, and judicial appointments, that, I feel proud to say it, I must have gained over nearly every man who afterwards voted for me; and many a future Archbishop of Canterbury and Duke of Wellington is at this moment in expectation of the episcopal truncheon or the military mitre.

Cool-headed as I am by nature, my brain still whirls when I think of the frantic excitement of Muffborough on the memorable 8th of July: how at one moment all seemed lost, when fat Mrs. Poleaxe, in her brand new carriage, came driving in from her "country seat;" Marrowbone Hall, with a dozen turnip-feeding farmers, who, at the very last moment, basely deserted me for Mr. Shovel; and how their defection was remedied when Smoaker, on a gallant grey, appeared with a *cortège* of fifteen electoral Bluchers, whose arrival turned the Waterloo of Muffborough again in my favour. On a moderate calculation, I made seventy-two speeches that day, each under the inspiration of its own glass of brandy-and-water, and without the lucidity of my brain being diverted from its accustomed current. At length four o'clock struck—the last man was polled—the returning officer received the lists, and, to the maddening delight of the patriots of Muffborough, it was found that I had gained the day by a majority of ONE! The countenances of the Shovellers fell, and the Green Band, at my suggestion, immediately struck up the decisive tune of "Oh, dear, what can the matter be!" which was played, I am happy to say, in the most sardonic manner of which wind-instruments are capable.

I am now reposing on my laurels, undisturbed by the allegations of "The Muffborough Scorpion" that my election was gained by "bribery and corruption"—a perfectly absurd accusation, for not a shilling was given by me to a single elector, nor would the honest fellows, I am convinced, have accepted the smallest coin of the realm in exchange for their unpurchasable votes. With equal contempt, also, I treat the charge of intimidation in the case of Porker, though a petition, I am told, is being sent to unsettle me. Thanks to my r-y—l or m—n—st—r—I am as firm in the saddle as the Moon, I am firmer in the saddle than my enemies, and when I bring in my bill for making the present

